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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE NEW FREEDOM IN DIVORCE

Can It Be Secured By Uniformity in Marriage Laws?

A DEBATE

IN the August issue of THE FORUM Rebecca West entered a protest against what she called the Puritan illusion, — that chastity is essentially involved in questions of marriage and divorce. "Divorce," she said, "is nothing more than cancellation of the marriage contract." Thus the problem of the modern Feminist is to secure legislation whereby this cancellation may be as equitable as possible. "Under the present chaotic system a citizen may be divorced in one State and not in another: deprivation of inheritance, bigamy, bastardy, may attach themselves to people in one State, innocent in the eyes of a neighbor State," — says DORIS STEVENS in the following debate; but her remedy — a Federal amendment — is rejected by her opponent RUTH HALE. Legislating, the latter maintains, is all very well, but this is the worst possible time for Federal legislative interference. "We must have divorce, — preferably cheap, easy, collusive divorce. The Capper Bill, for all its mildness and liberality, is nowhere nearly so good as it ought to be. Let us endure the muddle, rather than buy a little wicked peace."

I—UNIFORMITY IN DIVORCE

DORIS STEVENS

MY interest in the law is limited. In spite of this fact many of my socially conscious years have been spent urging the passage of laws. My claim to merciful judgment is that I have urged only laws which forbid society to abridge human rights. Laws which enable, laws which liberate.

The national woman suffrage amendment is a law in point. It enables women to vote. It abolishes the political discrimination against them which, until this century, deprived them of that right. It does not compel any woman to vote. It exacts no obedience to it. It inflicts no penalties. This is the superior type of law.

The equal rights amendment now pending in Congress and all equal rights bills either accepted or rejected by recent State legislatures are of the same kind of law. They will prevent discrimination against women in all their other social rights. They will not compel women to claim rights which they wish to barter or yield. They will not penalize those women who wish to donate their inheritances and children to their men friends. But these laws will befriend those women who choose to avail themselves of rights, of which the law can no longer deprive them.

When I say I have spent years passing laws (in the plural) I speak with unwarranted largesse. It took the combined efforts of countless women three quarters of a century to pass one law,—the suffrage amendment, a non-prohibitive law, an enabling law.

Liberating laws, revolutionary in intent, are difficult to pass. It is fairly easy to pass prohibitive laws. The former come in the wake of social upheavals. The latter are born of fear. The proposed national uniform marriage and divorce bill is not a straight liberating law. It enables. But it also prohibits. Also it exacts penalties.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution, which must first be enacted before the bill can be passed, will guarantee citizens in equal measure everywhere their civil rights which flow from the marriage status. It will prevent one State from taking away the status a citizen enjoys in another State. It will also prevent harsh and restrictive divorce laws in any one State. It will,

however, reduce the number of grounds permitted in a few States. So far as the provisions of a specific bill are made liberal, just so will it be difficult to pass. The more restrictive the measures, the more easily it will be passed.

I am therefore in favor of the proposed amendment to the Constitution making uniform marriage and divorce. I am not in favor of the Capper Bill on which the majority of supporters of the idea of uniformity have united. And so in discussing the proposed plan, I shall have to treat the subject from the split point of view.

Experience teaches us that prohibitive laws do not limit human conduct. The prohibitive measures of this bill, if passed, will be broken. Laws can be broken as well as obeyed. The law against murder does not prevent murder. The laws against burglary do not prevent theft. Outlawing liquor does not prevent those who wish to drink from violating the law. Lawbreakers are merely liable to punishment if caught.

Laws establish a standard of conduct. They point a way. When prohibitive, they indicate that certain kinds of conduct have been socially discountenanced by the strong in power.

I belong to that group of citizens who see the law in this light. The law reflecting folk standards, folk acceptance of a certain standard, sometimes good, sometimes bad, standards which dissenters will from time to time break. This group, — likely to be more tolerant of those who defy the law and pay the penalties inflicted, since they have expected less than other from the written law, — know there will always be those cursed or blessed with certain compulsions to disregard folk conduct. And so the marriage and divorce law when written will be broken for one cause or another by individuals impelled to do so from worthy or unworthy motives. And they will find a way to do so.

In short, the law will not do all that its official proponents claim. It will not decrease the divorce rate, one of the vital motives behind its advocacy by some groups. What is more likely to happen in making divorce more available over a wider area, is that the divorce rate will increase. I hasten to say that this is one of the reasons that commends the proposed uniformity to me for support. I digress to say that this does not mean that easy divorce will be a panacea.

Easy divorce is a civilized thing. That is all. It does not solve the very complex difficulties within marriage. But once those difficulties have become intolerable, it is nothing short of barbarous to require long migrations, lengthy terms of domicile, sordid and distasteful conduct, in order to extricate oneself.

With very few exceptions, divorce is the road of last resort. It is the road that is taken after everything else has been tried and failed. No matter what the clergy says, people divorce each other only after a staggering toll of strength has been given to the strength of the enterprise. Years of effort have preceded the break-up. Various devices, depending upon the wits and energies of the parties concerned, have usually been exhausted before the ways part. To attempt to check the divorce rate by law is absurd. Those who would seek to reduce the divorce rate would be better employed in investigating what happens in marriage to wound and scar the relationship of man and woman.

Thirty years ago the American Bar Association began its advocacy of uniform marriage and divorce. This support lacked vitality and the agitation languished. Since then support, lately reënforced by great bodies of women with their new sense of power, has grown to tremendous proportions.

The Bar's early interest undoubtedly sprang from lawyers' personal and professional embarrassments at having served clients well in one State only to learn that their advice, acted upon in good faith in one geographical unit, was overturned in another geographical unit. Meanwhile their clients' properties, good name, and children had been, in the order named, confiscated, ruined, illegitimated because of the vagaries of the law and judicial rulings. It was, and still is, most confusing.

Deprivation of inheritance, bigamy, bastardy, may attach themselves to people in one State, innocent in the eyes of a neighbor State. The security of inheritance, the right to remarry without being bigamous in the eyes of the law and your neighbors, and the right to be sure of your legitimacy are now bandied about in precarious fashion. What was good enough for our forefathers is found to be unbearable by us.

Now the Constitution is supposed to be a document which guarantees to us certain human rights with which no State can

tamper. At the present time the Constitution does no such thing in the matters of marriage and divorce in spite of the universality of these two states. Also the Constitution does no such thing in spite of Art. IV, Sec. 1, which says:

> Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State.

Concerning this full faith and credit clause when applied to the question of marriage and divorce the Supreme Court of the United States has spoken with precision. Until its ruling in the famous Haddock versus Haddock case has been superseded, the following law holds:

> Mr. and Mrs. Haddock, husband and wife, were domiciled in New York. Mr. Haddock left his wife, went to Connecticut where he acquired in good faith, after a lapse of years, a domicile. In accordance with Connecticut laws, he obtained a divorce in Connecticut, notice of the action being by publication of process on the wife who remained domiciled in New York and never appeared in the action. Mrs. Haddock subsequently sued for divorce in New York and obtained personal service in that State on Mr. Haddock who pleaded his Connecticut divorce.

The United States Supreme Court, disallowing the Connecticut decree, held:

> If one Government, because of its authority over its own citizen, has the right to dissolve the marriage tie as to the citizen of another jurisdiction, it must follow that no Government possesses as to its own citizens power over the marriage relation and its dissolution. If the full faith and credit clause of the Constitution were recognized as to marriage and divorce it would destroy the State's power over them, and the United States would be powerless to repair the evil, for it has no delegated authority on the subject. This (marriage and divorce) must be regarded as an exception. (footnote) Haddock v. Haddock. No. 119, decided April 12, 1906).

You may quarrel with this decision, but there it is. And so it is that a Federal amendment to the Constitution must be secured before a Federal marriage and divorce may become law.

What is the case for making uniform forty-nine separate codes, — forty-eight States and the District of Columbia?

Marriage is a civil contract. Two people contract to live together. The contract creates a civil status. The civil status of that pair and their offspring is one of the human rights which should not be determined by the boundaries of the State in which they live. It should prevail no matter in which State they choose to

live. Furthermore marriage purposes to protect property and children. It fails to do so unless the civil status is protected as unalterably as are the rights of citizenship.

The marriage contract differs from all other contracts in that it is the only contract that cannot be terminated at the will of the two contracting parties. The State steps in. We may look toward a time when such a provision of termination will prevail, — but more of that later. The power of the State now determines the terms of dissolution. Under the present chaotic system a citizen may be divorced in one State and not in another. The status is a sham. And what happens to the children?

> Mrs. Baylis had been divorced in Connecticut without personal service on her husband (permitted in Connecticut). Her second marriage was annulled at the request of her second husband. The child by the second union was held to be illegitimate and not entitled to succeed to the father's real or personal estate. (footnote) (Baylis v. Baylis, 207 N. Y. 446, 1913).

Again:

> Mrs. Kelsey obtained a divorce in Pennsylvania from her husband living in New York under circumstances making the decree invalid in New York. She remarried in Pennsylvania. Later she and her second husband went to New York to live. Later her first husband, who had also remarried, sued for divorce on the ground that her second marriage constituted adultery. The Supreme Court of Monroe Co. held that he was entitled to a divorce even though his own second marriage was adulterous. The Supreme Court, Appellate Division, reversed this and held that he should have delayed his second marriage until he had obtained a divorce. Result . . . second wife held to be unlawful wife and child illegitimate. (footnote) (Kelsey v. Kelsey, 190 N. Y. S. 52, 1921 and 197 N. Y. S. 371, 1922).

This is not the end of the Kelsey disasters. The first Mrs. Kelsey who had married a Mr. Bell, was held not entitled to claim a wife's rights in Mr. Bell's estate after his death. At the same time the Court said she could not, because of her misbehavior, have any right against Mr. Kelsey. (footnote) (Bell v. Little, 197 N. Y. S. 674, 1922). Mrs. Kelsey, after much effort, was nobody's wife, it would seem.

My sense of orderliness rebels at this disorganized state of things, to say nothing of the material price paid for these legal vagaries. You may say that these people brought disaster upon themselves. But once the disaster overtakes you, the law is supposed to protect you, not further to infringe upon your rights.

One more citation:

> Mr. Weisser left his wife who lived in Pennsylvania, went to West Virginia and secured there a divorce valid in West Virginia but regarded as invalid in Pennsylvania. He remarried and continued to live in West Virginia with his second wife. On a visit subsequently to Pennsylvania he was arrested for failure to support the former wife, in Pennsylvania, although the Court recognized that as long as he resided in West Virginia, his wife there was his lawful wife in that State. Mr. Weisser now found himself with two wives. He was the lawful husband of one woman in Pennsylvania, of another in West Virginia. (footnote) [Commonwealth v. Weisser, 32 Montgomery (Pa.) 19, 1915]

One wonders what might happen if all three met one day on the State border. So much, however, for examples of marriage held invalid because of divorce decrees valid in one State but not in another.

There are still other cases of injustice brought about by holding marriages invalid because of some other specific State law.

Mrs. Stevens, of Illinois, divorced, went across the border into Indiana, to be married again, thus avoiding an Illinois law concerning the right of divorcees to remarry. On the death of her husband, she was denied the right to his property on the ground that she was not his wife. (footnote) (Stevens v. Stevens, Supreme Court of Illinois, 136 N. E. 785, 1922).

Marriage of residents of Illinois in Missouri in less than a year after the divorce of one was held invalid, and the wife was held not entitled to damages for the wrongful death of her husband. (footnote) (Lincoln v. Riley, 217 Ill. App. 571, 1920).

Similar confusions and injustices are countless. There is no way out so long as one State does not recognize the acts of another on marriage and divorce, and it is quite clear they cannot, if their own laws are to be sovereign. If this potpourri is ever to be remedied, it will have to be done uniformly by the highest law of the land.

The principal objection of opponents to the uniformity of marriage and divorce is that the bill that will follow the amendment when ratified, will not be liberal enough. Let us examine this valid objection.

Divorce laws at present are as follows: New Hampshire and Kentucky lead. They permit divorce on fourteen grounds. South Carolina does not permit it on any grounds. The liberality of the former States is highly to be desired. The reaction of the latter is

abominable. In between, the grounds of divorce range from three and four to ten and, in one State, eleven grounds.

The conditions under which persons may remarry are sadly amusing. I cite one quaintly immoral provision. Louisiana, which has inherited the Napoleonic code, permits remarriage "except with paramour", reflecting no doubt the great Napoleon's fear of competitors. Cynically enough Louisiana also forbids remarriage of a divorced woman until ten months after the decree (the universal law in France). In Maine, the remarriage of divorced people is adulterous if any one wishes to invoke the law.

Residence requirements vary. Two States require six months residence before a suit may be brought. Thirty-three States require one year. Eleven States require two years. Two States and the District of Columbia require three years. Requirements of service are as varied. As we have seen, court decisions follow no known rules.

Is the objection of the opponents of uniformity valid?

Are we to be guided by the stern and moralistic Middle West? The answer is yes. Until the State of New York, which boasts a deal of liberalism within its borders, enacts a divorce law less antiquated than its present one (there are two grounds only), New York cannot with sincerity shrink from having Kansas set its standard. The ability of New York residents, economically favored, to migrate without much discomfort, to Reno, to Paris, to Yucatan, militates against liberalizing her own law. The powerful in the community will pay no attention to the availability of divorce to individuals economically less favored. So long as there is a Nevada to escape to, so long as there is a Paris offering gay consolation to the distressed, so long as there is a Yucatan full of divorce vendors who ask no questions, better laws in more populous and more accessible States will not be insisted upon.

This is a glaring injustice to the poor who should find divorce as easy for them as for others. It is all very well to say: Don't prune the standard of the best State. But such a pruning resulting in a medium standard bill, will make divorce more accessible to the majority while making divorce no less available to the rich.

Personally I should like to see grounds for divorce made extremely simple. Since my conviction is so firm that people seek

divorce with the utmost reluctance, the desire of one (or both agreeing) of the parties in marriage to dissolve the union for any reason whatever, seems to me to be the best possible ground. Such procedure, I realize, presupposes contracts in marriage providing for mutual support, mutual guardianship, and responsibility for the children in such a union. It will not soon prevail. Only when property and children are taken care of by contracts not dependent upon the term of marriage, fear of dissolution will receive a body blow and love may have some chance.

It is true that heretofore one cause contributing to woman's fear of divorce has been her economic dependence. That divorce has increased simultaneously with woman's improving economic status would seem to indicate this. That women no longer have to bear indignities to which they formerly resigned themselves is a recognized fact. This will ultimately relieve men as well as women of burdens insupportable, called upon now too often as men are, to support two or more sets of families.

To sum up, this law, if written, will be a boomerang to those proponents who believe it will decrease divorce. In this respect it will be like many another law born of intent to get morality by law. Proponents of the law would do well to drop that claim and stand bravely for the recognition of divorce as a possible good, not necessarily an ugly evil. The fact that almost all divorcees remarry shows that the persisting belief in the marriage institution still has great vitality.

The bill proposed by the majority supporting uniformity, — known as the Capper Bill because of the introducing Senator, — is neither drastic nor liberal. It will not be accepted by intelligent people. Its grounds are better than those in New York; worse than New Hampshire and Kentucky. It reflects the liberal tone. It would make divorce more available, over a wider area than at present, to those who cannot afford to travel and set up another residence. That is all.

The Capper Bill provides for divorce on the following grounds:

(*1*) *Adultery.*
(*2*) *Cruel and inhuman treatment.*
(*3*) *Abandonment or failure to provide for a period of one year.*
(*4*) *Incurable insanity.*
(*5*) *Conviction of an infamous crime.*

You see this is a fairly liberal law. Under (2) I would expect the law to be widely interpreted to cover acts now specifically stated as grounds, — such as cruelty growing out of incompatibility, mental anguish as well as physical cruelty, drunkenness, and so forth. In a recent decision in Missouri, the learned judge interpreted as cruelty a husband's excessive insistence that his wife vote his party ticket.

The Capper Bill requires the defendant to appear through counsel. If a resident of the State in which suit is brought, the defendant must be served personally. The interlocutory decree in favor of the plaintiff becomes final only after one year, and neither party may marry another before the final decree (I think this provision offensive). Alimony shall be decreed "as the circumstances of the case shall render just and proper", whether asked for in the petition or not. In providing for the custody, support, and education of the minor children, the best interests of the children must be regarded. Support shall rest on "his or her ability". Failure to comply with the Court's order regarding alimony or support of children shall be punishable by fine or imprisonment, much the same as now. Most important, a divorce decreed in one State by a Court having jurisdiction shall be recognized in all States.

The elimination of these grounds does not weaken my contention that divorce will be more available to the majority than now. The subsequent social provisions, such as alimony, will remain in the law, whether State or Federal, so long as women are economically dependent upon men. You cannot make wards of women, and then turn them out penniless at divorce. If society persists in making it difficult for women to secure themselves financially on the same terms as men now seek to secure themselves, society will have to carry the burden of her unpaid units.

Since divorce is a by-product of marriage, it is only natural that those who undertook to frame a law on divorce should join it with a law on marriage. The difficulties of such an undertaking, however, are apparent since the law is written for minors as well as adults. It would be better for both if such laws were separate. It is one thing to protect children. It is another to take the grave responsibility for dictating to adults the terms upon which they

shall be permitted to marry. I am out of sympathy with most of the provisions set up for adults.

The marriageable age of minors has been gradually lengthened over a period of time. Custom has led where law has lagged. Child marriage should be prevented, — obviously. I have a preference for not less than twenty-one for both males and females. But I cannot defend this. There are eleven States where no marriageable age for the young is defined. That is, they may marry at any age without parental consent in these States. In ten States, the common law age is twelve for girls and fourteen for boys, and has been so recognized formally. In seven States the marriageable age is fixed by law at twelve for girls and fourteen for boys. In one State it is thirteen for girls and fourteen for boys. Two States permit the marriage of girls sixteen or over, without parental consent. Only three States insist upon a lapse of time between application for the license and the marriage. Here is a provision in the Capper Bill useful to minors, but I fail to see its usefulness to adults.

The stipulation as to what persons are unfit for marriage I shall leave to biologists. Here again I cannot wholly defend the tendency, — beyond a minimum of interference, — to let scientists categorically determine such conduct by law. As to the matter of miscegenation, or inter-racial marriages, that seems to me wholly a matter of taste.

There runs through this law an unconscious cynical disbelief in and fear of marriage. Many of us to-day think there is already too much terror in the relationship between man and woman to have it further supported by such a law. Contacts between man and woman are exceedingly difficult to consummate. To set up further obstacles, — here again I speak of adults, — seems to me tragic.

People often remark thoughtlessly: Make marriage more difficult and divorce will be less prevalent. The race needs more effortless unions. It suffers now from the exhaustion of vital forces spent taking spiritual, social, and economic hurdles.

It is doubtful if periods of time and deliberation are more valuable to the success of a union than vivid and quick impacts. Some of the trouble lies in the taboos against men and women knowing each other intimately in friendliness and love without

fear, which trouble society has never set itself seriously to abolish. This law says in effect if you are hale, hearty, white, of a certain age, and comply with our requirements of deliberation, domicile, interlocutory contemplation, you may embark upon this difficult undertaking. If you do not conform to these provisions, the State will inflict penalties upon you. It further says if you have found the relationship with one partner unbearable, you shall not be released except on the terms we prescribe. If you wish to give marriage another trial, we shall discourage you.

So it would seem my support of the measure has dwindled. This is only partly true. Since a Constitutional amendment is imperative before the civil rights of a citizen in marriage and divorce can be preserved, no matter where the citizen lives, I would like to see the amendment passed. Since the Capper Bill is cumbersome and too restrictive for my support, I would like to see it fail. Whatever bill is passed will be only as liberal as awakened social pressure demands.

It interests me that many women's organizations are supporting this measure. The present laws on marriage and divorce represent in no authoritative way the voice of women. They were written before the present changed and changing position of woman. They represent terms of joining or dissolving in marriage of a world of women dependent upon men. Woman's social, legal, and economic status, is changing. Laws which concern her, and that means all laws, must change too. It is a wholesome sign, it seems to me, that one of the first things women turned their attention to immediately they got some political power, was marriage and divorce. They may do it no better. They may present no more comprehensive nor satisfactory plan than do masses of men intent on tinkering with, not grappling with, the vitals of a problem. But it is to their credit that they have seen this problem as one of more importance than abstract and duller issues.

In conclusion, the citizen's status in marriage and divorce must be secured to him throughout our entire territory. Marriage for adults must not be made more difficult. Children must be protected. Divorce must be made available for the many as well as for the few. And finally, we shall get no more enlightened law than we demand.

II — FREEDOM IN DIVORCE

RUTH HALE

THERE is only one justification for arresting the process of a birth, if indeed anything can be called a justification of it, and that is fear and hatred of the thing about to be born. There is only one way to arrest a birth, since it contains its own completing impetus from its very onset, and that is to freeze its necessary flexibilities at some point short of its appointed end, or, in other words, to pass a law.

The times are now pregnant with a new marriage. The last thing on earth to be countenanced by its well-wishers is legislation, which is quite faulty enough, in all patience, in dealing with that which is already accomplished by the folkways, and is invariably mean, stupid, corruptive, and constrictive in attempting to foreshadow them. And, both better and worse than these, it is also useless. Legislating for the future, on the basis of what can by its very nature be only surmise, results merely in things like the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth Amendments, — things to be flouted in openness, in safety, in cynical derision. They are a drag on the processes they hope to speed.

Nothing in the world but calamity and humiliation has ever resulted from passing a law in advance of the general custom: in other words, passing a law before public thought, public feeling, and public behavior have finally fused and come to rest on some plateau, — even if, and in fact invariably if, only for a temporary pause. There are many sagacious jurists who make a distinction between "natural law" and "statutory law", giving sanction to the one and very laudably withholding it from the other, and it is true that there is between these two an actual difference. But the difference is that, roughly speaking, the one is more durable than the other. "Natural Law" lasts longer. You can afford to pin your faith to it because it is a reasonable certainty that you will not live long enough for any of your descendants to give you the lie. There is literally no law which has not arisen in human consciousness, and any one who will maintain that human consciousness is not as yet as a babe new-born, is not only a good deal of a fool, but a dangerous pessimist.

Those among us who maintain that some of our convictions are straight from God must, and in fact should, be dismissed as merely vain and impudent. God is still in the knowing.

Meanwhile, of course, as humans more or less enlightened, we must do our best. And not in all the course of our long history have we ever done our best in our legislation. This is probably because legislation itself is an aspiration to an impossibility. It is a crazy assumption. It goes on the theory that there is something permanently true. Its own inalienable idioms are couched in eternalities. All the amendments, the revisions, the re-readings, and the nullifications in the world have never cured human nature of its notion that "this time it is eternally right". Of course all this is natural enough, and grows out of human nature's eagerness for a moment's rest with the consciousness of a job well finished, and one's whole compassionate impulse seeing all the puffing and blowing and sweating and struggling, is to say, "There, there, this time it is all right." But this compassionate indulgence is not the stuff of which great onward marches are compounded. With all the sympathy in the world for the spiritually old, tired, and infirm, with all possible pity for their confidence in their mirages, we cannot permit them actually to impede us. And with every conceivable warmth towards their so understandable imperfections, we cannot have them dictating our laws. Yet it is precisely out of this weary inability either to take or to conceive of one additional step, that the frenzy for the haven of enactment is actually born.

This is, of course, to put its pleasantest face upon it. A great deal of enactment is pure malice, pure determination that none shall do what we have demonstrated our inability to do, as marriage itself is most stoutly defended, as an institution, by those who have irretrievably made a failure of it. No brash younglings will make fools of us, we'll be bound. But it is not from the disappointed, the crushed, the cruel, and the vicious that we have most to fear, though Heaven knows there are enough of them. We are likely to be done in by those who mean well and are not smart, — or rather, are not courageous. By those who do not trust the only thing which, finally, is the only thing there is to trust, namely, the stoutness, the vitality, the everlasting upwelling of the human spirit.

Let us see if it will not be possible to demonstrate that this precise time is the worst of all possible times for legislative interference, — strictly speaking, Federal legislative interference, — with the legal institution of marriage, and with its greatest military asset, divorce. Incidentally, it should be conceded at once to those who object to divorce on the ground that it threatens marriage as we now know it, that they are entirely right. If marriage is not threatened and furthermore not altered almost beyond recognition, there is certainly no point to divorce. Divorce has, as its underlying intention, whether admitted or not, another marriage. Otherwise packing a suit-case, banging the door, and going with Nora out into the night, is all that anybody need ask. If it be objected that it is asking too much of unhappy wives that they shall thus fare forth with perhaps three or four children under their arms and not a nickel in their pockets, I shall ask that this objection be stayed for a few moments, because I shall come to it.

It is also true that the foregoing assumes that most of the difficulties of marriage inhere in the prescribed relationship itself rather than in the personal attributes of those who partake jointly in this relationship, and I believe that I can demonstrate that too. At any rate, I stand by the assumption.

And it is because of this assumption, and because of the presence in the world at this time of tremendous forces playing on this problem, which, it seems to me, are likely if let alone to wipe out many of its gravest drawbacks, that I would beseech, not for the evil vise of legislation, but for the continued muddle and strain and amorphous shape of the new gestation and the new birth.

I take it there are very few who will undertake to defend marriage as it now exists, that is, in its legal status, and in the social requirements and expectations which have shaped it for so long. Probably the most perilous of the ideas that underlie it is that in which, both socially and legally, it is most deeply embedded, namely, that it can make two people into one. Now of course this is pure nonsense, but as a fiction it could always save its face in any extra-domestic relation by having the wife cease to exist. The English Common Law providing for this has been widely and variously amended, but it is still the basic legal theory of mar-

riage, and until somebody blows that out of the water, there can be very little whole-hearted or hopeful defense of marriage. We must of necessity turn to and improve it. We have literally no choice. Nobody will contend that any effective work can be done on it without weapons. There is only one, and that is divorce. Divorce means that the married are no longer sunk without trace. Many things can thrive without divorce, — the illicit love relation, for example, and celibacy, and sterility. But marriage cannot. Marriage must be changed to meet a changing people, and such is its universal disposition to fall into set forms, it must be changed by vigorous repudiation and often by violence.

If it is true that the married state is the most beneficial of all those yet devised for adult human beings to live in, it must certainly be made sufficiently pleasant and spacious to contain them. And divorce is not only the sole powerful corrective of marriage, but it is also the only possible step from one marriage to another. It is obviously useless any longer to say that you must accept the old marriage whether you like it or not. You can always abstain from it altogether, however unfortunate this may seem to a society built upon the belief that marriage is the best estate, and however wasteful of good mothering and fathering material. You can, in addition, get up and leave it, without any divorce, or any sanction of any kind, and nobody can stop you. The ecclesiastics betray by their increasing anxiety on this point that deeply they know they have shot their bolt. The synods are too shrill. The folkways have not yet provided due penalty for it, because the privilege of doing it is as yet too new, — and, if the truth be known, little is likely to be done in this direction for it is a privilege too widely, though privately, prized.

There was once one thing which prevented women from walking out of a marriage which they did not like, and that was economic necessity. The economic independence of women is not yet wholly accomplished, of course. But it will be. It has far too much head start now to have anything more done about it than to watch it grow. And already it is of proportions to give pause to those who say that an unsatisfactory marriage must merely be made the best of. Already it is only the feebler, less equipped, less literate, and less spirited among women who cannot make their own livings.

One other thing which is bearing upon marriage, which is contributing to its alteration, which is new to our times, and is only less coercive than the social and economic freeing of women, is the first freshet of the new psychology. This is spreading light on all human relationships. We are learning what we really are, — at least, we are learning more than we lately knew. One does not have to go all the way with the psychoanalysts, but it is pretty hard to get out of going some of the way. We are learning a great deal about what is wise and right to expect of ourselves, and what is destructive and futile. More potent still, we are learning what we do actually want, whether we should have it or not, and in the long run human nature works around to doing what it really wants to do, though it often calls it by some other name.

Let us put it, then, that we have a marriage form which is unsatisfactory and is steadily becoming more so; that we have women in the position to repudiate it if they cannot reform it; that we do not want to live in a mateless state if we can help it; and that we must have divorce, — preferably cheap, easy, collusive divorce and nobody's business why, — not only to get marriage on its good behavior but to keep it there.

Let us put it further, that this is the very golden age of marriage, in that already it is being sturdily overhauled, in use even more than in law; that the powerful agents which are operating upon it grow daily more powerful; and that since this business of marriage is so close to the heart of human happiness, humanity will not stop short of its full strength in reshaping it, simply because alarmed or prematurely satisfied legislators mistake a wayside stop for a destination.

It may be objected that the immediately proposed Constitutional Amendment, — the Capper Bill, — is entirely harmless concerning marriage (though it is certainly not helpful), and that it provides many grounds for divorce, conspicuously more than are now conceded by many of the several States. Well, that is something to think about, true enough, and it is likely that the Capper Bill as it now stands, not needlessly to affright ourselves with what the churches and the women's clubs would do to it before it could be passed, represents about as good a bargain as we could drive at the present time with the solons. After all, it

must be remembered that most of what we have done to marriage up to this time is sabotage, and that we have never made an open show of strength on behalf of our feelings, and that we are by no means organized to show strength at short notice. But the Capper Bill, for all its mildness and liberality, is nowhere nearly so good as it ought to be. Even if it required of every State the freedom of divorce now prescribed by the most indulgent, which it does not do, nor will it, it would still not be good enough. Even in the most divorcing of States, most fine and honest grounds are barred, and collusion is barred everywhere.

That spiritual perceptiveness which holds that a divorce must on no account be granted if both persons want it, or if both have been unfaithful to the marriage, instead of merely one, can hardly be respected as a source of law or precept. Sweden already has collusive divorce. People are agitating for it in many countries, and it is so essentially right and reasonable that it is bound to be admitted soon or late. Must we amend our amendment?

Marriage has gone through many cycles, even in accessible history. It will likely go through many more. Between upsets, it is fairly stable, — that is to say, an age which creates a good marriage form is likely to endow the future for a considerable time forward, though never forever. Let us have an amendment, if we must, when we have re-arrived at our repose. Meanwhile, let us rather endure the muddle, the chaos, the strife, and all the rest of it than buy a little wicked peace when we are in honor bound to keep fighting. We are, after all, in the presence of a miracle. We are watching the crumbling of the very stronghold of the folkways. It ought to crumble. It has served its ends. Something better can be put there, something durable and beautiful for a long, long time. We do not dare be pleased by the prospect of the law-givers coming up with flying buttresses for the ruins. Only time is our true friend.

DO WORKINGMEN WANT CULTURE?

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

WHAT has happened to the Liberals who once strove to provide the workingmen with culture? They have failed, — because the job was hopeless, says Mr. Van Loon, who here states the case for supposing that the workingman does not want culture. When he does, if ever, he will build his own schools. Meanwhile only the Jewish bourgeoisie take advantage of the benefits which the misguided Liberal provided. By instinct and nature the son of toil despises culture and prefers his own low-brow pleasures.

THE Liberals of the sixties and seventies (and I still know that noble vanguard sufficiently well to understand more or less concretely what was in their minds) regarded this world as slightly out of gear. "There are," so they argued, "certain possibilities for happiness on this planet. Indeed, there are many thousands of people who have achieved that happiness. They lead civilized lives in civilized houses. They are surrounded by good furniture. They eat decent food and drink decent wine. They read good books. They have assured themselves the companionship of charming women. Their children are well mannered and do not make a nuisance of themselves. They know how to appreciate good music. They may not take much stock in the pleasures of Heaven. But for lack of more concrete information upon the subject of the Life Hereafter, they have succeeded in making their Present Existence as agreeable and harmonious and colorful as they possibly can. Of course we do not mean to imply that all the people who now enjoy a certain degree of leisure go in for things that are worth while. Many of them waste their time chasing little rabbits and spend their money foolishly betting His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco that the next card will be a five of hearts and not a six of spades. That however is a detail. The members of this fortunate class, if they care to have it, can have 'the good life' in the sense of a well-balanced and peaceful existence and we wish them joy.

"But there are others.

"They live meanly in mean houses with ugly women and uglier children. Most of the time they are tired and their only escape from their ghastly surroundings is by way of the ale-keg. Books are entirely beyond their reach. When they read at all, they read rubbish. They are imposed upon by every quack in Christen-

dom and when they die they are carted away to mean corners of mean cemeteries and it is all very ghastly.

"Now what we propose to do is this. It would be foolish to destroy the pleasant civilization on top, for it contains many elements that are worth saving. But we see the possibilities for a compromise. We do not expect that we shall be able to bring about the millennium in one or two centuries. In the meantime, however, we shall try to modify these regrettable conditions.

"First of all, therefore, let us show the submerged masses that there are certain things in this world worth striving for. Let us convince them that good books need not be necessarily dull or expensive. Let us make it clear to them that it is just as easy to listen to good music as to bad music; that cheap houses need not be ugly houses; that a neglected street is not an absolutely integral part of a laborers' suburb, but that it can be made to look like something at a very small expense." And so on and so forth.

This of course is all old stuff now. Our Bolshevik friends go so far as to assure us that it is mere childish prattle. Our radical neighbors tell us that we are no better than the lowest of hidebound conservatives. Maybe they are right, but a point of view as I have just outlined did exist and it inspired sincere and honest men and women to do valiant battle for a happier and more sensible form of civilization.

But their efforts implied the existence of two groups of human beings who were willing to coöperate for a common purpose, those who did the elevating and those who were eager to be elevated.

This statement will of course be greeted with loud catcalls from the Moscovite tribune. "Elevated indeed!" the brethren will howl. "Who the hell is this guy who insults us by talking of elevating?"

However, for the moment I must leave our charming Marxian friends out of the discussion. They will interrupt me anyway, for that is a part of their code of manners. But I shall stick the question, "What has become of the old-fashioned Liberals?"

And I will offer my one answer.

They have quit in despair.

Why have they quit in despair?

Because it was definitely proved unto them that the American

laboring classes did not want to be saved in the way in which the Liberals hoped to save them, that they were bound for some ultimate goal of their own entirely different from the Liberals' conception of what constitutes "the good life".

Perhaps you doubt my words. Then look around and see what has become of the many efforts which have been made during the last fifty years to bring rudimentary forms of education to what are commonly called the masses.

Schools have been founded and libraries have been endowed, and every effort has been made to do some spiritual missionary work among those who thus far had been deprived of contact with the pleasanter sides of life. And who attended the schools and who read the books and who listened to the music? The Jewish bourgeoisie. They understood the value of those precious gifts. They were hungry for them. And since the seats went empty anyway, they occupied the halls and the class-rooms that were primarily meant for the workingmen and which the workingmen shunned as if they had been contaminated with the plague.

Once more I hasten to add that I am thoroughly familiar with the usual answer to this accusation. The honest son of toil will slowly move his cigar from the left corner of his mouth to the right and he will smile a superior little smile and he will say, using the identical language of those Marxians whom he despises, "You poor high-brow! You want to patronize us, eh? Well, we will tell you, we won't take no patronizing from nobody. You can keep your books and your lectures and your music and all the rest of that truck. We don't want it. And what is more, we aren't going to take it from nobody. When we get to that point, we will build our own schools and our own colleges and meanwhile you had better spend that money you collected for our benefit to buy yourself a new flivver, for the old one looks about ready for the ash-can."

And that ends the conversation.

For the average American workingman for whose benefit the misguided Liberals slaved and worried did not at all appreciate the attention that was bestowed upon him. Way down deep in his heart he felt a profound contempt and hatred for the ideals which the Liberal dangled before his eyes as desirable. By instinct and by nature he was a low-brow, contented and entirely satisfied

with low-brow pleasures. What the Liberal depicted to him as "the good life" he despised as an existence too dull for words. The "good things" he was after were of an entirely different nature. And especially after the war, when the great economic revolution of Europe swept away the old cultured classes and when all the bounders of Christendom got hold of all the money and smeared their unhealthy presence across the map of every country of the globe, then the laboring classes came into a paradise of their own for then the only visible ideal was the ideal of a visible success expressed in dollars and cents and that was exactly what had appealed to the masses from the beginning of time.

Then it was that the Liberals discovered their mistake. They had always tried to give the crowd what they thought that the crowd ought to want because they themselves wanted it, and they had never taken the trouble to ask what the crowd really wanted.

When they discovered that they were foredoomed to failure, no matter how hard they tried, they resigned and withdrew from the stage.

They are still alive.

But they no longer care.

The job is hopeless.

They keep goldfish and collect first editions and save a little money and go to Europe and live quietly in some corner where progress is not too blatant.

Maybe they will come back.

But I doubt it.

The world is rapidly changing.

The top of the mountain has disappeared and the plain has risen.

It is a dull world of dull people and more than dull ideals.

And the Liberal has given up trying to save some one else's soul.

He is having a hard time trying to save his own.

For he made one dreadful mistake.

Somewhere he had read that man belonged to the genus *homo sapiens* and he had taken that Latin definition literally.

(*Dean Keppel will reply to this in the October* FORUM)

ALIEN PIETY IN CHICAGO

A Protestant Report of the Eucharistic Congress

STANLEY FROST

FROM the time the first cardinals landed at New York on their way to the Eucharistic Congress, there was to be felt among a wide variety of American Protestants a distinct distaste, if not a stronger repulsion, toward the manifestations which accompanied their progress, and later toward the ceremonies themselves. This was none the less real for being carefully denied expression by the more articulate and respectable Protestants, either through dislike of incurring any taint of illiberality, or through a very real reluctance to take any position which appeared to interfere with or criticize another religion. The condition was not only very strong; more, it was greatly significant in view of the present attempts to clarify American thought; an effort to find its causes seemed likely to produce valuable results. So it was with no hostility to Catholic friends or to the Catholic faith that the attempt was undertaken.

Much of the adverse feeling could, of course, be immediately charged to blind prejudice. There were naturally rumblings from the professional Catholic-haters, who see evil conspiracies lurking behind every K. of C. parade. There were those who detected an effort to assist the candidacy of Governor Smith, and through that a strengthening of "the grip of Rome on America" by means of a demonstration of strength. There were the even larger number who have been brought up to believe that a religious war against Rome is inevitable, and who carefully cherish the hatreds essential to such a war. These prejudices are powerful and widespread, but also they are perfectly understood, and can usually be ignored with both decency and safety.

When they had all been discounted, however, something remained. There was a disapproval of the Eucharistic Congress, and of the whole atmosphere surrounding it, that could be felt and was occasionally expressed, in spite of a genuine sympathy, appreciation, and admiration. It was to be found both among those of the most liberal intention and practice, and those who

have, for religious purposes, ceased to be Protestants at all. It was a disapproval that was at once bristling, sullen, and derogatory.

The first clue in the search for the cause of this attitude came from Catholics themselves, by a process of reversal. It was noticeable how insistent they were upon the "American" character of the Congress. "It was the most American gathering I ever saw," one declared in describing a great mass meeting. "The most American spirit ever shown," "the most perfect expression of Americanism in history," "the supreme fulfilment of the American spirit," were other expressions. But attempts to get a further definition failed. It was not at all clear to an American Protestant of some generations just how the adjective applied, but the reiteration served to focus attention on the point.

Cardinal Mundelein gave the answer in his published interview on the arrival of the cardinals, when he said that such a gathering would have been impossible ten years ago. It was an obvious truth; and it meant that quite certainly as recently as that no one could have called the Congress "American". At once the whole cause of distrust became clear; to the American Protestant the Eucharistic Congress, with all its many values, was something foreign, something alien. It was instinctively recognized as a symptom, perhaps as a part, of our great problem of lack of assimilation of recent immigration, and so came into a share of all the emotions, convictions, disputes, and prejudices which centre around the problem of alienism in this country. These, I submit, are not religious but politico-nativistic questions. It is to be suspected that the chief impact of the Congress upon American Protestantism, and especially upon liberal Protestantism, is from this direction.

It would be useless to argue whether the character of the Eucharistic gathering is "American" or "un-American". The word has as yet no generally accepted meaning, though doubtless each man has a kind of definition of his own. The question of what it is to mean is even now being thrashed out in the struggle between the earlier and the later comers; no man can say that there will not come out of the philosophy of the melting pot an Americanism that will be finer and greater than the old. But there is still a measure; the traditional Americanism which has endured

till recently has certain characteristics which can be debatable only in minor detail; it established a fairly definite group-mind which in spite of recent unsettlement is still dominant over the greater part of the country, and forms the unwritten premises and assumptions of most of our national thought. Measured against this actual standard, the alien character of the Chicago celebrations is clear, however in keeping they might be with either present ideals or hoped-for developments.

It may be charged that this American tradition in itself involves an opposition to everything Catholic, and makes it impossible for anyone brought up in the tradition, or inheriting its instincts, to be quite fair to the Catholics. The charge is supported by the belligerently Protestant character, — the definitely anti-Catholic spirit, — of most of the early settlements; by the overwhelmingly Protestant nature of most immigration and all political control and social standing for more than two centuries, and by the indelible impress which these things have inevitably left upon the teaching of history and citizenship down to this day. The charge is probably true, but it cannot affect the question of the present foreignness of a Catholic manifestation such as the Eucharistic Congress, since that is one of fact and not of ideals; indeed, the very truth of the charge becomes the first and strongest proof of the actually alien character of Catholic instinct, thought, and the particular kinds of conduct derived from them.

This gulf between Catholicism, as seen at the Congress, and traditional American Protestantism, does not imply the faintest conflict with the beautiful conceptions of the mystery of the Eucharist and its spiritual values, which were expressed by Michael Williams in the July issue of The Forum. It would of course be impertinent for any man to try to measure spiritual values for others, especially for those of another religion, but it can surely be no impertinence to say that the Congress brought out all the outward, visible evidences of spirituality which seem possible. The simple piety shown, the inner light that glowed on thousands of faces, the frank, unrepressed worship, — these and a hundred other signs gave most convincing proof of an outpouring of reverence and exaltation which in quiet grandeur dwarfed even the most gorgeous of the ceremonies, and which has

seldom, if ever before, taken place on so vast a scale. It could be seen on faces all about, caught in chance snatches of talk, felt in the very air. It was sincere, direct, open, childlike, sublime!

A single incident may illustrate. The procession of the Blessed sacrament from the chapel at St Mary's at Mundelein had begun; the crowd which had been waiting for hours was on tip-toe with interest and curiosity; Cardinal Bonzano was slowly coming down the road bearing the Sacrament under a great golden canopy, and attended by guards in colorful uniforms and by a swarm of minor ecclesiastics. For the moment the crowd was at a show; not witnessing a religious ceremony. A big Irishman dropped to his knees on the pavement just behind the rank of rigid Knights of Columbus who were lining the way, his head bowed. But almost instantly it snapped up again:

"Here I'm kneelin' for the blessin' of the Blessed Sacrament," he called loudly enough to be heard a block, "but it seems I'm kneelin' alone. I thought this was a Catholic crowd. If I'm among Protestants tell me so, and I'll go where the Sacrament is reverenced."

The chatter stopped, eyes came back from the spectacle, and at first singly and shamefacedly and then in groups, the whole crowd uncovered and dropped. There they stayed, all holiday thought gone from them, as the cortege approached. And there they stayed, too, when a few minutes later the heavens opened and there came a blinding gust of rain and hail that drenched all in an instant, — stayed till the Blessed Sacrament was past, and the time had come to seek shelter. They rose then, to scramble for shelter indeed, but with lit faces. It was so everywhere. The spirit of reverence was always present, undisturbed by either holiday gaiety, picnic accidents, or real hardships, ever ready to spring to life at any touch.

Nor can there be any discount from the magnificence of the series of spectacles, the splendor of the pomp, the impressiveness of each of the ceremonies which in turn aroused, played upon, and guided the emotions of the vast throngs; crowds so stupendous that the mind rebelled from counting, and numbers ceased to convey any real meaning except "inconceivable". Only regiments of amplifiers, — they still seem incongruous in worship! — made it possible to coördinate the thought of the myriads. They

broadcast the majesty of the *Te Deum* from hiding places in the trees of St Mary's of the Lake, and brought the very tones and inflections of preachers and singers almost from the heavens in the awful perspectives of the Stadium, where acolytes and celebrants seemed to crawl ant-like about a tiny altar. It was the ritual and the faith of centuries spread through last night's newest device, bringing a single thought and a single emotion to more people than joined in all the Crusades; Peter the Hermit raised to the *n*th power; the Church of Undying Rome making overpowering use of the very science it did its best to strangle at birth!

It was the ceremonies themselves, rather than the vastness of the audiences or the use of still-raw science, which seemed to a Protestant most impressive, and certainly most unalterably alien to America. The mind could feel the fitness of black robed Jesuits chanting their masses to Indian savages on almost the same spot three centuries ago, but it could not fit these enormously magnified ceremonies into any place in American life as it was through every generation until this.

Perhaps the difficulty lay in the perfection of the ceremonies. The Roman Church has through many centuries brought to superb completeness the art of materializing spiritual concepts, of embodying religious vision, of giving outlet and expression to pious emotions, of providing for simple faith a visible, tangible, and sufficiently impressive symbolism. The art has been shown in its cathedrals, in its ritual, in its music, and most of all in such ceremonials as reached their greatest height at Chicago and Mundelein.

The heaped-up mass emotion of the multitudes emphasized the effect, to be sure, but the mechanism by which that emotion was released just when needed went deeper, was more vital, than any mere mass. The Congress was, in fact, a flawless jewel of religious emotionalism, ritually evoked and expressed; the crowd was little more than a stupendous setting. It was a supreme achievement of priest-craft.

Even through the climax the beginnings could be traced; the childhood training in spiritual emotions, — reverence for all the symbols of the Faith and its priests, unquestioning adoration, faith made invincible through simplicity, the momentum of

ages, and visible embodiment. It showed in every action, in the homage paid to every member of the priesthood and the almost prostrate reverence given the Princes of the Church, in the kissing of rings, the uncovering to every symbol of the Faith, the constant clamor for blessings.

The pomp which attended the arrival and the movements of the cardinals began to awaken and release all these emotions. The demonstrations were greater than America has ever accorded its greatest heroes, — far greater. The excitement mounted with each appearance of one of the cardinals, with each procession, with each addition to the masses of flags and bunting, almost with each edition of the papers. By Saturday night the whole city was in a white-hot tension.

With Sunday morning this was turned into religious fervor by the hundreds of masses. The slogan — "a million communions to-day" — caught the crowds, and the churches were jammed, with every mind ready and responsive. There came the solemn beauties of the mass itself; the reverent hush, the voices of the choirs in ancient and sonorous chants, the dignity of the processionals, the rich garb of the celebrants, the incense, and finally the high tension of the Elevation of the Host. All was most impressive to an outsider; what must it have meant to those who believed that through this ceremony the actual presence of Christ was brought to them?

From then on the religious note dominated the emotions. In the following days were meetings of crowds and meetings of groups; meetings of worship and meetings of exhortation; always something for each one. Greatest, of course, were the vast gatherings in the Stadium, where for hours every seat was filled and thousands perched on railings, on pillars, on the very cornices. There was the Mass of the Angels, sung by nearly a hundred thousand children; there was the great gathering of the women; there was the night service lit with candles in the hands of 150,000 men.

Then, when it seemed that emotion must die of pure weariness, came the final pilgrimage to Mundelein, for the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the delivery of the blessing sent by the Pope, by his own legate, and after dazzling ceremonies. No such outpouring of myriads would have been possible without great

exaltation, for the physical hardships were intense, but every persuasion was brought into play, and there was such an exodus as the world has seldom seen, an exodus so great that number became meaningless. For hours they poured twenty abreast from the train sheds. They spread over miles of grove and meadow. They jammed into hopeless masses, and surged about like tidal waves.

It was all things to all Catholics: a pilgrimage that was a saving act, a spectacle to be seen, a picnic to be enjoyed, an event to be told to grandchildren, a sacred duty, a supreme blessing to be received direct from the Vicar of God Himself. It gave climax and relief to the whole tension of the week. Enthusiasm carried it above hardships, and the laughing cry of "a pilgrim's feet *ought* to be sore" ran through the throngs. It rose above all irritation, and a reminder of the occasion stifled all brawls. It finally survived even the immense discomfort of drenching by rain and hail, ruin of finery, and the hideous herding caused by poorly managed and inadequate transportation. When it ended the cycle of emotional exaltation was complete, and the draggled and shivering crowds were relaxed and at peace. If the whole series of events had been staged by a giant mind for that one purpose, the result could not have been more perfect.

Such was the Eucharistic Congress: splendid ceremonies, uplifting ritual, spiritual exaltation, piety made visible, and religious emotion expressed in action; fine, strong, simple with that greatness which exalts but still moves familiarly among common things. An American Protestant watching such a gathering in Rome or Madrid would have found little to criticize, much to admire greatly, and everything to enlist his sympathies; would have found too, perhaps, a touch of regret that he is estranged from so much that is beautiful and splendid.

The difficulty comes because it took place in America, and was so insistently declared to be American in its nature. Much of it, of course, is entirely familiar and would be entirely natural in any old-stock American community, — the excitement, the carnival spirit mixed with religion, and the swift shifts of emotion, — but through all constantly there kept intruding facts, actions, and ideas which were utterly at variance with our American tradition.

Most obvious was the physical fact that the people were, with

very few exceptions, anything and everything but Americans. Irish mostly, French Canadians, Poles, Slovaks, a few Germans, — a score of races. It was comparatively seldom that any English was heard in the crowds, and then usually with an Irish brogue or an accent of some other kind. The programs were printed in thirteen languages! The atmosphere, the languages, the faces were all those of Ellis Island perhaps, but certainly of nothing more American than that.

This was particularly noticeable in the processions of the clergy. It added greatly to the color of the spectacle, and brought pride to many of those who watched. "The Church Universal" was a comment heard more than once as the ranks marched past. It is a proud boast, — but not an American boast.

Hardly less obvious, and bearing more directly on the significance of the Congress, was the reverence with which the prelates were hailed on all occasions, and the many signs of respect and subjection which were constantly shown. This certainly is foreign to the admitted "American" trait of independence, but it may be argued that it is no reverence to any human power, but an obeisance to certain men and objects as symbols of Divinity. That argument, however valid, does nothing to establish any harmony between these worshippers and the American tradition, for the men who made America denied vehemently the right of any intermediary between them and their God, and accorded never more than respect to their ministers.

There was noticeable at Chicago, too, a difference in the very form and expression of piety from that common in what "American" communities remain in America. A suspicion grew that there might be a racial difference even in spirituality between these people, largely of Alpine and Mediterranean types, and the more northern stocks who preceded them here. But another idea took shape as the sacramental procession passed: there was to be seen there a distinct likeness in the faces of all the prelates. Race differences showed, and differences in character and spirituality and zeal, but above them all was an unmistakable likeness. Every one had been stamped, it seemed, with the seal of The Church Paternal. They might be humble or high in power, but all were part of a great paternalistic system. America, it has been said, is individualistic.

The incongruity of such royal state being kept by any man who is truly the representative of the One who had not where to lay His head is so great that in the typically American mind the idea is wholly rejected. It then appears that state, pomp, power, ceremonies, are concrete and material, rather than symbolic; that all are directed not toward a Divine Kingdom but toward very temporal power and wealth; that the whole stately and emotion-stirring ritual is exactly the same mechanism as that which is made to enhance earthly royalty; that there is nothing spiritual about it except in so far as a clever priesthood is taking profit from the spirituality of others. This point of view takes quite literally such remarks as that of Robert J. Casey, who in the Chicago "Daily News" described the cardinals as "overlords of the greatest dynasty left in the world".

Surely there can be no question that it was to escape from dynasties of every description, more than for any other one thing, that drove to this continent the men who made the America of all but the last few years, and just as surely they would have resented bitterly the fact that any such display as the Eucharistic Congress was held upon the soil they helped to win, and would have denied vehemently that there was anything "American" about it!

So, for all the beauty and fineness of the great gathering at Chicago, and for all its spiritual values, one fact stands out: it was alien and foreign to America of the past, and even to America of to-day. Cardinal Mundelein was right: it could not have been held anywhere in this country ten years ago. To-day it might be held in Boston or New York, perhaps Philadelphia as well as in Chicago. But it could not take place in America.

LESSONS FROM THE BRITISH STRIKE

William Green

FOR twelve years the British coal industry drifted; for twelve months we knew the date of its greatest crisis. Yet in May a General Strike split the English people into two camps, and the outcome is still obscure. America has watched with sympathy and with anxiety. What are the conclusions of American Labor? The President of the most powerful Labor organization in the world here contends that the idea of a General Strike can form no part of the program of Labor statesmanship in the United States.

BRITISH experience makes it plain that the general strike has no place among the methods upon which trade unions may rely. There has long been a trade union tradition that in an extreme emergency trade unions could resort to the general strike, but that tradition was based upon a slogan instead of experience.

The general strike assumes irreconcilable conflict which only force can decide. It is an inevitable outgrowth of a philosophy or practice of force. Big business with its impersonal methods and "malefactors of great wealth" has had an incalculable influence in inculcating belief in the necessity for the use of force by labor and hence in the efficiency of the general strike. The World War contributed to easier acceptance of the general strike proposal. One of its most pernicious consequences has been the tendency to resort to force and extremes in thinking. A military background made it easier to advocate many uses of force and revolutionary tactics quite at variance with ideals of tolerance and normal progress. With such a background the general strike proposal did not meet with opposition.

In the labor world there are two fundamentally different bases for action: one holds that progress is a problem of growth and that we day by day develop the methods and agencies that make higher levels of progress possible; the other regards the process of educational development as too slow and seeks by the use of political or economic force to transform situations through one sweeping effort. Constructive trade unionists have opposed the cataclysmic method because we felt that unless personal education accompanied the changes there would not be understanding adequate to deal with the new opportunities.

The strike as we know it in the United States is a movement

within a trade or an industry to remedy a wrong or to establish more equitable standards. There is always a direct issue between the strikers and the management against which the strike is conducted. The strategy is to make the industry feel so keenly the need of that which the workers have withdrawn as to concede the opportunity for negotiation of difficulties.

The general strike, which in support of a strike originating in one industry, calls upon wage earners in all other industries to make common cause with them, at once subordinates the original issue to a situation which, because of its dimensions, ceases to be an industrial issue and becomes a challenge to organized society. Organized society as a whole operates through its political agencies or government, and hence a general strike becomes identified with a revolt against government. I have always believed that a general strike would be justified only by conditions that warranted revolution, and that the leaders of a general strike could not hope to win unless they could command arms to support their cause.

For a number of years British workmen have counted heavily on their triple alliance, — an agreement between railway men, transport workers and miners, for mutual defense. The alliance was heralded as the most progressive tactics developed by the labor movement. Though the alliance failed them in a crisis, yet the workers held to the idea. From potential joint action by all the transportation workers, it was a natural development to propose the joint action of workers in all industries in support of the workers of any one industry. Mass movement or force became a formula that was prescribed for difficult problems and the general strike was the accompanying slogan that stimulated courage rather than serious thought. When a slogan is repeated often enough it becomes fixed in the thinking of the group until it is automatically accepted as procedure.

As was inevitable with the development of its new machinery, when the workers failed to accomplish something through the usual economic channels, they turned to political methods for relief. The development of economic tactics based upon mass action is apparently borrowed from political experience. Political parties deal with contending forces and depend upon mass action. The British labor movement has laid great stress upon

political methods for bettering their conditions and function through the British Labor Party. A separate Labor party was thought necessary to meet British political conditions. In this field also policy was guided by a concept of irreconcilable conflict between labor and existing parties.

The politician sees in a general strike a mobilization of power for mass action. The trade union executive who thinks of a general strike, at once considers what will be the consequences for the trade agreement that has been secured through years of effort to create bargaining machinery with trade standards built up through successive raises as the strength of the union and the conditions of the industry warranted. A general strike order would sweep these all aside as broken contracts, without cause on the part of his industry and without precedent for renewing working relations.

The general strike assumes very strong class ties binding workers and employers in opposing class groups so that the individual trade groups — workers and employers — will subordinate personal interests to avenging injury to anyone. To my mind, such coöperation could be expected only when the wrongs were sufficient to stir revolution. Revolution in itself is desirable only when necessary to remove conditions that block progress. Permanent progress in establishing better industrial relations comes through increasingly raising the standards of human welfare and production efficiency and the development of more effective methods of realizing them. The general strike has no place in the constructive tactics of trade unions. It does not contribute to collective bargaining. It may only in great emergencies enable the workers to dictate terms. It is so sweeping in nature that it must accomplish its purpose immediately before it is swept aside to supply the life necessities of the nation. Most strikes are supported by contributions from other workers. The general strike cuts off this source of support and stops the supply of material necessaries.

The trade union movement must depend upon constructive methods for real progress. Even the trade or industrial strike is a defensive measure and can do no more than create an opportunity for negotiations that provide better conditions. The trade union has a far bigger function to perform than can be accom-

plished through militant tactics, but the union is powerless to enter upon this larger work before management consents. When management is willing to deal with the problems of industrial relations through negotiations with trade union representatives the plane of relationships is raised from that of arbitrary decision and force, to that of intelligent dealing with the problems upon conclusions developed through discussion and presentation of experience and facts. Management makes ready materials, machinery, plans, and supervision, while execution lies with the workers. Since production is the joint work of management and production there is need for coöperation between these two functional groups.

Coöperation is a very practical and natural policy. The tradition that the interests of management conflict with the interests of employees has been the cause of much waste in industry. If managements will only consider their losses from fighting their employees and spend equal thought and energy in earning their good will, they will find the investment profitable.

To such coöperation management brings technical ability, science, and responsibility for material equipment. Workers bring their skill, ability, and intelligence, their union which is the repository of the craftsmanship, and the experience of their trade as well as the organized agency through which the group expresses itself and formulates decisions. The union enables the work group as individuals to undertake real coöperation on an equal footing with management.

The bona fide union is essential to effective coöperation. It alone has vitality and genuineness necessary to engender the confidence that begets coöperation. Company unions are a medium for facilitating the acceptance of the orders of management. They may present an appearance of coöperation but they lack the aggressiveness and vitality necessary for independent thinking which is the essence of coöperation.

In discussing the lessons of the general strike before the National Liberal Club of London, Viscount Grey stated the principle of coöperation in these words:

> "There is only one thing that I can see which will really produce good-will between employer and employed and that is complete partnership in the industry. That does not mean mere profit-sharing.

> Profit-sharing by itself will always be looked upon as a sort of bonus or bribe or something of that kind to keep labor quiet; it will not give the sense of partnership. The sense of partnership can only be given by sharing in management. That is what real partnership means."

The general strike is quite at variance with the principles and practices of the American trade union movement. It is essential to remember that our labor movement is a product of American conditions and is developed in an environment in which democratic ideals prevail. There are no "classes", but individuals may move from one group to another as opportunity and ability make possible. There are trade groups and industrial groups with common interests and common problems. These groups cut horizontally across the population and organization covering the group is in response to common needs and possibilities. Organization of every group is essential to intelligent progress. The organizations of the workers are the trade unions; and of management, the trade association and technical societies.

Industry like every other human activity develops through the use of previous experience. It had to find methods and ways as it grew. It found organization before it found all of the uses to which organization could be put. So the workers in protesting exploitation found the union and used it for defensive tactics before they found its constructive possibilities. Next they found the services it could render its membership in the way of sickness, old age, unemployment, benefits or insurance, death benefits; then its possibilities for employment, educational and social services. As we won the right to negotiate with employers we used past experience to make standards of employment and working conditions more equitable. The next and natural development was to coöperate in finding better ways of doing the day's work, in discovering ways to prevent waste of materials and careless handling of machinery, abuse of tools, waste of power, and the economical use of all factors that enter into production. This development means a revival of craftsmanship that has been overshadowed in the newness of our immense mechanical equipment.

The union feels the responsibility of showing that workmen are much more than machine tenders by making possible for them control of the machine as a tool of production. It is not the size of the tool that matters but the attitude toward it. An immense

machine tool brought under the control of the human worker merely widens the scope of his productive activity without subordinating him to the machine. Purely repetitive work ought to be taken care of by a more highly perfected machine. So the American trade union is a force making for real democracy and freedom in the every-day life of the worker. It helps to bring the atmosphere of freedom into the problems of the day's work and brings to each worker the opportunity for freedom in living. The American labor movement regards its work as something to be achieved through constructive building and education.

American Labor recognizes that the interests of management and workers while not identical are mutually interdependent and that standards of living can be permanently raised only by increasing the productivity of industry. The interest of American Labor is focused upon securing an opportunity to help with the problems of this field. Strikes when they must be waged are to establish the conditions prerequisite to coöperation. It is our hope that the time will come when the problems of industrial relations will be decided in the conference room and industry will be convinced that real progress lies not in exploitation but in coöperation to find more efficient methods.

Scattered throughout our industry we find developments that hold within them the possibilities of this full development. A few of these developments are: the production engineers of the printing pressmen who help these workers to raise standards of workmanship; the technical educational service developed by the International Typographical Union; the coöperative dairy of the milk drivers of Minnesota; development of production standards of women's garment workers of Cleveland; the insistence of the photo-engravers upon research in the industry and the technical equipment of its membership; railway shopmen's developments in coöperation on the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chicago and Northwestern, and Canadian National Railways.

All of these are an earnest of the faith of the American trade union movement in constructive development. We cannot do more until management accepts our challenge, for coöperation cannot proceed from one side only. We seek to create in industry relationship that will enable men and women to grow while they do the world's work.

AARON BURR

From a drawing by St Memin

DON SEITZ

Forum Americana Series VII

Drawings by E.H. Suydam

THERE remains an ineradicable savor of the sinister about the name of Aaron Burr, third Vice-President of these United States, under Thomas Jefferson. How much of his ill repute was deserved it is hard to say, for he had an overload of enemies, led by Jefferson, whom he came near to defeating for the high office of President, and Alexander Hamilton, whom he killed. The first was of his own political party, the second leader of its Federalist opposition. Yet in intellect he was the equal of either, in social attainments and ancestry, their superior.

For grandfather he had the distinguished divine, Jonathan Edwards, whose lovely daughter married Ogden Burr, President of Princeton University, to whom that institution owes its firm foundation. He was half again as old as she, but it was a true love match. Neither lived long and little Aaron was left to face the world alone at three. The orphan was not poor, and his guardian and uncle, the Reverend Timothy Edwards, saw to it that he was brought up a gentleman. Timothy Edwards was a man of consequence at Elizabeth, New Jersey, where Aaron and his only sister, Sarah, were reared, the eminent Tappan Reeve, later a distinguished Connecticut jurist, being their tutor.

The two children were near an age, Sarah having been born May 3, 1754, and Aaron February 6, 1756, both at Newark, New

Jersey. The boy soon showed signs of superiority and independence. He ran away from Tappan Reeve's teachings when four years old and was not caught for three days. He pelted a richly dressed dame with ripe cherries, and for this was "licked like a sack" by his reverend uncle. The rod was not spared in the Edwards family. He ran away again at ten and became a cabin boy on a ship about to sail from New York. The Reverend Timothy traced him to his task and was about to collar the lad when he climbed to the cross trees, where the good man dared not follow. From this safe strategic point he dictated honorable terms and agreed to go back to his books. He thereafter displayed such diligence that he was prepared for Princeton at eleven. The college would not accept one so young and so small. He kept up with the college courses for two years and when thirteen, sought to enroll as a junior classman. This was denied him, but he was accepted as a sophomore, though two years under the required age.

For a year the boy wore himself to a shadow with hard study. The examinations showed him so far in the lead that he took it easy for the remaining time. Dapper in person and neat in attire, he soon became much of a social figure. They called him dissipated, but the evidence is largely his own say so. He recalls playing one game of billiards at a tavern for money and winning. This success, he felt, degraded him and he would never play again for a stake of any sort. He ate sparingly and seldom drank. Graduating with honors at sixteen, he could hardly have been very dissolute, — especially in the Presbyterian atmosphere in which he dwelt.

He wrote brilliantly and was a match for the best of the faculty. A revival made him uncertain as to his sinful state. Consulting Dr. Witherspoon, that wise educator told him the preachings were fanatical and not to be moved by them. Ever after he kept aloof from questions of faith. Ingenious of mind he formed the habit of writing letters in cipher, — an accomplishment that was to bother him later. Incidentally, it may be recalled that another distinguished Princetonian, Woodrow Wilson, wrote his thoughts in shorthand!

For two years after graduating, Burr idled pleasantly at Princeton and Elizabeth. He had ample means and knew how to amuse himself. By the summer of 1774, Tappan Reeve, his early

tutor, had become his brother-in-law, having married Sarah Burr. He was settled as a lawyer in Litchfield, Connecticut, where Jonathan Edwards had once held forth, and the young man went thither to study Coke and Blackstone in his office. The tremors of revolt were being felt and Litchfield produced the germs of a riot, but the countrymen lost their courage to the deep scorn of Burr, who had prepared to join them in a demonstration against King George.

The fast moving events forcing revolution were surging on and with the spring of 1775, came the climax at Concord and the call to arms. To this the youthful Burr at once responded. He was but eighteen, of slight physique and of gentle breeding, yet turned out to be made of steel. During the conflicts that preceded the evacuation of New York, Burr distinguished himself, especially in the fight at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, on September 15, 1776, when he saved General Henry Knox and many men from capture. His regiment fought at Monmouth, where he thought Major-General Charles Lee was right and Washington wrong. It was here that Washington "swore like an angel from heaven" at Lee.

Burr had spent or loaned much of his patrimony, having a free style of living and friends who imposed upon his liberality. In the spring of 1781, he went to reside with William Smith at Haverstraw. Smith was an eminent New York lawyer, debarred from his practice by the war. He was well equipped to teach his ambitious pupil, who read law night and day for six months. Then, the Legislature having passed an act disbarring Tory practitioners, he hastened to get in on the ground floor.

His gifts and repute soon brought clients. Though but twenty-six he was the most capable attorney in the town, and daily grew in distinction. July 2, he married Mrs. Prevost. She had two young sons, to whom Burr was indeed a second father, and in season his daughter and only child, Theodosia, came into the world. When the British finally evacuated New York, Burr removed to the city and began his extraordinary career, coming quickly into competition with Alexander Hamilton (also Colonel). The two colonels soon clashed and continued so to do until the bitter end.

The rivals were occasionally linked together in the same cause,

in one of which neither had been designated as chief counsel. The custom was for the latter to close. Hamilton manoeuvred Burr into making the opening, whereupon that wily gentleman made an argument covering both Alpha and Omega, leaving Hamilton nothing to say, — to his very great vexation.

Burr's legal procedure was based on his rather cynical dictum: "Law is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." This belief, successfully adhered to, brought him a large practice. He was able to live elegantly and sustain a high social position. After a time he was rich enough to acquire Richmond Hill, in the vicinage of Varick Street, where he had lived his six dull weeks with George Washington. It became a centre of brilliant life. Here came the exiled Talleyrand and Louis Philippe, some day and briefly, to be king of France; C. F. Volney of "The Ruins", to say nothing of minor notables. For ten years he prospered as a lawyer and social leader. Then came his fatal entry into politics.

It could probably be proved without much difficulty that Burr played politics as a game, not as a matter of principle. Well established in New York as a lawyer, he soon rallied a brisk following of young men who admired his wit and accepted his cynical views.

Two weeks after the completion of the Constitution, in July,

Nassau Hall, Princeton, where Aaron Burr was a Student

1787, Thomas Mooney had founded in New York the Columbian Order, better known as Tammany Hall. This remains the oldest political organization in the country. Burr speedily annexed it, and his young aristocrats controlled its affairs. The Swartwouts, Van Nesses, and their kind were very prominent, and always friends of Burr. There were no real parties, and the weight of the hall went to where it could carry the best results for its members. So backed, Burr was in a position to travel far.

The opportunity opened with the session of the New York State Legislature in January, 1791, when a United States Senatorship became vacant. Out of sixteen Senators voting, Burr received the support of twelve and had a majority of five in the House. Hamilton viciously ascribed the result to Burr's wire-pulling. He no doubt used superior political skill, — then and thereafter.

The new Senator, now thirty-five years old, took his seat on October 24, 1791, and was made chairman of the committee appointed to make reply to President Washington's address. He wrote it himself and read it to Washington. In it the Senate was pledged to prosecute the President's plans "with alacrity and steadiness". As it turned out Burr supplemented this "alacrity" with assiduity, and calling on the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, for some information, was snubbed with the remark "that it had been concluded to be improper to communicate the correspondence of existing ministers". Thus began the long line of conflict between the Senate and the Executive.

The evident ambition of Burr stirred Hamilton, who then began the unrelenting warfare that was to cost him his life. He feared Burr as "unprincipled, both as a public and private man," and felt it to be "a religious duty to oppose his career". He wrote further: "Mr. Burr is a man whose only political principle is to mount, at all events, to the highest legal honors of the nation, and as much further as circumstances will carry him. Imputations, not favorable to his integrity as a man, rest upon him, but I do not vouch for their authenticity." When writing these lofty words Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury, with a fine crop of "imputations" soon coming along against himself, about the "authenticity" of which there was no doubt at all.

Burr's six years in the Senate were diligent but uneventful.

There is no record of great debates in which he shared, or of any legislation fathered. According to Rufus King, his none too friendly colleague, he was more proficient in summing up than originating.

In the spring of 1794, Burr's wife, "the best woman and finest lady I have ever known" as he once expressed it, died, after long suffering from cancer, leaving beside her sons, Burr's daughter Theodosia, then aged eleven, and all her life the pride of his heart, who took her mother's place in his deepest affections. Much of her education he gave her himself, true to the teaching instinct so strong in his ancestry, with the result that she became one of the best informed women of her day. At fourteen she was mistress of his house and met, with elegance of manner, the distinguished guests who came, presiding once at a dinner party at which Joseph Brant, the splendid sachem of the Six Nations, was the principal guest, whom she found, as she wrote her father, "most civilized and Christian" in his manners.

With all his eminence, Burr's fences in New York fell into bad order. Hamilton, on the ground, had busied himself to such purpose as to put the Senate in Federalist control. John Jay had become Governor and Hamilton avenged Burr's victory over Philip Schuyler by sending him back to the Senate by all but one vote in the Legislature, leaving Burr to begin private life over again. Out of luck and dispirited, he sought a commission as Brigadier-General in the regular army. President John Adams urged his claim, but Washington, now Commander-in-Chief, demurred. "Colonel Burr is a brave and able officer," he said. "But the question is, whether he has not equal talent at intrigue."

Thus thwarted, Burr returned to New York and resumed his neglected law practice. Among other smart things he contrived a charter for the "Manhattan Company", which evaded the rule that no banks could be chartered. Ostensibly, it provided a water supply through private capital for the region around New York's City Hall. Some of the old wooden conduits are now and then dug up at this late day, while under the charter the great Bank of the Manhattan Company entered upon its long and honorable career. Burr had meanwhile been elected to the Assembly. The bank charter made a great row and he was defeated for reëlection. Some baseless scandal over the affairs of the Holland Land

Aaron Burr's Home at Richmond Hill, New York

Company brought on Burr's first duel with John B. Church, a brother-in-law of Hamilton, on September 2, 1799. The affair came off at Hoboken on September 2, 1799, and was somewhat farcical. No one was hurt and both parties forgave each other.

Burr's fortunes being much improved, he became active in politics. The feud between John Adams and Hamilton helped the Republicans. Burr got back into the Legislature from Orange County, which was not stirred over the bank charter. He organized his "myrmidons" anew, drew George Clinton from retirement and rallied beside General Horatio Gates, victor at Saratoga, Samuel Swartwout, Henry Rutgers, and men of like quality. Clinton was anti-Jefferson, and it took much persuasion to make him a Republican. Burr carried New York City. Hamilton saw in this victory peril for Federalist hopes at the next Presidential election, now near, and proposed an extra session to change the method of choosing electors. Burr exposed this ruse, which died a-borning. The close clinch between the rivals was now on. Burr's leadership brought him a following and the support of many Republicans for the Presidency, with Jefferson as his chief rival. In the election of 1800, each received seventy-three electoral votes, Adams sixty-five, Pinckney sixty-four, Jay one.

This threw the election into the House, which was Federalist in majority. It was limited in choice, however, to the two highest names on the ticket, Jefferson and Burr, both Republicans. The choice had to be by majority of States. Jefferson received fifty-one of the one hundred and six votes, and for twenty-nine ballots there was no change. The deadlock ended on March 8, by the

selection of Jefferson as President and Burr as Vice-President. Of the two horns of the dilemma Hamilton had chosen the one that was to become fatal to himself, and to his party, putting Jefferson in an ascendance long to be held secure.

Linked with Jefferson in high office, Burr was left to himself politically. As a Senator he had "soon inspired" Jefferson "with mistrust". They got along courteously, however. In New York politics continued turbulent, Burr's followers and the Federalists clashing continually, while the Jefferson faction in his own party fought him. Burr was opposed to the domination of Virginia in national politics, and tried to turn the lead North, with New York at the front. The busy Hamilton saw in the schism a chance to carry on his antagonism, and began a systematic campaign of innuendo and reflection against the Vice-President. This came to a head in 1804. Burr had been beaten in the State election of 1803, after a fierce conflict, and was fully aware of Hamilton's proceedings. During the campaign a letter written by Charles D. Cooper became public, containing two expressions:

"General Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared, in substance, that they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government."

"I could detail to you still more despicable opinions which General Hamilton had expressed of Mr. Burr."

On June 17, 1804, Burr caused William P. Van Ness, a close friend, to convey a copy of Cooper's letter to General Hamilton, with the passages marked and a note, which concluded in these menacing terms: "You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any such expressions which would warrant the assertions of Mr. Cooper."

Hamilton had never seen the Cooper letter. He asked time to consider until the 20th. His reply when made was equivocal and begged the question. Burr retorted demanding a definite response. "Your letter of the 20th," he wrote Hamilton, "has been this day received. Having considered it attentively, I regret to find in it nothing of that sincerity and delicacy which you profess to value. Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor and the rules of decorum. I neither claim each privilege nor indulge it in others.

The common sense of mankind affixes to the epithet adopted by Dr. Cooper the idea of dishonor. It has been publicly applied to me under the sanction of your name. The question is not, whether he has understood the meaning of the word, or has used it according to syntax, and with grammatical accuracy; but, whether you have authorized this application, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to my honor. The time 'when' is in your own knowledge, but no way material to me, as the calumny has now first been disclosed, so as to become the subject of my notice, and as the effect is present and palpable. Your letter has furnished me with new reasons for requiring a definite reply."

To Van Ness, who brought this merciless missive, Hamilton showed much concern, but instead of giving the definite response required, lamely replied that it was a letter such as he had hoped not to receive; that Mr. Burr might rather have asked him to detail his inferences, which would have been found justifiable. Should Burr take this view and withdraw the letter, he would regard it as never having been sent, and continue the discussion. If not, he had nothing further to say. Burr's return response was that he felt convinced that Hamilton bore toward him a "settled and implacable malevolence", and that his "secret depredations" upon his character "must have an end". This Van Ness called to tell Hamilton verbally. He learned that the general had given a note to Nathan Pendleton, further expressing himself, and did not deliver the message. This letter informed Burr that his style was "too peremptory", and his demands "unprecedented and unwarrantable". The result was a challenge that was at once accepted.

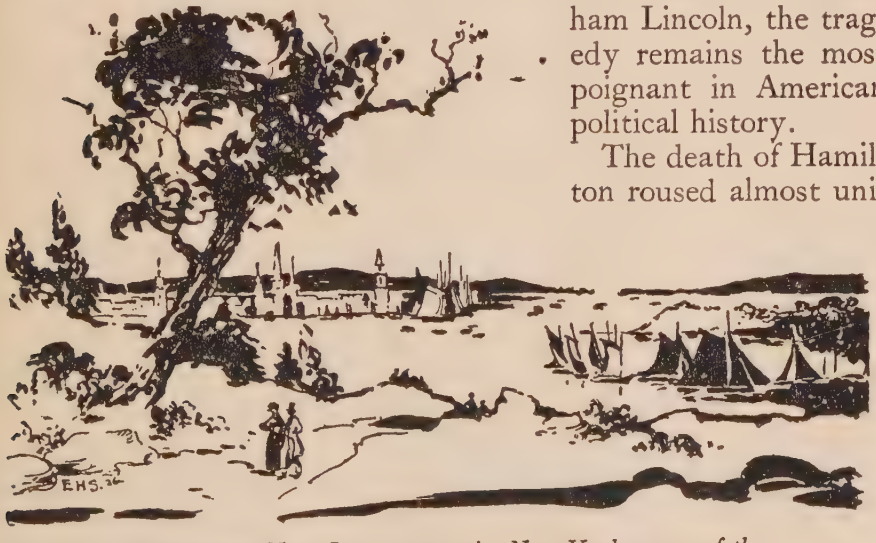
For twenty-four days the parleyings had gone on, so secretly kept that not an intimation got abroad. Both men attended to business, pleading cases and going about as usual. They even met at a banquet of the Cincinnati. One word of the pending difficulty would have led to interference and prevention had it become known, which it did not. The seconds at last agreed upon the morning of July 11 as the date. Hamilton wrote his will and left behind a long statement in explanation of the position in which he found himself. With all his talent for meeting emergencies, he failed in this. A cool, clear public statement would have put Burr

in the wrong; the equivocation left him in the right from the meticulous standpoint of the code duello.

The encounter thus set came off as arranged at Weehawken, New Jersey, opposite New York. Burr and Van Ness were on the ground at six-thirty, coming by boat from Richmond Hill. Hamilton and Pendleton came a little later. The ground was paced and the principals placed. Hamilton declined to set the hair trigger of his weapon. When the word came Burr took careful aim and fired. Hamilton gave a convulsive leap, and as he fell his pistol was discharged, cutting a twig over Burr's head. Burr handed his pistol to Van Ness, who kept it, and went at once to his boat, leaving Hamilton to the care of Pendleton and Dr. Hosack, the surgeon. His wound was severe, and he was borne to his town house at 52 Cedar Street. By nine o'clock the news of the conflict was abroad. Intense excitement followed and widespread grief, for Hamilton was greatly beloved; his rival was not.

At two o'clock on Wednesday, thirty-one hours after the event, General Hamilton died, leaving seven children and a widow who was to survive him fifty years. Imposing services were held, while French and British warships in the bay fired minute guns. Next to the murder of Abraham Lincoln, the tragedy remains the most poignant in American political history.

The death of Hamilton roused almost uni-



Weehawken, New Jersey, opposite New York, scene of the Hamilton-Burr duel

versal detestation of Burr. He was astonished to find Republicans and Federalists alike vigorous in denunciation of his act. Of the Jeffersonians Burr wrote at the moment: "Our most unprincipled Jacobins are loudest in their lamentations for the death of General Hamilton, whom, for many years, they have uniformly denounced as the most detestable and unprincipled of men. The motives are obvious."

He soon deemed it wise to depart from the city to some safe solitude. He went first to the home of Commodore Thomas Truxton, at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and was thence conveyed by carriage to Cranberry, a hamlet in South Jersey. Next he made a roundabout journey to Philadelphia, keeping incognito on the road. Here he visited at the home of Alexander J. Dallas and awaited events.

Meanwhile the coroner's jury in New York was investigating and deliberating. On the second of August, it returned a verdict of murder against Burr and the two seconds as alien Tories. Warrants were issued for their arrest. To avoid this, Burr with Samuel Swartwout debarked for St Simon's Isle on the Georgia coast, where he was entertained for a month and then departed on a four hundred mile trip to the home of his daughter, Theodosia Burr Alston, in South Carolina. He rested a few days and then departed for Washington, which he reached coincident with the news of his indictment in New York. No attempt was made to seize him. As he wrote his daughter: "There has subsisted for some time a contention of a very singular nature between the two States of New York and New Jersey" as to "which shall have the honor of hanging the Vice-President. You shall have due notice of the time and place."

Neither New York or New Jersey in the end, claimed the honor. It was deemed seemly to let the matter drop. Burr resumed his seat as the presiding officer of the Senate and even shared in some patronage, securing the assignment of General James Wilkinson who had been a comrade at Quebec, as Governor of the new Louisiana territory just bought from France. He presided with great dignity at the trial under impeachment of Mr. Justice Chace of the United States Supreme Court, and "with the rigor of a devil" as a current reporter wrote. He also guided the regular sessions of the Senate until the second of

March. On that date he bade public life farewell. With infinite grace and gravity he expressed the hope that he had been true to the responsibilities of his office and just and fair in his rulings. The Senate, itself, he regarded as the chief preserver of law, order, and liberty; the place where resistance would be made to storms of political frenzy and the silent acts of corruption; where the Constitution would make its last stand against the demagogues and the usurper. In this tone he took his leave, — with prayers and good wishes for all.

So moving were his words, so deep his feeling, that the Senators were in tears as he laid down the gavel and stepped behind the curtain. It was half an hour before the body could recover its decorum and select a Vice-President *pro tem.*

For the remainder of his long life Burr's journey was down hill. "In New York," he wrote Joseph Alston, his son-in-law, "I am to be disfranchised, and in New Jersey, hanged. Having substantial objections to both, I shall not for the present hazard either, but shall seek a new country." In pursuance of this resolve, he looked to the wide West, but recently acquired (December 29, 1803) under the Louisiana Purchase, and over which his influence had placed General James Wilkinson, as Governor. In company with the belligerent Matthew Lyon of Vermont, he started down the Ohio. Their voyage by flatboat was interrupted at an island in the river a few miles above Cincinnati, where Harman Blennerhassett, a romantic Irishman, with an equally romantic wife, had set up a domain.

To the pair Burr made an instant appeal. The result was a plan to locate in new territory outside the settled domain, — perhaps a filibustering attempt on the wide region called Texas, still under Spanish rule. The tale is too long to tell. It is enough to say that Burr was betrayed by his friend Wilkinson, and with Comfort Tyler of Canandaigua, New York, who had raised men for the military conquest conceived, was arrested in New Orleans, accused of treason. Sent to Richmond for trial before the great John Marshall, both were acquitted.

Then Burr spent some years wandering in Europe. He returned to New York and as a lawyer eked out a poor living, much hunted by creditors, and shunned by all but a faithful few. His daughter sailing to greet him was lost at sea, her ship, the *Patriot*, never

being heard from. When seventy-eight, fifty years after his first marriage, he wedded Madame Jumel, a rich and ancient dame, much his senior. The union was naturally unhappy. The town laughed at the alliance of the antique lovers, and the lady put him out of her great mansion on Washington Heights. September 14, 1836, his blighted life came to an end at the age of eighty years, seven months and eight days. He is buried at Princeton, under a block of marble on which is carved:

Aaron Burr
Born February 6, 1756
Died September 14, 1836
A Colonel in the Army of the Revolution
Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805

With all the turmoil of his days he died gently "without a struggle or a sigh", a man without a country, yet loving the one that spurned him as few men do.

Theodosia Burr
From a St Memin drawing

THE HUSH-UP POLICY

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

A YOUTH stripped overnight of its illusions, flung into sophisticated maturity by the war and its inevitable revelations, is bound to arrive at a new code of morals, maintains this writer who applies both perception and a real knowledge of the younger generation to the current controversy concerning its alleged "deterioration". It is every child's right to have a training that will enable him to distinguish between good and evil: it is the right of these young crusaders themselves to rebel against a "hush-up policy".

IF the ramparts are down between Youth and the powers of evil in the world, as the debate in the July FORUM seems to imply, who and what removed them? It was surely by no fault of the young people themselves that thousands of them were flung from the comparative innocence of their teens and twenties into sophisticated maturity by the war and its inevitable revelations. They were sprung like so many Jack-in-the-boxes into a life that was as full of abnormalities as it was intensely, blatantly real, and all the king's horses and all the king's men in the persons of parents, guardians, and censors are not going to put them back where they were before. So why keep on trying to do so? Why not accept them as they are? If Carlyle were living, he would say, "Gad, you'd better!"

But remember that if you do accept them, it must be on their own basic terms and that these are a fixed determination to have the necessary freedom to find out as much of the truth as they can about everything. In the fact that they are forcing this right upon their elders, and doing it openly, is a certain retributive justice, for they are quite aware that they have fallen heir to a standardization of good and evil that really means "one enlightenment and one behavior for us, another for you"; consequently, they will have none of either! Moreover, they are convinced that this standardization was "cooked-up" by experts in the art of expediency and subterfuge.

Such parents and guardians who practised a hush-up policy on youth are responsible for having well-nigh hopelessly clouded the issues between them and between right and wrong as well. It is they, in fact, who have given the real evil-doer his opportunity to prove them to be both hypocrites and ignoramuses because they apparently either won't admit or don't see the truth

about life. Worse still, they have enabled him who does, — or says, or writes, — his evil openly to produce by contrast the effect of straightforwardness. It is always difficult for inexperienced young people to recognize a devil's disciple when he masquerades as a person who scorns hypocrisy; therefore they are apt often to enlist under his banner for no worse reason than to put "the old fogies" to rout.

One easily imagines how this Mephistopheles holds forth! "Poor old simpletons," he says pityingly, "they are nothing but a lot of puritanic and self-deluded prigs who refuse to face the fact that nearly everything they stigmatize as bad behavior is an inevitable part of human nature, — necessary to it if our faculties are to have vitality and renewed incentive." To young artists, he confides: "These dunderheads want to suppress all our human and creative instincts at the cost of our virility and, in consequence, all real art and most of man's other best achievement." No one can counteract the effect of such reasoning as this by evading it or suppressing it. It takes someone with all his wits about him and armed by God's truth, to meet and overcome it.

It is no light thing for youth to have lost its faith overnight in inherited standards, and in common justice, it should have opportunity to form a new code of its own. To have been brought up in sheltered ignorance of evil was no way to fit modern young people for the ordeals they have had to go through with. Many of them say something like this: "Even the animals train their offspring to meet every sort of jungle aggression. It has remained for human beings to send their boys and girls out into the world unwarned and unarmed." And they are right indeed, for to dull their instincts, to lull them to false beliefs in security from evils that will come more than half way to meet them in early boyhood and girlhood, is surely a stupidly hazardous way to safeguard them. How can they distinguish evil from good unless they understand the one in all its varying degrees of unrest and degradation, the other in all its contrast of beauty and peace? It is every child's sovereign right to have a training that gives him such knowledge; then he stands a real chance of acquiring the habit of good behavior and to learn to love goodness for its own sake.

In definitely repudiating half-truths as half-gods, the young people of to-day have at least cleared the way for the whole-gods.

They intend to see to it that the whole truth as they have seen it, bad or good, horrid or pleasant, vile or beautiful, is passed on to their children, — in early childhood and steadily on through adolescence to maturity; gradually, mercifully, in beneficent contrast to the harsh suddenness of their own awakening. They believe that the good and evil loves of men and women with all their attendant acts and moods of inspiration, pure joy, unselfish devotion, or of jealousy, anger, envy, discontent; should be freely talked about and approved or condemned. They are convinced that the results of yielding to or suppressing their emotions should be known and that the whole gamut of material desires should be sounded far and wide, down to gluttony, covetousness, sloth, and all the other sordid self-indulgences. They are quite dauntless enough to turn searchlights on "the dusty tavern of men's souls" and to show up the muddiness of the "witches' brew" that passes there for wine. They are fully aware that what this befooled and befuddled world needs is just such an army of fearless truth-tellers and determined tell-tales, to drag every last fact about wrong-doing and right-doing into the open; that the hush-up policy should be abandoned forever, — unsuccessful because it is wrong; wrong because it is untrue.

Above all, these young crusaders are not in the least afraid of ultimate judgment passed upon them, for they know that their generation has produced many young men and young women of a supreme fineness and intelligence. They are certain that no former generation could have produced them and that they more than compensate for the conspicuous few who have fallen by the wayside, — of whom, they insist, every guarded generation has had its full quota.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in their attempts to throw hypocrisy *in toto* on to the rubbish-heap where the old fraud belongs, these young people are turning the four cleansing winds of publicity, — free-thought, free-speech, free-writing, and free-teaching, upon everything she has tainted. Their spirit echoes Masefield's war-cry on evil:

"*Mine* be the dirt and the dross." It is the only war-cry valiant enough to lead them, emancipated, to ideals that are worth reaching and keeping, — the ideals that have roots in truth itself, and therefore in life.

ONWARD CHINESE SOLDIERS

ALLAN HUNTER

Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

ONE of the most significant spectacles among nations is the race now on in China, — the conflict between traditional disbelief in brute force and the new preoccupation with military preparedness. No one can predict which tendency will prevail. Nationalism is converting China into a comparatively cohesive mass. Ahead of China may be a period of killing and propaganda for war. The Chinese capacity for elastic adjustment, however, may come to the rescue, and be her contribution to the morality of nations.

THE Chinese ordeal by battle, as represented in the shadow pictures, must have been a glamorous affair. Crescendo drums work up the emotional pitch. The gorgeous retinues rally under the standards of their opposing leaders. The two leaders, mounted, gallant in silk and mail, flourish long poles of iron. The spectators or troops crane their necks in strained anticipation, while the drums whip the martial spirit into frenzy. There is a rush, one steed toward the other. The contending "generals" flail each other until the quickly reached climax, when one of them falls out of the saddle, broken, the sound of wild hurrahs in his ears.

Armed conflict in China has not lacked dramatization. A famous war hero long since defied is still a popular figure in the imagination of the people. But the etiquette of arms is rapidly changing. Not many years ago during the hostilities with the Mongolians, a Chinese general in a dispatch to Peking reported to this effect: "It is impossible to fight with these Mongolians. They never tell you when they are going to attack."

Christmas week, 1925, thousands of disciplined troops marched in regular battle formation. As the shrapnel burst and the high explosives from trench mortars flung dust into their faces and the machine guns stuttered, they rushed forward singing, shouting, to the tune of a Christian hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers!"

There goes one of these soldiers, a blurred gray figure, bulky in fleece-lined cloth shoes, a gray fleece-lined overcoat, thick padded gloves and cap. All these to fight for him against the cold. In his mind is a new loyalty to his general. All summer and all fall, the evangelist has been preaching what now urges him forward: obedience to the commander, trust in Jesus, surrender to the Will of God (China must be saved).

It is almost zero and the wind sweeps down from the desert to lash his cheeks. But the seventeen-year-old hero's blood is hot as he swings shoulder to shoulder with his company over the briary fields, toward the enemy that cannot stand before the power of Jehovah. He opens his eyes in a long whitewashed room where there are many men on a sort of shelf covered with blankets. A pale face smiles at him. She must be one of these foreigners but she is gentle with her hands, as she wraps the fresh bandages around his head. One can only submit.

That Chinese soldier's life has been modified, manipulated by forces which he cannot imagine, which he cannot even vaguely comprehend. The high explosive missive from the Stokes gun which put him in this improvised operating hospital, is a foreign importation. It was perfected by a British officer now under the employ of a Chinese ex-bandit marshal. The men who handled the gun from which it came were trained directly or indirectly by this British subject. The X-ray instrument which revealed in the wounded soldier's body the fragment of steel from the Stokes shell, extracted by a Chinese surgeon's deft fingers, was a gift from an alien land. As the shell exposes the technique of the Occident at her worst, this fluoroscope from the eight-million-dollar Peking Union Medical College symbolizes the skill of the Occident at her best. And the morale which set that soldier to marching so devotedly, so optimistically? It, too, the West has brought to China, not from the twentieth century, — from the fourth, rather, when Constantine had the "nails of the cross" beaten into his battle helmet.

One of their most brilliant interpreters holds that the unobtrusive indolence of the Chinese has done less harm to the world than the bumptious agressiveness of the West. But not even Bertrand Russell can tell us how long this forebearing attitude will continue, now that "morale", the kind of morale we have revelled in throughout the West, is being pounded into the mind of Young China. In some places this morale is correlated obviously enough with the gospel of a general who a few weeks ago fired his troops on the eve of battle with "We must go out to fight against these traitors (the rival war lord's group) in the spirit of Christ, — service and sacrifice." But one can now glimpse a lively and apparently growing military *esprit de corps*

The Student Type

on campuses where Christianity in any form is ranked with superstition.

The students' army in Canton to some students of the North is the sort of organization that is China's hope. Last spring the graduating class of one institution presented the college with the highest token of its esteem, a standard-sized cannon. Visit the National University any Tuesday or Thursday or Saturday morning at seven o'clock and you will see a hundred volunteer students go through all the manoeuvrings out of which, they feel, China's salvation must come, goose-step and all. Erect in the dark blue Sun Yat-Sen uniforms, bespectacled undergraduates handle their rifles and bayonets with a new assurance. There is an unmistakable look in the eye, as at the command of their Chinese officers, they drop to their knees, take aim and pull the trigger.

Economic necessity, the lust for looting and impressment into service, have caused something like a million and a half simple peasant and unemployed townsfolk to swell the ranks of the largest "army" in the world. But the sense of national necessity is now driving others into the military mood. How else, than by force, ask these students

who are eager to specialize in military science, can we get rid of the great obstacle to our nation's development, the interference of foreign imperialism?

It has long been assumed that the Chinese are pacifists by nature. Certainly the traditions treasured up in the classical books are opposed to war. "Those who are skilled in fighting should suffer the highest punishment," said Mencius. "When the butchery of human beings is very heavy," said Lao-tzu, "we should bewail the fact with weeping and mourning, and thus when the victor emerges from the fighting he should be associated with the insignia of death and destruction." Even at the beginning of China's authenticated history it was recognized that "the coat of mail and helmet are what give rise to war". Professor Arthur Hummel of Peking has no doubt that in the whole range of Chinese literature there is hardly a more persistent note than the note of pacifism and the futility of force in solving the problem of human relationships.

According to a proverb of the common folk: "If a man is a good son he will not enter military service." One hears merchants in the railway carriage waxing axiomatic over the subject.

The Soldier Type

"Peace is valuable," says one.

"Peace makes fortune," antiphonizes the other.

Peace is the common character seen over doorways.

Conscription and bloody conflicts have throughout generations afflicted the Chinese people. But they have protested against the consequences of war, often with such poignancy of expression as Dr. Hushih quotes in a translation of the anonymous ancient poem about a returned soldier who went into the army when he was fifteen years old.

> "*At fourscore I came home.*
> *On the way I met a man from the village.*
> *I asked him who there was at home.*
> *'That over there is your house,*
> *All covered over with trees and bushes.'*
> *Rabbits had run in at the dog-hole,*
> *Pheasants flew down from the beams of the roof.*
> *In the courtyard was growing some wild grain;*
> *And by the well, some wild mallows.*
> *I boil the grain and make porridge,*
> *I pluck the mallows and make soup.*
> *Soup and porridge are both ready,*
> *But there is no one to eat them with.*
> *I come out and look towards the east,*
> *While tears fall and wet my clothes.*"

Apparently, in the past the Chinese have had few delusions about the metaphysical sanction of the state. What alone under heaven could subdue men was Right. Consequently they have felt themselves neither under the Government, nor particularly against the Government, — but rather above the Government. What held the Chinese together, again to quote Professor Hummel, was the binding authority of the moral law, transcending the Government. "For ages the appeal to the moral law has been effective when every other appeal has failed."

One of the most interesting and significant spectacles to watch in the family of peoples is the race now on in China: between this classical traditional disbelief in brute force and the new preoccupation with military preparedness. No one can predict which tendency will prevail. Some Westerners like to imagine that

trend toward appropriation of the West's technique of destroying life to be but the temporary enthusiasm of a few pathological students. They point to the fact that in certain colleges whose students last summer were hotly agitating for compulsory military drill, not a practising squad can be discovered to-day. Other observers make out that the rising resentment against the domination of western nations is solidifying China; nationalism is converting what was formerly a "jellyfish nation" into a comparatively cohesive mass, bent on winning the sovereignty that means the prowess of bombing airplanes, poison gas factories, and heavy artillery.

To this tendency one prophet-publicist looks for the safety not so much of China as of the world. The club with a stout right hand behind it is the only form of appeal which can make itself understood. If China is not strong enough to resist the West, we of the rival competing imperialisms will seek to exploit her and in this attempt will collide and destroy ourselves. China should be given of our superfluous battleships and submarines and airplanes, so that we may insure ourselves against suicide.

And the sad and certain fact is that many intelligent leaders of Chinese thought are convinced that the West will respect no argument but force. These leaders are not schoolboys. Recently at an afternoon tea where American coffee and tinned milk were served, a group of scientists and sociologists had a discussion on a campus which is one of the moulding influences of the Republic. The Ph.D. from the London School of Economics who is also an associate editor of a popular magazine, explained how the shift had taken place in his mind. "Before the war I was a pacifist. But the Versailles Treaty, the award of Shantung to Japan, and subsequent events converted me. We Chinese must get military strength in order to get national sovereignty."

Could not the same end, it was asked, be more effectively achieved by appealing to the liberals of other countries, by appealing to the conscience and the public opinion of the world?

"We are not interested in what outside nations think any more," came the quiet answer. "If they want to demonstrate that public opinion is a force, let them proceed to prove it by action. We must go ahead, now, on this course of military preparedness."

"But consider the implications," pursued the visitor, "the consequences to human life, of military operations . . . whole sections of China destroyed perhaps."

The charming professor took two or three puffs on his pipe and said urbanely, "Oh, well, if it kills half the Chinese people, it can't be helped."

Those who are educating the mind of China remember the success of the Racial Revolution of 1911: a foreign race, the Manchus, which had held the people under control for two hundred and seventy years was overthrown. The national consciousness is not without a strong precedent.

That resolution of the school boys, "We must raise the position of the soldier," is now the actual propaganda of at least one motion picture. On the screen one sees Chinese girls giving the trim soldier boys bouquets as they board the train for the front. The villain is a young man who is apathetic about fighting. The glory of war haloes the hero.

Quite possibly the tradition of pacifism is no more vitally connected with what is going on in China to-day than the haunting sounds of the wheeling pigeons over the crowded lanes of Peking. There may be a period awaiting China of killing and organized propaganda for killing, blind coercion, and the suppression of freedom.

For the good of the world this may be just as well. If the peace that followed Versailles had been a just peace, a democratic peace, a non-murderous peace, the cause of war might have gained just that much more prestige and justification. In the same way, if the Chinese choose the war method with all that this involves, it will be only the disillusionment of its aftermath that can finally drive home what the centuries are supposed to have taught China, the lesson that "life after all is better organized on the basis of mutual accommodation than on mutual extermination". To turn a railway workshop into a munitions factory, as one militarist has recently done in Shantung, may be a false motion. This adolescent republic seems none the less determined to learn only by trial and error.

There is, of course, the danger of exaggerating this tendency that we see, imagining it to be much more deeply rooted than it is. What appears really may be only a form of hysteria which will

be cured when the present tension is removed and the western nations treat one-fifth of the human race with social, economic, and political respect. The Chinese are not so inscrutable, so self-controlled, or feelingless as many in the West have assumed. Within the routine of prescribed etiquette and systems of behavior into which they have been trained, they present the aspect of perfect restraint and superiority to passion.

The Chinese have had their etiquette, their systems of conduct rudely interfered with. But when the word goes abroad that out of exasperation they are acquiring an aptitude for a strong right arm and a club, — which the West has forced them to seek, — the West, not oblivious of the resources across the Pacific, will say no doubt, "Come let us reason together."

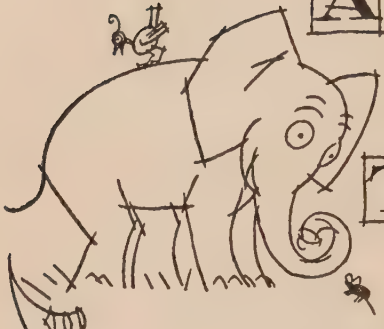
If that time comes it will be illuminating to see how China will react. The one thing that the interpreters seem to concur in is that reasonableness is ineradicably imbedded in the Chinese character. Will not this fundamental Chinese characteristic of reasonableness assert itself with a new and surprising force? Even the rickshaw coolie is an expert in human relationships. He is not interested in carrying anything to its ultimate conclusion, but he assumes with a certainty that is almost religion, the necessity for harmony, for getting along with people.

Is it not possible that this capacity for elastic adjustment, for settling differences on human grounds and not on abstract inflexible principles, will eventually be China's contribution to the morality of nations? Common sense, the arbitration of difficulties, exhibited in Peking streets and out-of-the-way villages is the argument against war that will finally dissolve that fatuity so long and fondly cherished in the West.

Meanwhile, it looks as if the Chinese must suffer. Dark days ahead, — as they march.

A Reproof of Gluttony

Hilaire Belloc

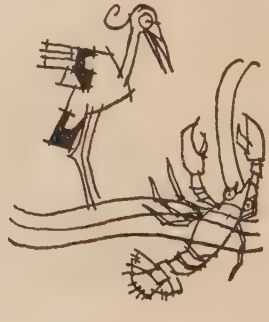


THE Elephant will eat of Hay
Some four and twenty tons a day
And in his little eyes express
His unaffected thankfulness
That Providence should deign to find
Him food of this delicious kind.

While those who pay for all the Hay
Will frequently be heard to say
How highly privileged they feel
To help him make so large a meal.
The Boa Constrictor dotes on Goats;

The Horse is quite content with Oats
Or will alternatively pass
A happy morning munching Grass.
The great Ant-eater of Taluz
Consumes — or people say he does —
Not only what his name implies
But even ordinary Flies.
And Marmosets and Chimpanzees
Are happy on the Nuts of trees.

THE Lion from the burning slopes
Of Atlas lives on Antelopes
And only adds the flesh of Men
By way of relish now and then;
As Cheetahs, yes, and Tigers too,
And Jaguars of the Andes do.
The Lobster, I have heard it said,
Eats nobody till he is dead;
And Cobras — though they have the sense



To poison you in self defence —
Restrict their food to Birds and Hares:
Which also may be said of Bears.
Indeed whenever we survey
Our Humble Friends we find that they
Confine their appetites to what
May happen to be on the spot.
Simplicity and Moderation
Distinguish all the Brute Creation. . . .

BUT Man — Proud Man (As Dryden sings)
Though wolfing quantities of Things —
Smoked Salmon in transparent slices,
And Turbot *à la Reine* and Ices,
And Truffled Pies and Caviare
And Chinese Ginger from the Jar;
And Oysters and a kind of stuff
Called Cassouletto (good enough!)
And Mutton duly steeped in Claret
(Or jumped with young Shallot and Carrot),
And Chicken Liver done with Rice,
And Quails (which, I am told, are nice),
And Peaches from a sunny wall
And — Lord! I don't know what and all! —
Oh! Yes! And Sausages . . . is not
Contented with his Prandial Lot.

MORAL

The Moral is (I think, at least)
That man is an UNGRATEFUL BEAST.

SENTIMENTALITY

I. A. Richards

WHEN we wish to express our disapproval of a work of art, a novel, or a poem, one of the noises we most commonly make is that represented by the eleven letters "sentimental". But we apply this adjective to persons with whom we disagree, to young ladies, and to nations,—as well as to the literary creations on which we thus pass judgment. Mr. Richards shows in this article that of the four main uses of the word there is one which does not necessarily imply the definite accusation of an inferiority.

AMONG the politer terms of abuse there are few so effective as "sentimental". Not very long ago the word "silly" was fairly useful for this purpose. The most intelligent would wince, the less intelligent would become angry, and the stupid would grow indignant if they, or views dear to their hearts, were so described, — the three shades of feeling corresponding perhaps to a suspicion, a fear, and an absolute certainty as to there not being something in it. But since Bergsonism began its insidious dry-rot-like invasion of contemporary intellectualism the word "silly" has lost some of its sting. Nowadays the accusation of sentimentality is more annoying than any slur cast upon our capacity as thinkers, for our moral capital is invested in our feelings rather than in our thoughts. The very fact that it is so annoying suggests that "sentimental", though often it may mean something precise and capable of being definite, is also like an insulting gesture, the vehicle of another kind of utterance; that it is not only the instrument of a statement but an expression of contempt. As such an expression it cannot of course be defined as a scientific term. Given the occasion and the speakers we can describe the feelings the word excites and the attitudes from which it springs. But there we have to leave the matter. And "sentimental rubbish" is doubtless more often than not a mere phrase of abuse. Compare the phrase "damn nonsense". The logician or the expert in definitions would waste his time trying to assign a precise scope to the adjective in either case.

But "sentimental" may be more than an emotive gesture. It may stand for a vague idea, or for any one of several precise ideas, one of which is as important as anything in our contemporary ideology. Echoes and adumbrations of this idea explain

the fact that "sentimental" is one of the most overworked words in the whole vocabulary of literary criticism.

Its frequency, its twofold use, as a decorous insult and as a description, its fogginess in the second capacity and the social significance of one of its uses were all brought home to me in an experiment which I conducted last autumn in England at Cambridge University. The experiment was simple. A sheet of poems, some, by the most traditional and accepted standards, as bad as possible and some as good as possible, were presented to a large number of people of both sexes. They were people who might be expected to be better able than the average to tell the one from the other. A majority were candidates for an Honors Degree in English, for example. No clue to the authorship of the poems was given. They were taken and studied at leisure for a week. Written but anonymous judgments were then handed in to me which convinced everyone who saw them that nearly all ordinary discussion of poetry is fraudulent. Our knowledge of the author's name makes just the decisive difference. In this experiment Donne and Christina Rossetti at their best were less esteemed on the whole than "Festus" Bailey and "Woodbine-Willy" by no means at their best. In the ordinary run of literary discussion we evidently respond more to the set of suggestions which the author's name or some other external clue provides than to the poem itself. The experiment is easy to repeat, but it must follow the lines I have sketched if it is to reveal the real state of affairs. It will not do, for example, to read the poems out loud to the victims. The reader, however careful he may be, gives more away than he knows. Properly done, however, I believe this test will convince anyone that the number of people with a good claim to be discriminating in poetry is alarmingly small.

Honest minds will not be surprised by this. They will know how rarely they can trust themselves in what is after all a very tricky and difficult undertaking. And they will be quite ready to admit that the majority of the people who talk about poetry with them are in no better case. Politeness, the fictions which make pleasant conversation possible, modesty, diffidence, vanity, the fear lest, after all, the whole affair of literary standards and judgment may be so much moonshine, all a "matter of taste", and nothing really any better than anything else; these with other motives may

help to hide the facts from us. But it is better to face them and see what follows.

The experiment and others like it brought out several useful points. The views and methods of approach which influenced readers in making up their minds could be classified, and to some extent even the readers themselves. The most important divisions of opinion arose over "sentimentality" in various aspects and what follows is based largely upon the written judgments I received and upon later discussion with their authors.

Setting aside the abusive use of "sentimental" as a mere gesture indicating little more than dislike, let us reflect first upon the vague use of the word. We often use it to say only that there is something wrong in the feelings involved by the thing, whatever it is, which we call sentimental. Using a vague thought like this was once happily compared by Bertrand Russell to aiming at a target with a lump of putty. The putty spreads out and we have a good chance of bespattering the bull's-eye with some of it. But it will spread over the rings too. A precise thought is more like a bullet. We can perhaps hit with it just what we want to hit and nothing else, but we are much more likely to miss altogether. Vague thoughts are best sometimes; they economize labor and are easier to follow, but for this purpose we need more precise ones.

The most important of these is easy to state. A person may be said to be sentimental when his emotions are too easily stirred, too light on the trigger. As we all know to our cost the trigger adjustment for the feelings varies with all manner of odd circumstances. Drugs, the weather, "the brave music of a *distant* drum," fatigue, illness, — these and many other extraneous factors can make our emotions too facile. The lover of the bottle in his maudlin stage is a famous sentimentalist. Certain rhythms, — as in the case of the brass-band above mentioned, — and sounds of a certain quality, perhaps through their associations, — the trumpet and the nightingale, for example, — readily facilitate emotional orgies. So do certain conditions of mass suggestion. Reunions, processions; we often have to blush for our sentimentality when we get out of the crowd. Most remarkable of all perhaps are some effects of illness. I reluctantly recall that the last time I had influenza a very stupid novel filled my eyes with tears again and again until I could not see the pages. Influenza

is thought by many to be a disorder of the autonomic nervous system and if this be so there would be nothing surprising in this effect. All our emotional susceptibilities may be more or less affected, but the results are most marked with those which we can luxuriate in, those which do not obviously endanger our self esteem.

This last factor is one in which individuals vary most amazingly. Some people regard indulgence in the soft and tender emotions as always creditable and they wallow in them so greedily that one is forced to regard them as emotionally starved. Others are apt to think about these emotions as Alexander Bain, the neglected author of *The Emotions and the Will* thought about kissing (he called it osculation). "The occasion," he said, "should be adequate and the actuality rare."

But what is this adequate occasion and what makes it adequate?

Postponing consideration of this awkward problem, let us first trace these changes in emotional susceptibility, in the touchiness of the feelings, a little further. They are very noticeable as between infancy, maturity, and old age. The child often appears singularly unfeeling, so does the over-experienced adult.

No more, no more, O never more on me
The freshness of the heart will fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new —

as Byron wrote. The point expressed in the last word will also have to be considered later. In between the infant and the adult come the adolescents, who, as is well known, are regarded both by their juniors and their seniors as sentimentalists *in excelsis*. As we shall see there may be several reasons for this phenomenon. In old age, sometimes, but not always, a return of heightened emotional susceptibility takes place. "Sentimental" in this sense applies to persons. It means that they are too susceptible, the flood gates of their emotions too easily raised.

When we apply the word to a human product, a poem for example, we may mean either of two things which we hardly ever distinguish, or we may mean both. If we would more often distinguish them we should avoid many mistakes and some needless injustice.

We may mean that the poem, to take this as the typical example, was the product of a mind which was too easily stirred to emotion, that it came about through facile feelings, that the *author* was himself sentimental. Or we may mean that *we* should be too easily moved, we should ourselves be sentimental, if we allowed our own emotions a vigorous outing. Sometimes doubtless both these assertions are true, but often we are only entitled to make the second.

We all know people who express themselves inadequately even when they are deeply moved, and with good reason. Coleridge used to recount with gusto how, when he was contemplating the once-celebrated waterfall "That stuns the tremulous rocks of high Lodore" (or used to stun them, rather), and debating whether "magnificent" or "sublime" were the appropriate epithet, a gentleman at his side who showed every sign of deep appreciation, broke in upon his meditation with, "Yes, I should call it truly pretty!" There is really no good reason to suppose that the gentleman was any less affected than Coleridge by the waterfall. But his use of a more obvious *cliché* in expressing his emotion makes us at once suspect its quality. Unfairly, no doubt, in most instances. Richard Kemp may, for all we know, have been most devoted to his wife and a man of the noblest piety. He was at pains (from all signs, considerable pains) to compose her an epitaph, which only succeeds in putting both feelings into question.

She once was mine,
But now, O Lord,
I her to thee resign;
And remain
Your obedient
Humble servant
R. K.

The grave-yard is a favorite hunting ground for curious amateurs in sentimentality. Myself, I think this pursuit ghoulish, and will linger only to note that the conventional encomium shares with the more eccentric tribute that power in raising perverse doubts in the reader which leads him too easily to brand them as sentimental.

Passing quickly to a more cheerful scene, we may observe the same phenomenon at the festive board. The First Prizes in the Florid Class of Sentiments must probably be awarded to some

of the Toasts which used to be given at gatherings of the old-fashioned English Commercial Traveller. "May the Tears of Sympathy Crystallize as they fall and be worn as Pearls in the Bosom of our Affections." It is through utterances such as this that the connection between sentiment and sentimentality has arisen. But only to an outsider does this expression seem excessive. In the warmth of the Commercial Room the charitable irony of humanity also expands. On such occasions men become too mellow to worry themselves about sincerity. And besides this the audience has literary standards of its own.

In general we can never, without considering the occasion and much else, conclude that a speaker is sentimental himself, merely on the evidence of the words he uses. Carelessness, laziness, *clichés*, conventional tricks, and accidents of all kinds may make most authentic emotions sound exaggerated or insincere. The speaker's manner, a thing which print most lamentably fails to convey, is a surer guide. As literary critics we must be content then to leave this question of the writer's sincerity often undecided unless a considerable quantity of his work is available. What looks like insincerity is sometimes defective communication. What he says may not reflect his real feelings.

We must be satisfied if we can decide about our own feelings as we read him. But our own feelings are so much a matter of the way in which we imagine his that the question, Is this sentimental? is hardly ever to be answered off-hand. As always in criticism we have to rely upon the range of our own experience. Fortunately we all know what facile feelings are like, we all have enough sentimentality in our own histories to make us excellent judges, if we can make proper use of this advantage. Criticism of others is really a reflected self-criticism. We do not, of course, explicitly recall occasions on which we felt much as the writer seems to have felt, but our whole reaction to his state of mind is governed by our own past. The more aware we are of our own development the clearer we become in our views upon sentimentality.

Clearer only upon some points, for deeper insight into our own emotional organization tends to make us defer judgment upon others. But we can be clear at least upon one extremely prevalent cause of sentimentality which has enormous importance in edu-

cation. Byron referred to it in the last word of the lines above quoted. Anyone undergoing an emotion of a comparatively new type is likely both to experience it in an exaggerated form and to cultivate it for its own sake. Very few people fall in love for the first time, for example, without becoming enthralled by their emotions merely as a novel experience. They tend to become absorbed in them, often to the exclusion of genuine interest in the loved object. Similarly those who discover for the first time that poetry can cause them emotion often pay very little attention to the poetry itself. Quite different kinds of poetry affect them in similar fashion. Shakespeare, Swinburne, Browning, or Wilcox, — it is all the same to them, because the emotions aroused having very little to do with anything but the mere beat of the verse, are much the same. The point applies equally to many music-lovers, anything which stirs them is what they want; they contentedly disregard the nature of the stirrings and their occasion.

This artistic type of emotion, — it is important enough to deserve a name, — is the great obstacle that has to be overcome by every educator whose aim is to induce discrimination. It is the main cause of sentimentality in the young, and is the subtlest of all forms of insincerity. The only people who cannot learn anything about poetry, — to take this example only, — are those who cannot attend to it, and some of its most impassioned devotees are those for this reason least capable of distinguishing good poetry from bad.

The irony of this situation must often be our only consolation. It is a relief to turn to a sense of "sentimental" which less requires us to pose as moral censors. We have been concerned hitherto with "sentimentality" which implied, if the accusation was established, a definite inferiority. But there is another sense which will be found to escape this implication. We are all agreed that people do differ extremely in ways which we should be foolhardy to describe in terms of value. Characters very unlike one another may be equally good, or equally bad. For example, an excellent Frenchman may be very unlike an equally excellent American or Englishman; a good man need not resemble a good woman; perfect specimens of the school-boy and of the professor can be almost incommensurable. Now one of the commonest

uses of "sentimental" is to record such differences in characters. It is notorious that men regard women as sentimental and women return the compliment. The American seems a notable "sentimentalist" to the Englishman, and *vice-versa*. Sometimes, of course, when we remark such a difference of feeling, we may also disapprove. And we may intend to convey this disapproval by our choice of the word. But often enough we remain quite neutral, and sometimes we are even favorable. "Sentimental sailor," for example, rather implies approval. Whenever two persons are very unlike one another in their emotional reactions they must inevitably seem sentimental to one another. But although prejudices due to conflicting interests, to propaganda, and to nationality, tend to give the contrary impression, most people are naturally indulgent towards these social, sexual, and vocational differences. Our own emotions are not so free, not so ample, and not so varied, that we can afford to be intolerant towards others, or too confident in setting up our own standards as universally valid.

From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes

JACKIE COOGAN IN LONDON

JAMES WOOD

I AM writing these lines before Rembrandt's portrait of an old woman of eighty-three in the London National Gallery; but not the contemplation of works of art nor the hearing of music, — I feel within me at this moment something almost like the playing of a full orchestra, — nor the calmness of perfect health work in my mind the same magical change nor give the same divine pleasure as the thought of this sublime and romantic figure.

As I look reverently and with the greatest interest and enthusiasm possible at the delineations of character surrounding me on these walls, — the St John of Lucas van Leyden, Dr. Perez by Goya, the canvases by Rembrandt, — I wonder if they were cognizant of the kind of atmosphere which surrounds such a character as the one I shall describe, or if they could ever hope to obtain or value the kind of fame which is his. However acute and subtle the observation of painters, the *life* of their subjects forsakes them. What they were has already become something different.

There is movement and change in all that surrounds them; interest and fame and the light of the sky pursues them and behind there is left a picture out of which only the painter is looking, and even his interest has already passed elsewhere.

On the canvas there are tantalizing traces of where the life and the reality have passed, and one looks at these traces with the slightly melancholy thrill almost as of someone looking at a bed or a table or a place in a theatre and saying to himself, "So and so was here last night," or "This is the place where so and so sat to-day." Their only value is in helping to reconstruct or remind one of an impression which has lost its real lightness and significance.

In London also there are places which take on a character by virtue of what passes through them rather than by any fixed interest in the places themselves, and I think that in this connection the Strand is the most vividly significant of things changing and its cosmopolitan and transient character is here the most

evident. Partly this is due to the configuration of the buildings between which so many buses make their way, looking very large and imposing as they come to a standstill one behind the other on the gradual slopes. The roads pivoting around the Church of St Clement Dane, Bush House, Australia House, the Gaiety Theatre, the hoardings just outside Simpson's Restaurant, the Tivoli Picture Palace, and the important centre of Charing Cross Station, are so different that it is almost impossible to unify them in a single local impression. Around them lie the big centres of metropolitan life, — Fleet Street, the Law Courts, Trafalgar Square, — the peculiar atmosphere of each underlying the outlook in almost every direction. Last, but most important in giving this peculiar character to the Strand, is the presence of the great hotels, the Cecil and the Savoy, the only things which are really typical of the neighborhood.

How many visitors from all parts of the world have stepped out from between the velvet curtains and soft sheets of these momentary resting places to take a first view of London from a high perch on Waterloo Bridge! — as yet having no idea of direction but only struck with the noise and meanness of the surrounding shops, the rush of the traffic which apart from a few sellers of roses or peaches in boxes does not seem to cater for wealthy or fastidious buyers, — under a spell cast by the baffling proximity of the really famous London sights?

One afternoon, shortly after one o'clock, I was walking up the Strand with my eyes on the jagged outline of the buildings against the sky, following the bursts of white steam which came from behind the big buildings and were tossed hither and thither in the sky or flowed down in white clouds over the black and gray stone of the walls and towers. People deafened by the intermittent noises of the street went past smiling or frowning, singly or in pairs, scarcely noticed by one another or just looked at in a detached sort of way as if they were characters in fiction, London types. Many of them appeared to act *as* London types and fitted themselves like clockwork into one another's activities with their private feelings entirely submerged. As I walked amongst them — a type myself — looking for this thing or for that thing like a clerk in an office, I saw a picture postcard of Jackie Coogan stuck against a shop window by a piece of stamp paper.

The photograph was colored and glossy and had a narrow edge of white paper embossed with roses. It shows Jackie Coogan about seven or eight years of age dressed in plum-colored velvet clothes with a white frilled shirt of an American type. His fingers are interlaced in front of him, his hair is fair and cut short but combed out quite straight over the forehead, and his mouth, which is rather large and smiling, shows slightly separated white teeth. His head is the merest trifle bent and he watches the camera intently with large, quick and observant eyes.

The shop was full of toys, fountain pens and vulgar comic post-cards and smelt vilely, so that I was glad to get out again into the open air before examining the picture closely. It was entitled "Jackie Coogan" merely, and I had no idea who he was, — a stage celebrity or a political personage, — but the buying of his picture had been for me a very important and intensely personal act. As in an orchestra when a solo instrument suddenly engages your attention by its own peculiar timbre, so then I began to feel entirely alive to *this* personality and the life passing round me to have, for the moment, a merely negative existence.

Across the Strand from building to building was strung a narrow red banner edged with white tape bearing the inscription in large letters:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN "THE KID"

It struck me that it referred to the boy in the photograph. I pulled it from my pocket and found raised and stamped in a tiny circle in one corner "Cinema Star Series."

That evening I went to the Cinema for the second or third time in my life and saw the now well-known "picture" in which Jackie made his debut and his great fortune.

When it was announced that Jackie Coogan was to see the changing of the guard, I decided to go down to St James's on the chance of seeing him. We left shortly after ten o'clock in case there might be too great a crowd, and as we sped down Piccadilly on a fine silvery morning my mind was filled with very conflicting feelings and anticipations.

I dreaded to find him almost completely grown up yet still dressed in babyish clothes and with the tired bloated face of a typical publicity star. Or still worse, I saw him in my mind's eye

conceited and anaemic and paraded by brazen showmen as in a Hogarth picture.

More likely than all, no Jackie Coogan would appear at all and I should have been misled by rumors of the Sunday Press. The clocks struck ten-thirty as we turned into St James's Street.

There was already a large crowd waiting and both sides of the street were lined with policemen right down to the Mall. It was impossible to see into the Palace Square and we dismissed the taxi and stood at the end of the street hoping at any rate to see him drive up in his motor if he should come the nearest way.

After ten minutes or so there was a concerted movement in the crowd which seemed the usual routine for a quarter to eleven. The road was blocked and the people formed a rectangle with the Palace Yard. Scores of taxis laden with boxes and portmanteaux pulled up on the outskirts and we found ourselves peering over the heads of the people within reasonable sight of the soldiers. Another five minutes passed and a squadron of cavalry in glittering armor made their way with difficulty through the crowd as the band started playing.

There was no sign of Jackie Coogan. I followed the glances of the mounted policemen over the heads of the crowd expecting to see a large car (with tiny stars and stripes and union jacks in the corners) piloted through them but there was no sign of any such thing.

Instead, two tall Guards officers marched ceaselessly up and down, up and down, talking to one another. Their faces beneath the huge black busbies looked small and white and sneering. Standard-bearers also marched up and down on the other side.

We watched the castellated battlements of the old Palace and somebody asked me its history and if it was not one of the oldest buildings in London. Somebody also asked me if Jackie Coogan had come or not and I replied *No*. I was on the point of going away when one of the upper windows opened and I saw Jackie Coogan looking down from it. The band seemed to stop playing and the guards to have no significance except as a small part of a moving and waving crowd. The sun shone brightly on the wisteria-covered walls, and in the window Jackie rested on his arms, — a little figure in fawn-colored reefer with a round blue sailor hat crammed over his forehead. Behind him his father and

mother stood and watched through the window panes. Jackie, the only entirely still figure in the scene, looked steadily at the Guards, with his chin in his arms. This sublime stillness, like that of the Raphael Cherubs from the Sistine chapel, was quite sufficient to attract attention above all the pushing and hustling of the crowd.

By and by he waved to them in a rather hesitating manner. (I read in the papers that his father had said, "Those are the people who give their pennies to pay your salary. Wave to them to let them see you know it.")

It was impossible to see any more from where we were standing than what I have described, but as there had been no sign of his car when he arrived I thought it might be possible by going round to another entrance to see him nearer as he drove away. Rather regretfully, then, we took this chance and leaving the crowd, wandered, rather than walked, into the Ambassadors' Court.

All was quiet and deserted except for two motor cars on the far side standing in the shade, and in a doorway a little gray-headed butler in spotless white shirt sleeves, looking out on to the square. We stood in the archway leading from Cleveland Place and I asked the butler if he did not want to see the "celebrated American" and if he had gone into the Palace by that way.

We had not long listened to his quiet conversation before there came a sudden rush of people from both entrances into the courtyard. The chauffeur ran round to the front and jumped into the car and at the same moment a door some thirty yards distant opened and the two police inspectors ran towards the car followed by several people and holding Jackie Coogan tightly between them, each by an arm. The crowd crossed the pavement. Eight or ten photographers climbed on to the footboard, and one of them in a blue suit put his foot over the carriage door and shot a long concertina-like camera down into the faces of the occupants.

We did not move from where we were.

Slowly the two front wheels and the bonnet of the car moved forward. Very slowly the crowd moved away to right and left and I noticed the extraordinary and historic eagerness of men and women and children if possible just to touch the person of

the famous little actor. This mad rushing forward and determination if possible to touch him seemed at first sight and on reflection something horrible and sinister and as if all sympathy and self-control had been thrown aside in mere selfishness and a boastful desire for notoriety; but there was noticeable in it more definitely still a curious quiet thrill as if the attitude of the crowd was fitting, and also as if they thoroughly understood the occasion and the significance of it. They required for once no criticism or long philosophical explanation. *Fame* was within an arm's length of them,— they saw what it was and that it was nothing affected or extraordinary but entirely simple.

It chanced luckily for us that the car, slowly increasing in speed, turned towards the archway on the steps of which we were standing. It slackened pace again to pass beneath it and very slowly crossed before us.

Jackie Coogan lay flat on his back at the rear end of the car smiling straight up at the sky and almost covered by two men, possibly his father and a manager, who held him tightly one at either side. His expression was as though everything could go over his head and overwhelm him, while the car slid beneath him he did not know where. He had a tiny sore spot at one side of his mouth, looked tired and frightened but intensely interested. He was much younger than his photographs made out, but seemed to have no conceit or affectation, in spite of the strain of the excitement which was then at its maximum.

The car went out of the comparative shadow of the archway into bright sunlight and faced the mass of people waiting in Pall Mall. Jackie stood up holding by the plate glass wind-screen and waved his hand up and down first to the front and then, turning round once again, to those at the back of the car. This moment was perhaps the most memorable.

As he steadied himself with one hand, clothed in his own familiar fawn overcoat and homely sailor hat with fluttering ribbons, watching the moving Palace walls as the car swerved round beneath him, he came into view of the thousands he had seen waiting to welcome him,— his mouth tightly closed but nervously smiling, and his large black eyes seeming to look at nothing yet seeing everything.

The relation existing between himself and his parents and

guardians would now be completely obliterated, — all eyes were fixed on him only. Not one amongst all the thousands cared to look, nor if they did so would recognize any other but himself and he would see it in their eyes. Neither was the peculiar relation to the public which this involves of supreme importance to the little American seeing "the whole of London" for the first time. It formed only a *part* of his thoughts, but not a lamp post in Cleveland Place, nor a red-coated sentry outside the Ambassadors' Court nor a chimney in Pall Mall nor a white cloud floating in the sky overhead could be missing in his own fresh view of one of the greatest occasions of his life, — a wide outlook entirely noble and inspired.

Anyone who imagines that such moments as these lose their value as soon as they are over has only to think of the effect which the attainment of any high standard can have upon our general outlook. To most of us such points of maximum experience come rarely and often too late to be of service, but once they are reached all our judgments are compared with them and by means of them all our best conduct is directed. Some are unable to appreciate their good fortune, but with Jackie Coogan it will be different. Consciously or not his whole outlook will be changed henceforward. Exaggerated and mean ideas are not likely to be his. With the difference of genius already born in him he will carry on his face more than ever the expression of it.

Behold what this very night I have seen.
During my sleep a happy dream appeared to me.
By the three hundred and sixty little veins of my body.
I dreamed that the wheel of great happiness turned above my head.
I saw come out of it a golden thunderbolt in flames.
And I saw its point turned toward the Zenith.
And its light radiated in the ten directions.
A rainbow surrounded me like a canopy of light.
And a conch whispered in the three thousand worlds of space.
Tchrimekundan.
(Tibetan play, *tr.* Woolf)

BRITISH YEOMANRY

FOUR WOODCUTS

BY

CLARE LEIGHTON

MILKING.

LAMBING

Clare Leighton

TURNING THE PLOUGH

clare Leighton

[THRESHING]

WHY I AM A UNITARIAN

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Confessions of Faith — IX

I MAY best begin my answer to the question propounded by the Editor of THE FORUM by quoting from a letter of Charles Lamb to Southey, who had publicly taunted him for forsaking the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England and associating himself with a sect then much spoken against.

Lamb writes: "I am a dissenter; the last sect with which you can remember me to have made common cause were the Unitarians." The reason Lamb gives for this affiliation was a natural affinity rather than agreement in a theological system.

"There are those," he says, "who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of faith. There are those who stoutly venture into the dark (their human confidence their leader, which they mistake for faith), and investing themselves with cherubic wings find their new robes as familiar and fitting to their supposed growth and station in godliness as the coat they left off yesterday. Some whose hope totters on crutches, — others who stalk into Futurity on stilts. . . . The difference is chiefly constitutional."

I would say that my Unitarianism, such as it is, is chiefly constitutional. It results from the fact that to one of my habit of mind elaborate rituals seem tedious, and formal creeds seem misleading and unnecessary; and the assertion of ecclesiastical authority is irritating. I do not object to the use of crutches, but I do dislike a religion that walks on stilts. I cannot remember when I did not feel so.

I was brought up in the strictest school of the Presbyterians, and while still in my teens was ordained as a Presbyterian minister. My earliest recollections are of a big brick Presbyterian church, which bore a tablet inscribed: SAMUEL CROTHERS, D.D.

My grandfather had organized the church, and continued its minister till his death. He was followed by his son Samuel, who celebrated the centenary of his father's installation. The oldest inhabitant of the town could not remember the time when

Samuel Crothers was not preaching every Sunday in the brick Presbyterian meeting-house. I remember still my resistance to a venerable minister of the Presbytery, when he lifted me into the pulpit and greeted me with pious facetiousness as Samuel the Third. The indignity still rankles.

Presbyterianism was a matter of course, but I never remember to have taken it as anything but as one of the many forms of religion. It happened to be the one within whose fold I was born. In our household intellectual liberty was taken for granted. I learned the Westminster Catechism by heart and received as a reward Moffatt's *Missionary Journeys in South Africa*. But at the same time I read Plutarch's *Lives* and the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*.

There was nothing stilted or unnatural in the religion of our household. I never remember to have felt any constraint. I rummaged at will in my grandfather's library and was never warned against dangerous books. There I found the books of the English deists side by side with their orthodox brethren. There I became acquainted with Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*. My grandfather, before he decided to be a minister, had been the president of a Thomas Paine Club in a Kentucky college. He always admired the sturdy radical, though he regretted the *Age of Reason*. Theodore Parker had been an honored name in our Presbyterian family in the years when conservative Unitarians looked upon it with distrust. Abolitionism was a strong tie uniting men of differing theological opinions.

I remember reading a volume of sermons by my grandmother's brother, James McChord, minister of the Market Street Presbyterian Church of Lexington, Kentucky, and first President of Centre College. There I got my first introduction to the word "evolution", which now seems so dangerous. The book was published in 1818, when Darwin was a small boy. My great-uncle wrote, "Progressive evolution is the universal plan. Everything which we meet in the world around us, matter and mind, every individual and all congregated masses, begin their course as germs and unfold in slow progression. . . . The faculties of all intelligent creation, all that you call mind, all that you call heart are framed for an interminable series of evolutions. . . . It is not mainly the *mould* of this mighty frame of things which estab-

lishes, it is the fact that creation is in an incipient state eternally unfolding new resources and presenting itself under successive and amazing combinations of which no creature in the universe had imagined it capable."

This sound Presbyterian doctrine I was glad to find had been confirmed by scientific investigation. So it happened that I grew up as a liberal Presbyterian, and after passing through Princeton and Union Seminary was duly ordained and commissioned by the Board of Home Missions to preach the gospel in Nevada. At my ordination I declared my acceptance of the system of doctrine taught in the Westminster Confession, but I did not at the time feel the necessity of defining what that system was. I determined to preach the truth as I found it, and not cross a bridge till I came to it.

After two or three years, I came to the bridge. For the first time the ethics of creedal conformity gave me trouble. Nobody in the church made any objection to my preaching. I must be my own heresy hunter, but once begun I resolved to make a thorough job of it. I had promised to preach according to the system contained in the Westminster Confession of Faith. Was I doing it? I reread the Confession and found it terrifyingly lucid. These seventeenth century divines had a remarkable skill in defining exactly what they meant.

When I completed my self-imposed task as heresy hunter, there was no reasonable doubt in my mind. Whatever I was preaching, it was not the doctrine which I had promised to preach. So I ceased to be a Presbyterian minister and resolved not to enter the ministry of any church that demanded adherence to any formal creed. The Professor of Chemistry in the university is not asked to subscribe to a chemical creed formulated in a past era. He is required to know his science and to aid in its advancement. He does not forfeit his position because he makes a new discovery. Why should a teacher of religion submit to conditions that render progress impossible and destroy respect for his own intellect? It was not a particular creed that I objected to but the whole creedal system.

One church I found that had definitely put itself on the basis that seemed to me to be sound. In uniting with the Unitarian Church I was not conscious of changing my views, or adopting

new doctrines. As a matter of fact, I was preaching very much as I had in a Presbyterian pulpit. But I had got rid of an incumbrance that had become intolerable. I do not care for the Unitarian name any more than Channing or Martineau did. When I read tracts on Unitarian affirmations they kindle in me no sectarian zeal. They have nothing in them novel or distinctive. I say, "All these things I have known from my youth up."

What attracts me is the brave and sweeping negations directed against all ecclesiastical claims to supremacy over the individual intellect. I belong to the Unitarian Church because its bond of fellowship is sufficient for me: "In the love of Truth and in the spirit of Jesus, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." If any one says, That is not the definition of a sect, but a wide statement of the purpose of the Holy Catholic Church, I heartily agree with him, for it is the Holy Catholic Church that I want to belong to.

I am a wayfaring man seeking a well organized and triumphant church "lofty as the love of God and ample as the wants of man". I have not found it yet, and I do not identify it with any existing sect. The church which I long for will be the organization of the religious life in a more inclusive way. Men of all denominations are seeking it. I have joined with the people called Unitarians because while they cherish the ideals of universal religion they do not ask me to pledge formal allegiance to something bad.

"The Salt of Nordic America"

Eminent Americans	
Percentage of Sons of the following who achieve eminence:	
Skilled Laborers	.06
Farmers	.15
Business Men	1.25
Professional Men	2.
Methodist Clergymen	1.
Baptist "	2.3
Presbyterian "	9.
Episcopalian "	11.7
Unitarian "	15.

Signposts of Unitarianism

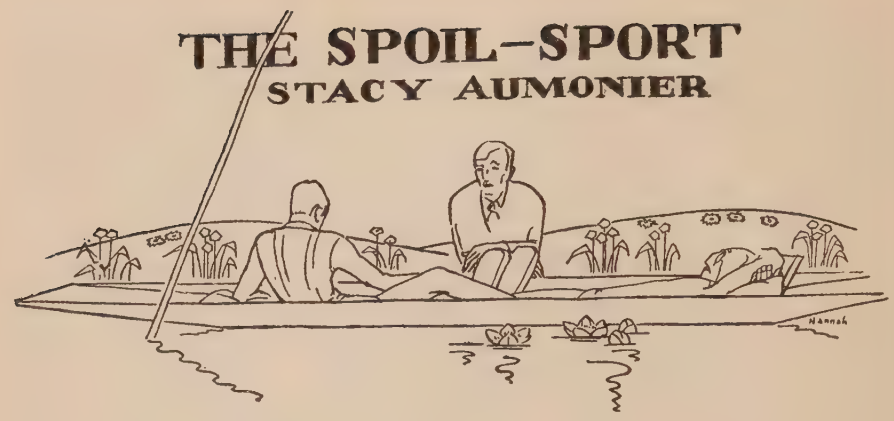
Unity vs. Trinity
Related to Fourth Century Arianism
Organized in Transylvania in 1568
King's Chapel, Boston, First in U. S.
American Unitarian Association organized in Boston in 1825
Now 425 Churches in U. S.

Some outstanding Unitarians:

John Adams, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Benjamin Franklin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Daniel Webster, President Taft

THE SPOIL-SPORT

STACY AUMONIER



Drawings by Muriel Hannah

I CAN'T remember how we got on to the question of "spoil-sports", but I know that the Colonel suddenly became very indignant about them. He, Jimmy Tamaren, and I were seated in a large flat-bottomed punt, tied up to stakes, in the middle of a backwater on the grounds of old Sir John Gostard, whose guests we were. We were lolling there, smoking and talking, and waiting for the sun to get lower in the Heavens, at which time we proposed to do a little of what is known as rough fishing. I think the subject of spoil-sports must have arisen from the obvious beauty and attractiveness of our setting; a perfect place and time of day for lovers. It seemed absurd somehow that three men should monopolize it all. And there was something pleasantly ironical in the situation that the eldest of us, to whom erotic experiences could have been little more than a fragrant memory, was the one to wax indignant about this tampering with the prerogatives of lovers.

"These blackmailers that you hear of in the parks and on heaths," he said. "I'd like to wring their necks." He wasted three matches getting a light for his pipe, and then continued in a more subdued tone:

"I often think how damned hard it is on the lower middle classes, the artisan, and working classes generally, in the big cities. A fellow meets a girl and gets keen on her, and he never gets a chance to get her all alone to himself. Where can they go?

Probably both his people and her people are living in more or less congested conditions. If he calls on her or she calls on him, they never get a room to themselves. There's nothing to do but to walk about the streets, or sit on a seat in the park. They are being watched all the time. How can you make love to a girl when you know that if you give her more than a brotherly peck on the cheek when you meet and when you part, you will be accused of some sort of criminal intentions?"

"They can always go to the pictures," suggested Jimmy.

The Colonel's eyes and moustache twitched in unison.

"That's a nice, stuffy, dirty solution," he spluttered. "The very worst atmosphere for young lovers. There's nothing to do there but grasp at each other in the dark. How can they talk, and say all the things that lovers want to say with a frowsy band playing nigger ragtime, and the people round them demanding silence? How can you make love to a woman if you can't look into her eyes? How can you concentrate when you are being constantly distracted by close-ups of murders?"

"I leave it to you, partner," said Jimmy, nonchalantly.

A motor-boat went "touf-toufing" down the main stream, and our punt rocked pleasantly under the effect of its back-wash.

The Colonel for the moment seemed to have spent his indignation, and Jimmy took up the thread:

"I'm not sure it's not a salutary restriction for this particular class. You see, I'm frankly a snob. When I was very young I used to be a red-hot socialist like the Colonel."

"A socialist!" barked that gentleman, from his layers of cushions. "What the devil —"

"Some genius once said that if a man is not a socialist up to the age of twenty-five it shows he has no heart. If he is a socialist after twenty-five it shows he has no brains. This fits in with my own case precisely. The Colonel's age I wouldn't like to guess at."

"Who said anything about being a socialist?"

"The word was not used, but you implied that the lower classes in this respect were being abused at the expense of the upper classes. I'm rather inclined to think it's the other way about. The passing of the chaperon has been a serious disaster to what is known as the upper classes. I'm not a prig, — at least I hope I'm not, — but I believe all our young people are being spoilt by

too much freedom. It is not so much that they go morally wrong as that they go romantically wrong. Or rather that they lose romance altogether. What happens to that exquisite thrill you get in touching a girl's hand in a crowded room, the mysterious and entrancing propinquity of her, when you know quite well you have only got to ask her to come up the river with you, and she will turn up, with her bobbed hair, her cigarettes, and her bare legs, and be quite content to spend the afternoon with you in an obscure backwater, and talk unblushingly about, — well, the awful and intimate things that girls do talk about these days. In my opinion it would be to everyone's advantage, instead of agitating for more freedom, to agitate for more chaperons, spoil-sports, and Nosey Parkers."

"There is an element of bitterness in your comments, Jimmy," I remarked.

Swallows were flying low, apparently supping on the swarms of midges, upon whom unfortunately they seemed to make no impression. An orange-colored dragonfly darted hither and thither among the reeds. The Colonel was heard banging out his pipe.

"I met a spoil-sport once," said Jimmy, reminiscently.

"It sounds like the beginning of a story," I said. "Once upon a time there was a spoil-sport —"

"It does almost make a story," he replied.

"Well, I hope you threw him into the river," suddenly bawled the Colonel. "If you didn't throw him into the river I shall go to sleep."

"It happened in a country singularly free from rivers, although there were many dried-up river courses. It was indeed in Northern Africa quite near the desert."

"Nothing will be rising for half-an-hour, Jimmy, so let's have the yarn," I said.

Jimmy relighted his pipe with slow deliberation.

"It happened a good twenty years ago," he began. "I remember there had been a little dust-up at the time because I wanted to marry a girl, whom some people averred to be the first woman chemist. In any case, she used to make up prescriptions for her father, who had a chemist's shop at Staines, where we were then living. I have entirely forgotten the girl's face, although I believe she was dark, and used to wear bangles.

"I know that the upshot was that my father very generously sent me abroad for three months by myself to study and reflect. He was a great believer in travel and had already taken me with him to Holland once, and to France twice. But this was to be an entirely novel experience. I was, as it were, thrown into the deep end.

"I want to begin appropriately enough at Charing Cross Station. Since those days I have been on the Continent some fifteen or twenty times, and one thing always impresses me. You see the French satirical journals with caricatures of English tourists, and you are apt to say: 'Absurd!' but go to Charing Cross or Victoria Station and see the Continental Express go off and lo and behold! There they all are. Where do they come from, these people? You never see them in England, except at these stations. And then an hour before the train starts they come pouring in, — elderly ugly women, with mackintoshes, and protruding teeth; fat, red-faced men, with walrus moustaches, wearing cloth caps and plus-fours. They swarm all over the train, and they swarm all over the Continent. Wherever they go they clamor for eggs and bacon, and marmalade, and whiskey, and steak, and bass, and the "Daily Mail", and cold baths at inconvenient moments.

"On the morning I left England there was this usual galaxy. My father, who came to see me off, had booked me a corner seat, which was fortunate, as the train was very full. When I took my seat I was relieved to find that the rest of the party in my carriage were not all of the 'Englishman abroad' type. There was an elderly gentleman with his wife, obviously cultured people, and their two good-looking daughters, who were probably college girls. In spite of my political creed the snob in me warmed to these pleasant people, and I felt correspondingly shy in their presence. The journey promised to be entertaining. About a quarter of an hour before the train started, however, there was a certain amount of commotion in the corridor, and in bundled one of my pet aversions, — a living model of a French caricature. He was wearing loud tweeds and knickerbockers, — we didn't call them plus-fours in those days, — and he was thick-set, red-cheeked, and he had a fair drooping moustache. He had a seat right opposite me.

"I had of course no tangible reason to be aggrieved with this individual, except that he made himself immediately so very much at home, and in certain readjustments of the luggage rack he called me 'ma lad', which made me feel young and ridiculous in the presence of those other people; and when my father made some suggestion about one of my bags, he said: 'That's all right, pa. I'll manage it.' Which made my father seem old and somehow absurd. I went hot and cold with the thought that these other highly respectable people might think he was a friend or connection of mine. Such is extreme youth!

"When the train started he immediately began talking to me in a broad Lancashire accent. He said he came from Blundellsands and was in the jute trade. I did not object to this so much; what exasperated me was the fact that he began to pump me in a loud voice about who I was, what I was doing, and what my business was. I simply detested the man, and quite deliberately snubbed him by muttering monosyllables over the top of a magazine cover. I had no chance of conversation with the charming family.

"On the boat I lost them, and never saw them again. That is one of the curses of travel, one is always meeting people whom you feel might be your bosom friends for life, and then Nemesis in the form of a guard or a ticket collector comes along and snatches them away from you.

"Of course I saw plenty of the man from Blundellsands. He was promenading the deck, smoking a bulldog pipe, and talking in a loud voice to all and sundry. Once or twice he came up and spoke to me, — he seemed to have quite overlooked my attempts at snubbing. He apparently regarded me as a small boy.

He repeated: "'Well, lad, are ye all reet?' (I can't imitate Lancashire accent, so don't ask me!) On the Paris

train, to my delight, I quite lost track of him, I hoped forever.

"My plans were rather indefinite. I intended in any case to visit Northern Italy, and possibly afterwards go South to Sicily. But I had booked nothing beyond Paris. I may say that I had not been many days in that intriguing city before my passion for the girl who made up prescriptions began to wane. Paris smelt good. There was that curious peaty, coffeeish smell about it that seemed to betoken adventure. I stayed there a week, and then I booked a ticket through to Milan.

"The night before I left I wandered around alone, and late in the evening strolled into the Olympia. The entertainment was singularly boring, consisting mostly of freak dancing or equilibrists. After a time I went to the long bar at the back, and had a demi-bock. I had only been sitting there five minutes when a hand slapped me on the back and a voice said: 'Hallo, ma lad, how art thee gettin' on?'

"I felt a curious sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach. What a nuisance the man was! A moment's reflection told me that of course this was just the kind of place I should meet him. It was my own fault. I was as polite as I could be. He said: 'Ay, lad, when thou'rt in a foreign country it's soomtimes nice to meet one of th' own people.'

"One of my own people! In this cosmopolitan place chiefly patronized by English and Americans it seemed rather an extravagant form of solicitude. There being no one else to talk to, however, and the evening being young for Paris, I stayed with him, and afterwards we took a taxi out to Montparnasse, and my youthful vanity was a little flattered by being able to show off my inner knowledge of night life to this ponderous Lancastrian, who must have been a good twenty years my senior.

"We parted in a friendly enough spirit, and he wanted to make an appointment for the morrow, but I gave some evasive answer. I felt I had done my duty by 'one of my own people'.

"I left the next day for Milan, and forgot all about him, which was not surprising, for it was there that I met Desirée Freyre. I ran plump into her in the lounge of the Hotel Bristol, after dinner. I will not bore you with a description of her. It is sufficient to say that within five minutes of our meeting the girl who made up prescriptions and indeed all the other girls who had made

my youthful heart to flutter, promptly became back numbers.

"I don't even remember how I got into conversation with her. She was traveling with a companion, a very plain genial soul much older than herself. Desirée was of the limpid, helpless sort, with large appealing eyes, a manner that suggested hidden fires beneath an easy-going companionable exterior. She was the kind of woman who called you 'my dear' on first acquaintanceship, and persuaded you that your troubles were her troubles.

"We spent the next two days doing the sights of Milan together, though what they were I couldn't tell you, for my eyes were entirely occupied with my companion.

"I found that she and her friend had just done Northern Italy and were on their way to Genoa, and then by easy stages along the Côte d'Azur to Marseilles, where they had booked berths to Algiers. They proposed spending three months in Algeria.

"I had taken a ticket through to Florence, but when I suggested canceling it, and accompanying these two ladies to Algeria, I found that the suggestion was accepted with encouraging readiness. I wrote rather a light-headed letter to my father, telling him of my change of plans, but of course not giving the reason.

"We left a few days later. I cannot describe that journey to Marseilles. We stayed days and nights at Genoa, Bordighera, Mentone, Monaco, and Nice. As my father wanted to eradicate the memory of the chemist's assistant I'm sure he could not have chosen a more effective way himself, though I am a little dubious whether he would have chosen precisely these means. I was madly in love, and this love had for its setting instead of the familiar by-ways of Staines, a novel and romantic atmosphere of tamarisks, deep blue sea, orange groves, picturesque people, and the eternal accompaniment of bands of nomad musicians. I believe we were a fortnight getting to Marseilles, but it went like a flash.

"We spent the first few days there lazying in the sun, inhaling the perfume of early summer flowers, playing with the tame monkeys that used to come down and gambol in the wood beyond the garden, and occasionally going for a short drive in the vicinity. I got more intimate with Desirée here than I had done before. There were times when she became serious, and told me about her mother, who had been an opera singer, and her father,

who had been an engineer, and had invented some contraption for making thin steel plates, and had made a lot of money and lost it, and made it again, and lost it again. Both her parents were now dead.

"And one night, under a clump of pistoia trees, with the moon making patterns on the ground at our feet, and on the white shawl of my companion, she told me something which aroused my interests even more, about her — husband, a major in the Artillery, who had been killed in the war. And when she told me, I could not see her face, for it was pressed against my own, but I could feel her warm tears on my own cheek. She had a way, when I think she felt she was becoming too intimate, of giving me an almost savage pat on the cheek and saying: 'Oh, you boy, you!' She did so on this occasion, and I felt my love for her ennobled by a great wave of compassion.

"I must confess that there were moments when I was free from the embraces of my beloved that I had moments of apprehension. She was so entirely alien to the world I came from. I could not conceive her as fitting into the social environment of Staines! My father for instance, — I dared not imagine a meeting between him and Desirée.

"In the hotel were many interesting people. I was not unmindful, — and indeed a little proud of, — the glances of envy that followed me about when I strolled on the terrace or into the dining-room, accompanied by the beautiful Desirée Freyre. Of course, the eyes were focused on her, but I knew that they also looked at me to see who the lucky fellow was who had captured so dazzling a prize. On only one occasion was I made to feel a little disconcerted. One evening I was talking to the companion in the lounge, waiting for Desirée. She had some little business to discuss with the hall-porter, and was talking to him at the door. A party of French people — newcomers — came down the stairs. There was an elderly man with a black moustache. He glanced in the direction of Desirée, and then turned, and I heard him say to an old lady in French: 'Gracious, mamma! Do you see who's here?'

"The old lady looked in the same direction, and another woman came up. I could not hear what was said, but there was a good deal of whispering and laughing, and shrugging of shoulders.

"The table of these people was within sight of ours, and I saw Desirée glance once in their direction. I thought I observed a little frown pucker her brow as she turned away. She did not look at them again.

"The next day she was anxious to put into effect a project we had been discussing for some time. That was a visit to Constantine, a wonderful old town, built on a limestone plateau.

"It was nearly two hundred miles from Algiers, but we could take a train to El-Guerrah, and from there it was just a comfortable five hours' ride in a diligence. I was hoping that I might have Desirée's company alone on this trip, — or in any case with only the companion, — but as she could not resist discussing it rather animatedly with the other hotel habituées, several of them expressed a desire to accompany us, and it would have been churlish to refuse. It was not till late in the evening that I managed to get Desirée to myself, and then we escaped to a small summer-house in the grounds. That was an eventful night for me, for she promised to marry me.

"The night air was intoxicating with its rich aroma of flowers and unfamiliar herbs. My mind was in a whirl of ecstasy and anticipation. I little suspected the unpleasant little shock being

prepared for me in the morning. Our diligence was to leave at eleven o'clock, and we were to have lunch at a caravanserai on the way.

"The diligence turned up rather before its time, and our party began to assemble. I was talking to a Russian princess, and feeling very much of the great world, when a thick-set figure in tweeds came out of the hotel with the Commissionnaire and made straight for the diligence. I felt a wave of positive horror. It was the man from Blundellsands!

"He did not see me for a moment. He was busy giving instructions about luggage. Indeed, the whole party had collected and were ready to get aboard when he saw me. His face lighted up:

"'Ay, laddie!' he exclaimed. 'Fancy seeing thee! Well, now, that's fine. Art going Constantine by cooch?'

"I felt myself going hot and cold all over. I could tell by the faces of the others that they were thinking: Who on earth is this awful bourgeois person?

"But what could I do? There was no escaping from him. And he was quite as justified in taking the trip as I was. The worst of it was he insisted on sitting next to me, and bawling out about the places he had been to, and asking me questions. And of course he reiterated: 'Ay, when thee gets right away in a foreign coontry, lad, it's fine to meet a fellow-coontryman!'

"Fellow-countryman! I didn't want to talk to him, or have anything to do with him. I wished he'd die. I felt, in truth, that he had turned up as a kind of fate, an unpremeditated Spoil-sport between myself and Desirée.

"We stopped at several Arab villages on the way and probed about in the markets which struck us as being curiously deserted. Desirée was angry with me. 'Can't you get rid of this awful person?' she whispered. I could only shrug my shoulders and feel helpless. He was wearing in his button-hole a ridiculously large bunch of purple heather. Seeing me look at it, he said: 'Lad, see yon heather. Cooms all tha way from Bloondellsands. Ma sister sent it wrapped oop in ma socks.' 'Rather like coals to Newcastle,' I tried to sneer. 'Ay,' he answered. 'But when it cooms from th' own people — There's a bit of common just outside oor toon —'

"I managed to get to the other end of the diligence on the way

to the caravanserai. There we partook of a strange and wonderfu lunch, in which stewed bustard was a feature, I remember.

"Now in the strange occurrence that happened to me that da I was convinced that the stewed bustard played the leading rôle I was to learn a long while later that it had nothing to do with it But at the time I was dominated by this illusion. Hanging up i the caravanserai had been a stuffed bustard. I had never seen on before. In the middle of the afternoon, as we drove over th sandy waste thickly studded with scrub and halfagrass, the bus tard I had eaten and the bustard that was hanging up becam one and the same bird. It seemed to flutter against the roof o the diligence and make it darker and darker. I had the greates difficulty in seeing, hearing, or breathing. I remember at one tim a crowd of faces staring at me, and I was not certain who the were, and not particularly interested. I knew I was ill, and tha all my powers of resistance were vanishing. My head seemed t be in iron clamps, and my body was throbbing as though stirre by a hundred fevers. I had no sense of time, only a sense of im penetrable darkness, that increased, that increased —"

Jimmy shook himself and gave a little shiver. The Colone was silent and invisible behind my back. The sun had alread tipped the horizon. There was no need for me to interrupt th flow of his story, and he continued:

"I don't know whether you have ever been unconscious for a long time under the pressure of raging fever. It is horrible. Apar from racking pains one is desperately unhappy in an inexplicable way. The fever seems to get right through to one's soul. I hac glimpses of semi-consciousness, in which all the people I had ever known became inconsequentially involved. After some inter minable passage of time I had a glimpse of reality. I awakened i some dim light, and was aware of a woman in white gliding about the room. 'I have been very ill' was the first intelligible thought I had had for a long time, and then a name came involuntarily to my lips, 'Desirée!'

"I know not how long passed between this brief return t consciousness and another more placid one. It was a twilight hour and I felt cool, and master of myself. I waited patiently, and the woman in white came back. It was not Desirée. A wave of disap

pointment flooded me, and I tried to speak, to protest against this outrage. The nurse said in English: 'There, there! that's better! Don't talk. I will give you something.' She poured a white liquid between my lips. I gradually felt stronger, but she would not talk or answer my questions. A French doctor came and examined me. He came every day. At the end of nearly a week the nurse talked a little. She told me I was in a ward of the Isolation Hospital of the White Sisters at Algiers. 'But what has been the matter with me? I feel as though I have had something awful — like typhoid.' 'You have had something worse than that,' she said.

"'What was it?' I asked. 'Typhus,' she said quietly.

"'Typhus!'

"There was a little epidemic of it in some of the villages along the coast, brought they say by a coaster from the Levant.

"'But you are English,' I said, fencing for time, my mind occupied with other aspects of the case.

"'I am an Irish nun,' she answered. 'They put me to nurse you because I speak English.'

"I waited, not quite knowing how to frame the questions I was burning to ask. At last I said: 'I was with a party, going to Constantine. Tell me, what happened to them?'

"'When they heard what was the matter with you they fled. They hired a car and drove to El-Guerrah, and took the next train back to Algiers.'

"'All of them?' I faltered.

"'No, one remained behind and nursed you, and somehow got you back here.'

"I sighed contentedly. My spirits rose. I knew that *she* in any case would not have deserted me under those conditions. After a pause I whispered hoarsely: 'Where is she now?'

"'It was a he,' said the nurse in a low voice. 'An Englishman. He said he came from Lancashire. Had it not been for him you would have died.'

"I turned my face away, for I did not want the Irish nurse to see it. I tried to speak as casually as I could.

"'Oh,' I said, 'what was his name? Did he leave his address?'

"'No,' she answered, 'he went away quietly one morning. He left neither name nor address. But look! he left his bunch of

heather. He said it was for luck — "look" he called it. He waited till you were out of danger. On the morning he left he came and saw you and said: "Poor laddie! I had a boy like you." He told me his boy was killed in the South African War. And then as though to apologize for his emotion, he said something about one must do what one can for a fellow countryman.'

"'And then he went away?'

"'Yes, we none of us knew his name. He was very generous. By the way,' she added, 'your father is here in Algiers. We telegraphed to him. As soon as you are free from contagion we shall send you to him.'"

"You never saw the man from Blundellsands again?" I ventured. "And what about the — your fiancée?"

"You must remember," said Jimmy, "all this happened about twenty years ago. Honestly I have no clearer recollection of her face than I have of the girl who made up prescriptions. No, I never saw — any of the party again. But from what I since heard one other man came out of the affair with credit."

"Who was that?"

"The Frenchman who laughed in that hotel at Mustapha. Come, let's get busy. The fish are rising."

"And the Colonel has gone to sleep," I answered. "That's because you didn't throw your spoil-sport into the river!"

"Poor old chap! don't let's wake him up," said Jimmy.

"I'm afraid we shall have to," I said. "He's gone to sleep on the gentles."

IS DEATH INEVITABLE?

H. Munro Fox

THE title of this article may appear at first sight to be an absurd one. It is by no means absurd, however, when the word Immortality is employed in the sense in which the physiologist uses it, not in the sense of the philosopher. For recent scientific work has shown that many of the minute living cells of which the bodies of all animals are composed can go on living indefinitely without ever getting old or dying. This they can do provided they have the good luck to remain in suitable and favorable conditions. That is to say, they will go on dividing into new cells and these again into others and so forth without even a trace of senescence appearing, provided that the temperature does not change too violently, and that no poisonous substances find their way into the neighborhood.

All this seems very surprising, so used are we to accepting senescence and death of the individual as part of the invariable course of nature. Nevertheless, it is true that certain cells, and, under the right conditions, certain living tissues composed of numerous cells, neither grow old nor die. This raises the fundamental question as to whether after all, death is a necessity for individual living beings. We shall see that whereas it is by no means a necessity in many cases, yet for the complex "higher" animals, of which man is one, death is in truth a necessity.

The first instance of creatures in which death may not occur at all is the case of microbes such as bacteria. One bacterium divides into two halves each of which becomes a new bacterium. Each half grows to full size and then again divides into two halves. This may go on and on indefinitely, so long as the temperature and chemicals present in the water do not become unfavorable. Now suppose we look at these multiplying bacteria from another viewpoint. Consider any individual bacterium alive to-day. It is one of the two halves of a bacterium which divided into two yesterday. And yesterday's microbe is one of the two halves of a previous one, and so on. In other words our bacterium alive to-day is the direct descendant of bacteria which were alive aeons ago. Nor is there any reason why its brother or its uncles or

cousins should die at all, provided the temperature and chemicals do not poison them. All the family may go on dividing into two again and again for aeons yet to come.

At one time it was thought that when a family of microbes had gone on dividing into two again and again, after a while they became fatigued, divided less often and finally died. But now it is known that they were merely poisoned by their own excretions. If these poisonous waste products are removed the microbes do not become fatigued at all. An American professor named Woodruff has bred 10,000 successive generations of a microbe. These infusoria, as they are called, divide into two twice a day, and the breeding experiment consequently lasted fifteen years. Now the interest of it is that at the end of the fifteen years these microscopic creatures were as vigorous as at the commencement. Further, there was every reason to think that they would go on dividing into two forever, so long as they lived in the luxurious surroundings of the American laboratory.

Notice now what is the essential difference between the divisions into two individuals of the microbes and the reproduction of a "higher" animal as we are pleased to term ourselves. The microbe consists of one single cell. It divides exactly into two cells, and nothing is left over. But a higher animal consists of many thousands of cells and only a very few of these are destined to divide and form a new individual. Nearly all the cells in the body of the higher animal, such as the cells of the liver, of the heart, or of the brain, will never have the opportunity of becoming an egg and dividing to give rise to another individual. That, then, is the essential difference between the microbe and the higher animal. The whole of the microbe divides into two offspring, but only one in a million of the cells composing the body of the higher animal can divide to become a son and to go on living. All the others of the million are doomed to die.

But if we fix our attention on the eggs of the female or on the spermatozoa of the male, the possible fate of these cells is not at all unlike that of the microbes. There is, of course, the additional complication that before dividing, the egg-cell must unite with a spermatozoön. Any egg-cell in the ovary of one individual, however, may have the luck to develop into a new individual of the next generation; and out of its ovary in turn some egg-cells may

have the good fortune to develop and go on living in yet another generation.

So that, to use the same language as we have applied to the microbes, eggs and spermatozoa of the higher animals are potentially immortal, but apparently all other cells in the body are of necessity condemned to die.

We say "apparently" all other body-cells must die for a very good reason. Modern biological science has proved the very remarkable fact that the cells of our bodies die only because they are not in the right environment to go on living. Cells have been taken out of the bodies of living animals, and, in the laboratory, have been kept alive under conditions better than those which the animal's body had offered to them. Better conditions, that is to say, since the cells in the laboratory divide and continue to grow and divide indefinitely. These isolated cells show no more signs of growing old nor dying than did Professor Woodruff's microbes. Had the same cells been left in the body of the animal whence they came, they would gradually have ceased to divide, have shrunk, and finally have died with the whole body.

A concrete example will make all this clearer. Some living cells were taken out of the body of a chicken. They were kept alive in the laboratory, living in a liquid which had the same chemical make-up as the blood serum of the chick. In this medium the cells divided actively and increased in number. Whenever the cells became too crowded some were removed, and from time to time the liquid was renewed, for it became full of waste products thrown out by the growing cells. These waste products would have been poisonous. In this experiment the cells continued to grow and divide for twelve years without ever showing signs of diminished vigor. Yet this is a considerably longer period than the life of the average fowl, longer even than the maximum life of any fowl.

It is evident that in the laboratory these isolated cells do not grow old nor die. What then is the reason for cells in the body becoming senescent? Further experiments on the same lines as above have gone far towards solving this problem too.

Suppose now that instead of a single sort of cell, two different sorts are taken from the chicken's body and are grown together in the laboratory test-tube. Suppose, for instance, that we take

from the chick some connective tissue (the living tissue which holds together all the muscles, nerves, etc.), and also a piece of kidney tissue. The cells of these tissues each grown separately in a tube behave in the way we have already seen. The growth continues vigorous and undiminished for an indefinite time. But, on the other hand, if both of these tissues are grown together in the same tube, although cell multiplication is at first vigorous, it soon falls off and finally ceases. After that the cells all die.

This, then, gives the clue to the mystery. The body of an animal or man grows old and finally dies because the different sorts of cells composing it cannot support one another's presence. Each type of cell, — from liver, kidney, muscle, or brain, — when alone is potentially immortal. But in the presence of its neighbor it is mortal. Evidently each kind of cell gives off waste products which are poisonous for its neighbor. In short, the living organism is a mortal whole, made up of immortal parts. Only its eggs or spermatozoa have the chance of avoiding death.

In conclusion one may point out the havoc wrought when one of the several kinds of cells in the body emancipates itself from the restraining influence of its neighbors. It will then proceed to multiply much more vigorously than the others, invade their domains, and finally disorganize the whole machine. We refer to cancer cells, for this is their essential nature. They are like the so-called tissue-cultures which we have described above, that is to say, the cultures of isolated kinds of cells in the laboratory test-tubes. Just like these tissue-culture cells, cancer cells are potentially immortal. A tumor can be transplanted from an aged mouse into a young one. When this mouse in turn grows old the tumor can be removed and implanted in another young mouse, and so on. Cancer tissue is an instance of "tissue-culture" taking place inside a living organism.

When the study of laboratory tissue-culture will have shown us what really is the product of one kind of cell which restrains the growth of another kind, we may be near to successfully combating cancer.

WHAT IS HUMOR?

Forum Definitions — Fourth Series

FOR some weeks the office of THE FORUM has resembled nothing so much as a village smithy, its editors in easy chairs "under the spreading chestnut tree". The tree has been spreading continuously since June first; and certainly the chestnuts have fallen in showers. We'd like to quote all the clever things our readers have excogitated (except the chestnuts), but out of so many thousands it follows (by the laws of fundamentalism) that some must fail to be among the first ten. In the following published definitions those marked with numerals have been selected by the judges as the prize winners. Readers are invited to vote for the best of these, using the coupon provided on page XXVIII of the Illustrated Section. The un-numbered definitions may be considered as those "honorably mentioned".

One or two aspirants tinctured their premonitions of failure with a somewhat elfin asperity: "Humor is the ability to smile, — not to laugh, for that would be sarcasm, — when you have given the very best definition, and find your name not even mentioned in THE FORUM," as Dr. Ferdinand Freytag (Helios Sanitarium, San Rafael, California) has it.

"Physician, Helios elf," we reply, — "Amend your Constitution, define for us 'the best definition', and we will promote you to be Uncle Samstag."

Other contestants, more successful, are perhaps more elephantine, in that they approach the subject with the weight of history behind them. Thus, according to Dr. Herbert J. Spinden of Harvard University (one of the leading authorities on Humor in Pre-historic Yucatan):

> (1) Humor started wet and is getting dry. The old physiological soul had four humors, or qualities of moisture, and old fashioned temperament was explained by excess or deficiency in these humid principles. Vaporings of speech were the first manifestations of humor in our modern sense. But humor has defined itself with the centuries and to-day would be whimsical and kindly wit, — except for the humorists. These sooner or later run out of didos and resort to slap-sticks.

The whole family of Henry B. Jones, Newton, Pennsylvania, so he tells us, complained of his mutterings as he toiled at his

definition. "I defy any male," he sputtered, "to hew definitions of 'Humor' from an ordinary brain." But he persevered:

> Humor is the ability to obtain smiles, chuckles, chortles, grins, silent mirth, giggles, or laughs from our seeming calamities, — the government of nations, relatives, taxes, religious doctrines, and modern male clothing.

A cerebral tussle, too, went to produce the following:

> (2) The first step in defining humor is to dissociate it from the sense of humor. In spite of our knowledge of the "jest's prosperity lying in the ear not the tongue", I can say that a sense of humor is subjective while humor itself is objective. Therefore humor cannot be instinct. Then I would say humor is the potency held by a set of circumstances, — most commonly the possible in impossible setting or the impossible in possible setting, — tending to produce mirth. (*Adrienne Curtis, Toledo, Ohio.*)

Many of our readers seem to think that the ancients, like the animals, were devoid of humor. Horace at any rate must have had a pretty wit. *Suave est*, said he, *ex magno tollere acervo*, which, being interpreted, means, "It's nice to take what you like from a great heap." Here is a selection, each of which we think will awaken a response somewhere:

> (3) Humor is an intellectual feeling of complete understanding coupled with an emotional reaction just anticipating pity. (*E. W. Modick, Jr., New York.*)

> Humor is a sympathetic exhibition of the minor inconsistencies of character. Humor, the tickling feather, labels you human; wit, the pricking rapier, marks you inferior; satire, the corrosive acid, brands you imbecile. (*Arthur Powell, Bridgeport, Connecticut.*)

> Humor is a gift, and may not be acquired as wit may be. Those of a humorous bend that turn the light of their gift on the misfortunes and tragedies of existence ease many a wrung heart. Wit is wisdom at play, and at times cuts deeply, but humor is a shock absorber and a panacea. (*Charles P. Fleming, Bridgeport, Connecticut.*)

> (4) Humor is first of all the seeing eye, — the eye of the child who said 'But he has nothing on', when the Emperor paraded. Where the child, however, was puzzled and serious, humor is not puzzled and is not serious. It comprehends and smiles; it is at ease in its world. Further than this, humor is indefinitely diverse, speaking authentically in the chubby plausibility of Chesterton, the suave irony of Santayana, the lean grin of Ring Lardner. In profound natures it is sunny and spacious, not without pity; in commonplace minds its detachment becomes aloofness, with a touch of cruelty. (*Elizabeth Carter, Pleasantville, New York.*)

Here are some brevities:

> Humor: is anything that gets into "Life" and "Judge" and in due course is reprinted in "The Literary Digest" . . . and our local newspapers. (*James A. Sanaker, Wayzata, Minnesota*); is the springs on the vehicle of life. (*M. C. Lighter, San Francisco, California*); is the pin-prick for the balloon of absurdity, the twinkle in the glassy stare of reality, the leaven in the sour dough of life. (*T. J. Mosley, Madison, Wisconsin*); is the road to the heart via the funny-bone. (*L. M. Hughes, New York*); musing made amusing. (*Ralph Richmond, New Rochelle, New York*); the lever by which levity upsets gravity. (*R. T. Fullwood, Los Angeles, California*); a tightener of the marriage knot, for two who laugh at the same thing will never quarrel. (*Lida Calvert Obenchain, Dallas, Texas*).

Many competitors found it necessary to digress into the Psychology of Humor. The notion that Humor is a special "sense" still lingers.

> Humor is that sixth sense which differentiates man from beast, — the ability to stand outside himself and laugh at the tragi-comic spectacle he presents in his quixotic fight against the windmills of this world, turned by the impregnable winds of the universe. (*Alice P. Reynolds, New York*).

That the contemplation of other people's distress is the essence of Humor is implied by the element of horseplay which dominated most accounts of it up to and including Oliver Goldsmith. *Suave mari magno*, — "It's jolly to watch a shipwreck from the shore," thought Lucretius. And similarly the superiority complex found a place in several definitions: "We are most pleased when we are most convinced of our superiority; and the recognition of absurdity implies good sense in the perceiver." (*H. W. Davis, Manhattan, Kansas*).

With this we may contrast the more prevalent view that what distinguishes Humor is essentially kindness:

> (5) Satire is the two-edged sword of ridicule, biting and rankling; cynicism is the dagger of aloof suspicion; wit is the sharp penknife of superficiality; and humor is the surgeon's knife, unerring, curative, and kind. (*Dorothy Pease, Athens, Georgia*).

Kindness, however, is not enough. Mary, as we know, had a little lamb. Her playmates laughed to see the pet at school; but it is not recorded that Mary even smiled. What was lacking in Mary? The answer is supplied by a chorus of definitions in terms of *incongruity*. Had Mary realized the incongruity of jux-

taposing pet and petticoat, she would assuredly have exhibited signs of mirth. Not necessarily, however, — according to those who widen the definition of humor, as does Anne Elizabeth Flynn, West Brighton, Staten Island. "Humor," she says, "in the language of the small girl, is divided into 'the funny that makes you laugh and the funny that makes you cry.'" Far be it from us to deny that risibility and lachrymosity may meet in the Perfect Child.

But with this admission we are on dangerous ground. The door is open to idealism. Enter Dean Robbins:

> (6) Humor is idealism tempered by sympathetic amusement. The basis of it is the perception of the discrepancy between what ought to be and what is, coupled with the belief that the difference, if realized, may be overcome. Humor differs from wit in having greater charity; and its power of sympathy is a standing rebuke to puritanism. A perfect example of humor is to be found in Christ's parable of the Unjust Judge. (*Howard Chandler Robbins, New York.*)

There is often a certain metaphysical satisfaction to be derived from contemplating things *sub specie aeternitatis*, and not a few competitors ventured into supramundane realms:

> Humor is a glimpse at life and humanity through the eyes of the gods. Humor makes it possible to smile through one's tears, and to see misfortunes as clouds with silver linings. Above all, humor allows us simultaneously to see things as they might be and things as they are, and in noting the disparity to find a source of keen enjoyment. (*Leonard Miller, Vancouver, B. C.*)
>
> Humor is the faculty of seeing something funny in that which is not funny at all. Of humor the Lord God Himself has a never-failing fund, and, more musical than the heavenly harps, will be His immortal chortles evermore. (*Mrs. T. Lockwood Perry, Asheville, North Carolina.*)

Equally definite, though on a somewhat lower theological plane, is the definition offered by Rabbi Beryl D. Cohon, Temple Beth-El, Pensacola, Florida: "Humor is the quality lacking in angels, the absence of which renders them considerably lower than man." And here we may record another excursion into the upper air: "Humor is the gift of seeing others as the angels must, and ourselves as others see us." (*W. W. Whitman, New York.*)

Descending again to Manhattan and the Bronx we may pause at an enigmatic peak:

> (7) Humor is the silhouette of truth capering on the hill of emotions against a background of perspective. (*Robert W. Elliott, New York.*)

Before ringing down the curtain, let us heighten this perspective with a little essay in analysis:

(8) Humor in all its qualities and degrees demands these elements: 1. An observer with some vitality and detachment from selfish concerns; 2. A set of human values common to the observer and whoever shares with him; 3. Some incongruity or anomaly or contrast in the state of things presented to the observer; 4. A sudden or at least fresh perception of the same by the observer; 5. A pleasurable emotional reaction to this perception on the part of the observer. The behavioristic outcome is a laugh, a smile, a chuckle, or just a glow. (*L. M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

One of the profoundest thinkers in the Catskills, Professor Mouser, was recently expressing his regret to the textile workers at the hurry and noise of modern life, and the neglect of the highest things. "Consider the Mountain Top," he said, "it hums not, neither doth it spin." That is perhaps the real reason why Humor is so hard to define.

(9) Humor is that which makes us feel ridiculous when we try to define it. (*F. B. Gilmore, Hendersonville, North Carolina.*)

And here or hereabouts we classify the following:

(10) Humor is something which causes a tickling of the brain. Laughter was invented to scratch it. (*Mildred Wasson, Bangor, Maine.*)

THE NEXT WORD TO BE DEFINED

ARE you a Fundamentalist?

"That depends," you reply, "on what you mean." Well, what do *you* mean when you use the word? Must it always imply an attitude toward religious questions? Is it more than a state of mind? Won't you send us your definition of

FUNDAMENTALIST

Limit your definition to *one hundred words*. Use the typewriter. Don't send postage for return of your letter; and don't expect it back. Write your name and address plainly on the sheet bearing the definition. Five dollars will be paid for each definition selected as a prize winner by the judges. Definitions of "Fundamentalist" must be in THE FORUM office by midnight, October 1, 1926. The best will be published in the December issue. Address The Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

POETRY

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE in a Life Stream
Incommensurable,
Unguessed by the instinct of termites,
Ungrasped by the mind of man,
Removed from electron and matter,
Remote from our personality;
Maker of heaven and earth;
Yea! father of man, the wonder-worker.

I believe in man,
Man, destined lord of creation,
Composite man of the eons,
Stumbling and rising, but headlong,
Unfolding in progress eternal,
Synthesizing new complexities
Like a kaleidoscope,
Projecting his own variations, —
Always more grandiose
Yet more infinitesimal, —
Employing symbols only for old experience;
Ever girding his loins for a new millennium.

I believe in man indestructible
Surmounting in the end
The twilight of the constellations;
Yea, paradox to be revealed,
Commensurable at infinity,
Meeting at last the Life Stream,
Re-entering the womb of God.

I believe in human intelligence,
In the congregations of idolators,

In the syndicate of iconoclasts,
In mysticism and science.
I believe in love the all-solvent,
Shadow of the almighty Life Stream.

As it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be,
Mind without end.
Hallelujah and Amen!

— *William Goddard*

"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND"

WE soar the skies, plumb the depths of earth and ocean,
Wrest mystery from the great and small, do tricks that only
Nature used to do.
We know all things, and yet know nothing.
We have conquered all, yet conquered nothing.
We are blind things in a shapeless void,
Building formless toys with blocks of vapor.
Are we blind, or were our eyes meant never to look without?
Is there within ourselves the very thing for which we peer,
Like myopic, nocturnal rodents, into the glare of a universe of
blinding light?
Can we see out until we have seen in?
Can we conquer God Himself until we are one with that part of
Him that lies within us?

— *A. Washington Pezet*

COSMOS AND EGO

TO-DAY, while I was in a bookstore
I saw a small man stand beside an atlas.
And he was taller than the globe.
He turned it round and round,
With one thin finger pushing all the continents,
The seven seas, and scratching with his finger nail,
The Himalayas. I thought it odd
To see one small man turn the earth about.

Yet I have known a few white hours
When I, myself,
Centre of all the life that whirls about me,
Crushed under weight of waters never plumbed,
Of mountains never climbed,
Have broken through,
And stood outside it all,
And seen it clear, and felt it whirl
Beneath my one small hand.

— *Helen Baker Parker*

CARL SANDBURG

FOR long years I had said that this was no poetry;
That poetry was a creature, fragile and delicate,
Dwelling in an ivory tower, peering through mullioned windows
On desert fairylands and dreaming twilight landscapes,
Or seeing things palely reflected in a mirror,
Like the Lady of Shalott.
What had poetry to do with steel and hog-butchers and deserted brickyards?

But as the acrid tang of your smoke filled my nostrils,
And your clang of hammer on steel, the importunate insistence of the rivets
Dinned in my ears,
The old soothing images and rhythms
Echoed thin and tinkling with their eternal sing-song;
And to the accompaniment of the surging dissonance of city music, I cried:
"What have moonlight and the stars and romance to do with poetry?"

Was it thus that you felt when the biting acid of your utterance
Ate away all the thin veneer of glittering sentiment?
And yet the old dream-forms of beauty you could not quite suppress;
In your own despite, the fog stole into your fancy
On its "little cat-feet".

And from the clangor of cities your mind has turned
To the rest and spaciousness and silence
Of Cool Tombs.
Hovering above the rigid bars of steel, there arise mist-forms,
The wash of the sea — "silver shingle in the wind",
The etching of sandpipers' feet on the sand.
But ever the dull red glow from your factory chimneys
Stains the "pearl cobwebs of moonshine"
With a dash of tawny crimson.
Smoke and steel — cloud and substance — dream and actuality —
What is poetry if it has not to do with these things!

— *Charlotte F. Babcock*

LA NOBLESSE RUSSE

HOW can I be so optimistic in adversity?
A charming exaltation comes, my friend, from lack of nourishment.
Divinity Itself once fasted in the Wilderness. (How I presume!)
Before calamity upset our palaces,
One had but added vigor to deplore
The coldness of a sleighride or the illness of an aunt.

While now; — December twenty-fifth, a feast,
With mice about our attics as the cows were in their stalls.
(Your rich folk cannot know the thrill of Christmas
To the really poor!) And Easter, also, most acceptable,
With its exulted promisings of chickens, eggs in pastel tints,
And fragrant wines and brioche through eternity.

When life is measured by the chance of its necessities,
God is not tip-toed up to like a Personage Apart.
There is divine assurance in an unexpected cup of chocolate, —
With toast especially.

Another helping? Non merci!
One must consider the surprised interior,
More used, of late, to adequate supplies of — fortitude.

— *Dorothy Haight*

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

SOUND AND FURY

A PEDESTRIAN is supposed to be against speed. Of course he isn't really. He has no objection to Atalanta; what he deprecates is grandma pretending she is Atalanta. But friends, looking anxiously from their flivvers, insist on worrying about him. At first they politely take no notice, as if they expected he would soon get over his shameful disease; but sooner or later, as he persists in his pedestrianism, they mingle polite pity with abuse. And when he takes to extolling the leisurely ways of Victorian times, as he did in a recent Forum, they get indignant and write letters about it.

"Don't make a fetish of your pedestrianism," writes one of the brethren.

"Don't be a fool!" writes one of the sistren.

"Lord be merciful to me, a fool," though, for I've found another fool. Wyndham Lewis, in *The Art of Being Ruled*, is a man after a pedestrian's heart. In the chapter on "The European's 'Physical' Liberty", after quoting Goethe to the effect that very little physical liberty is enough, that the essential liberty is of the mind, he goes on to point out that "To-day there is complete liberty of circulation everywhere for everybody". Perhaps he hasn't tried to enter or leave the free republic on the western shores of the Atlantic; but, admitting this exception, he is largely right. It has become so easy to circulate that moving about is the normal state of being for most people, while staying at home and letting the seasons do the circulating is almost queer.

"People without anything in particular to do," says Mr. Lewis, "avail themselves of this *carte blanche*" to circulate. "In great herds they move painfully to the seaside. Both their progress there and the short time they spend on the pebbles or sand (where it is rather a sea of people than a sea of water that they behold), is so exhausting that it is the power of the 'holiday' idea alone that can sustain them."

He then proceeds to point out the constant, wearisome, and expensive circulation of shopping women, of working men. "People prefer to organize the necessary machinery to make this vast discomfort and waste possible, for the sake of a word." . . . "As to foreign travel, the 'tourist' is obviously the greatest absurdity. The masses of the people who cross the three thousand miles of the Atlantic every year to do — what? To gape at the place where a very uninteresting blackguard divorced his sixth wife three hundred years* ago, or perspired at his favorite game of tennis, until he became too fat, when his courtiers also had to stop playing; when in their own country there must be, alive and quite ready to be looked at, men who have divorced more women than Henry VIII ever dreamt it was possible to do, and perspire as much." . . . "They have gained nothing in experience, only *displaced* themselves for nothing, to the great inconvenience of everybody, except an occasional hotel-keeper."

A bit cynical perhaps, but a useful counterweight to the fatuous optimism which supposes that travel and motions which get called education will work miracles. What is more, the picture drawn by Mr. Lewis is uncannily realistic. Listening in, one hears such remarks by beloved countrymen as, "Aren't these *foreigners* funny?" — blissfully unconscious that they themselves are the only "foreigners" present. Once, when I was in the Ricardi palace, trying to see the frescoes in the dim illumination of the attendant's moving hand-light, a bevy of my countrywomen rushed in, gave the pictures the once over, and then one of them ejaculated, "Why! All the angels are different!"

"Well that's something," say the optimists; "at least such people are better off than if they remained in Podunk and indulged in local gossip. They're *getting educated* [talismanic word!]. You mustn't object to a few crudities at first. This is just a passing phase."

That's the stock argument. The only trouble with it is that the process is not education, and the phase will not pass. It's not a *process* at all; it's just *oscillation*. Sooner or later we've got to get over the notion that a multiplicity of sensations or of scrap-

*A meticulous reader may note that the gentleman on exhibit divorced only *five* wives and did so nearly *four* hundred years ago, but unquestionably he held the record in his day.

knowledge leaves any residue but fatigue. It is therefore timely that Mr. Lewis, with gentle humor, gives us a true picture of our international disease.

But what are we going to do about it? Well, Mr. Lewis seems to think that the "real approach" lies in the fact that "the mass of people *do not want it*. . . . It is only the perpetual thrusting under their noses of advertisements recommending cheap foreign travel that ever induces some of them to take this disagreeable step. . . ." They "have the idea imposed on them that they are enjoying this displacement."

Here I must part company with Mr. Lewis. He is not cynical enough, — not by half! Not that I do not grant the allurements of the advertisements. Nor do I contend that the mass of people actually want the oscillation. But it is difficult to maintain that they positively do not want it, when one looks at the ailment itself rather than at a symptom. For this restless circulation is merely a symptom. Below and behind the circulation is not merely a physical restlessness, but a mental restlessness.

Consider reading, — how feverishly we skip from book to book, from magazine to magazine, from headline to headline. Consider conversation, — no time, and *no disposition either*, to talk a subject through. Consider the common use of the radio. We are at home, protected, one might suppose, from the stress and strain of the kaleidoscopic world. Whereupon we tune in and run a miscellany of opera music, jazz, political speeches, and bed-time stories as a sort of accompaniment to our own disjointed conversation, thereby reproducing in our own homes the noise and distraction of conversation in a hotel lobby. Isn't it simple? We don't have to go out; we just bring the distractions to us. And on Sunday we go to church by proxy. We don't really feel like going to church, but there is nothing else to be had over the radio of a Sunday morning, so we tune in and satisfy our indecent restlessness with scraps of prayers and sermons. A friend of mine (a dreadfully cynical friend, I fear) suggests that someone ought to invent a shaking chair, so that we could bring the delights of the dining-car to our private tables and the thrill of the subway to our drawing-rooms.

No, I shouldn't call Mr. Lewis particularly cynical. At least there are depths of cynicism he has never plumbed. For all this

circulation he so much objects to is not at bottom the result of a mistaken idea of physical liberty. It is merely the symptom of a mistaken idea of life. That is the reason it is not really circulation at all (for circulation suggests healthy movement), but is too often just oscillation.

It is a mistake, furthermore, to suppose that it is a new disease. The poor modern world comes in for most of the kicks of the cynic. Yet Matthew Arnold, writing out of the fastnesses of Victorianism, found the world of 1853 just as hopeless. He wrote then of "this strange disease of modern life, . . . its sick hurry, its divided aims." He warned the scholar-gypsy to avoid "our feverish contact", to beware lest he become

"Like us distracted, and like us unblest."

Written like a good cynic in the year 1926! What if that fellow Browning, incurable optimist, had cried

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world!"

or if Tennyson, champion of a new order, had written in his foolish youth —

"Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change."

Clearly the world in those solid Victorian days was breaking up —

"Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

It begins to emerge, perhaps, that the constant factors are those two hardy perennials — the cynic and the optimist. The trouble, possibly, is not with speed, nor yet with ease of travel. The radio conceivably may have worthy uses. The trouble, dear Brutus, would appear to lie not in our flivvers, but in ourselves. If we are in the clutch of circumstance, it doesn't make much difference whether we travel by aeroplane or groundgripper. If we are in a state of mental oscillation, of course we shall express it by physical oscillation. . . . "The mind is its own place." Why don't our schools teach *that*, as they do in the East, instead of cramming youth with distressful statistics?

THE NEW AMERICAN LANGUAGE

IT was Walt Whitman who, in 1855, first picked out "the fluency of their speech" as one of the great qualities of Americans, and for the last twenty years linguists have been busy keeping track of the Wonderful Words which the American people have created. In Europe the Great War was responsible for many hundreds of new words, — but few of them will live, for the world that begat them is itself passing away. In America language is young and plastic, the tide of verbal creation is flowing strong; every day some new linguistic organism rises to the surface and struggles for life.

"The language of the Future," writes a correspondent, "is being born in our midst, and we are neglecting its cry for help. Only Mr. Mencken is listening, and the younger poets. THE FORUM has already asked its readers to say what some of the old words, the 'spoilt words' mean to them, and the success of that experiment suggests that interest in the new words, the words as yet unspoilt by ambiguity and fresh from the concrete situations in which they arose, might be even greater."

Send in your thoughts for the Language of To-morrow. Tell us of the new words, the American slang of the present century which seems to you most worth preserving. Explain how any word or phrase you think should be preserved first came to be used. In this way you will help the American language to grow, and you will help the makers of dictionaries to include all the best words and to give them their true histories.

So much for the words that have already been created and are already claiming a place in the Dictionary of the Future. But there are other words which have not yet been seen or heard, the

WORDS THAT THE WORLD IS AWAITING

Most people have at one time or another coined such words, or maybe they have been surprised to find that words which seemed all right were nevertheless unknown to Webster. Send them along, or if you cannot find the right word, send along your suggestions or your list of things and situations for which you think a new word is needed.

Look for the rules of this Contest next month!

Wilhelm Hohenzollern

A Biography by Emil Ludwig

Translation by Ethel Colburn Mayne

THIRD INSTALMENT—BISMARCK

THE friendship between Emperor and Chancellor seemed a warm one. The Austrian Ambassador in Berlin speaks of a veritable "honeymoon of reverence and mutual understanding", though it is true that he refrains from drawing the horoscope of this union; even Bismarck himself, after the first Imperial visit to Friedrichsruh, is eloquent. "So considerate! . . . He was surprised that I had waited for him till eleven o'clock . . . and had not got up before nine, because he thought I slept late." And Eulenburg tells how the Emperor once, with a courteous gesture, made Bismarck precede him through a doorway. From abroad he sent cordial despatches; in the New Year of '89 he was "full of joy and confidence, since you are still at my right hand, beginning the New Year with fresh vigor. . . . May it be long vouchsafed me to work with you."

The Last of the Kaisers
From a Drawing by Johan Bull

But intimates knew better. In that same January his uncle von Baden said: "The Emperor needs the Chancellor for the present, to bring forward Army Bills"; and on the Chancellor's birthday the Emperor called for Waldersee, Bismarck's enemy, that together they might enter with their congratulations. That was the first shock for Bismarck. Keen-sighted though he was, had he, like Danton, underestimated his danger? Certain it is that he did not always take the measure of this young man.

The Emperor was soon to have his first opportunity of acting upon his humanitarian principles; over a hundred thousand miners in the Ruhr came out on strike for higher wages. As Bismarck was laying before the Cabinet some strong emergency-measures, there appeared, suddenly and with no announcement, the Emperor in Hussar-uniform declaring in curt tones: "The Directors and shareholders must give in; the men are my subjects, I am responsible for them. Yesterday I warned the Chairman of Committees in the Rhineland, telling them that if the industry does not at once grant an increase of wages, I shall withdraw my troops. Then, if the owners and directors have their villas burnt down and their gardens trampled on, they will sing a little lower!"

Bismarck: "The owners are likewise, I think, Your Majesty's subjects?"

The Emperor, irritated by this retort, laid bare the real reason for his excitement: "If no coal is being produced, our Navy will be helpless! We could not mobilize, if there were a coal shortage. We are in such a precarious situation that if I were the Tsar I should instantly proclaim war against us."

Next day, to a delegation of the miners, in a paternal mood he said: "Every subject has the Emperor's ear, as a matter of course. . . . You have put yourselves

in the wrong, for your action is illegal . . . since the notices had not expired. . . . As to your demands, I shall examine them myself and let you know the result. But if . . . any connection with the Social-Democratic group should make itself apparent I could no longer estimate your desires by the light of my Royal goodwill, for in my view every Social-Democrat is an enemy to this State and country. In such an event I should intervene with ruthless severity and use the power assigned me to its full extent, — which is a considerable one!"

Then to the employers, in a courteous mood: "The men have made a good impression on me; they have no social-democratic sympathies. . . . After all, it is only human nature for everyone to try to earn as much as possible. The men read newspapers, they know the relation between their wages and the Company's profits, and claim to share more or less in the latter."

Bismarck, stunned by the Emperor's direct intervention, left him to himself at first; when it should become a question of statutes, *he* would take hold. And were his fundamental ideas so very far removed from the Emperor's? Neither the old man nor the young perceived the spirit of the age. Socialists and anarchists were identical; enemies of the State must be kept down. For Bismarck it was no more than an intensification of his anti-democratic feeling; for William, a sentiment resulting from the attempt on his grandfather's life. But their methods of attack were worlds apart. Bismarck wanted to fight as he always had fought, — with emergency-measures, the lock-out, disfranchisement, and if these failed, bullets. The Emperor wanted to attract the adherents of the new doctrines by protecting the status of the working-man; he addressed them as *Ihr* and *Du*, fancied himself in the part of father of his people, was anxious to distribute privileges without himself abjuring any, — in short, he wanted "popular absolutism", after the fashion of Frederick the Great. Only he forgot that a century had gone by since then.

Conflict

Bismarck was an oppression on his realm. For a decade no political intelligence had dared to raise its head, unless prepared to defy him; thus the best brains the opposition were repressed, instead ripening to potential authority. Jus could the young Prince say, "I have Ministers, they are all Prince Bismarc Ministers." If he interrogated one, sought to stimulate another, always was met by the embarrassed answer t the matter must first of all be laid bef the Prince.

No longer had the latter any frien nobody loved the old man. Even Rc and Moltke, with whom he stood depic in bronze and paint before the nati were estranged from him. Even his c family trembled before him. They w the only ones he loved, the only ones w loved him. When the old Prince in old fashioned coat, with a white neckcl twisted round his throat instead of cravat, lay on his chaise-longue, hims gigantic, his black dog gigantic, pencil with which he knocked the B about gigantic; when his small spou always pale, always coughing, sat by side, her head still partially dark abc the diamond earrings, ever solicitous, full of hatreds as he was himself, — th woe betide the grown-up son if he c turbed them by an unconsidered word

The autocrat had violently threate his eldest son, when he wanted to ma the beautiful Princess von Carolath, w from her connections and repute w unwelcome to his father; he was ready, Herbert reported to a friend, "to st with me for Venice, where the lady w and so prevent me from entering into engagement of marriage; for he said was more important to him than whole Empire and all its affairs, and wl remained to him of his life!" Inevital this son, his life overshadowed by father, his dream of love destroy showed an aggravated form of the herited misanthropy; his native rugg ness, not to say rudeness, reigned, and he everywhere represented his father, took that father's tyranny as his mod without possessing the fascination the aureole of the former's legend fame. And so Herbert too was hated.

The old man brooded with patriarc intensity over the future of his proge and when he encouraged Herbert's frie ship with the heir to the throne it w because he wanted to assure the future

his house against all contingencies. This is a cardinal clue to his actions in his last years of office, — to bequeath the power which was only lent him, as the Mayors of the Palace had done in the Middle Ages; to obtain by strategy the one thing that differentiated him from reigning princes; to leave his first-born the authoritative office with security.

Therefore his sons, as Secretary of State or President of Council, had to obey him as if they had been under age. The least thing infuriated the old man; if a servant said Count Bill was not in the house, and the father came across him afterwards, he would foam with rage, and waving his arms about cry: "Come here at once, I want you!"

So latent revolt was slowly seething among his principal officials; everyone panted for emancipation from the tyrant. Where would they more surely find it than with the new master?

Imperial Luxury

The Palace with its rows of glittering windows, with its Palace-Guard, lines of sentries, Empress' Body-Guard, standards, weapons, Orders: everything in it was changed or renovated by the new master, everything ministered to the glory of the Highest, even the servants' children. Away with the ugly old-Prussian dress-coat! How much more imaginative were knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, three-cornered hats! Everyone extolled the new dress-regulations. What then can the Emperor have felt at the report of a session in which Bismarck cut down the scheme for the new Court-dress, and moved an urgent representation against it! "Untimely, unfitting, politically detrimental, for this remarkable costume draws a distinction between Court-Society and the rest of mankind. This expensive dress, worn in our country by none but lackeys, deprives its wearers of all dignity." Easy to see, thought the Emperor, that he's nothing but a grumpy old man.

A Royal Train was needed for the constant journeyings. Twelve carriages, a *wagon-salon* in three divisions; a large room in the centre, two smaller ones; blue silk upholstery, divan, chandeliers; a carriage for the Civil and Military Cabinets; royal kitchen, domestics. For the entries, — since the great German cities must all see their ruler at least once, — he had a Body-Guard, wore a gold helmet, always looked serious, the ever-smiling Empress following him in an open carriage. The German people liked all this.

They willingly paid the price. Five months after his accession the monarch demanded an increase of six millions a year in his stipend. What? Yet another objection from the Chancellor? Yes. He was "very much disturbed; he considered the demand as a whole untimely and exaggerated; he thought that the debate in the Landtag ought to last no more than five minutes, for any discussion would impair the prestige of the Crown, and a rejection would oblige the Cabinet to resign." Had one better wait awhile? Had one not great expenses for the two widowed Empresses, for the children of the Emperor? Unfortunately all the world knew how much the old Emperor had contrived to save.

In the second year, the Imperial yacht, — four-and-a-half millions, designated in the State-paper as "pattern for the Grand Squadron"; then, to the consternation of the representatives, described by the Kaiser at the launching as a pleasure-boat for himself and his family, whereof the armament was to serve "more as decoration". On his first trip to Vienna and Rome the Emperor took with him as presents: eighty diamond-rings, a hundred and fifty silver orders, fifty breast-pins, three gold photograph-frames, thirty gold watches and chains, a hundred caskets, and twenty diamond-set Orders of the Eagle. That was the way to be popular everywhere.

As early as the second year, his friend and votary Waldersee declared that the zenith had been reached; "quite gradually there is growing a certain disillusionment; his frequent journeys, his restless activity, his numerous interests have their natural consequence in a lack of thoroughness. The Cabinet Ministers complain that they can only with difficulty obtain an audience, and that then everything has to be settled too cursorily and hastily. The Ministers feel that the Emperor ought to express a considered opinion on their proposals; this however he almost never does."

The Crown Council

A Crown-Council in the Palace at Berlin, January '90, — the Emperor and Bismarck in uniform, the Ministers in their embroidered coats. The Emperor speaks: — "The employers have squeezed the men like lemons, and then let them rot on the dung-heaps. And so the working-man has come to reflect that he is not a mere machine, and claims his share in the profits created by him. But his relations to the employer must be that of a colleague. These strikes are a proof that there is no sympathy whatever between the two parties; thence the increase of Social-Democracy. The modicum of truth which underlies that teaching will be forgotten, and the anarchists will gain the upper hand. Just as a regimental company goes to pieces if the captain takes no interest in it, so it is with industry. In the next strike the men will be better organized and stimulated to a higher pitch; then there will be upheavals, which we shall be obliged to shoot down.

"But it would be terrible if I had to stain the first years of my reign with the blood of my subjects. Everyone who means well by me will do his utmost to avert such a catastrophe. I intend to be *le roi des gueux!* My subjects shall know that their King is concerned for their welfare. . . . We must oppose International Social-Democracy with an international compact. Switzerland did not succeed in that. But if the German Emperor convokes a similar conference it will be quite a different affair. . . . My desires are based upon the information and deliberations of authoritative persons: Privy-Councillor Hinzpeter, Count Douglas, von Heyden. . . . And so I have spent two nights in framing proposals. I desire to have drafts, based upon these, of an edict worded in a spirit of warm good-will, so that I may promulgate it on the day after to-morrow, which will be my birthday."

Is not this a modern monarch? A friend of the people, who inquires not of class or possessions? An enemy of the bureaucrats, with his ear open to every solicitant? The age of force and fire-arms has gone by. Reason and persuasion are to draw the classes together. In the van of civilization, the German Emperor President of a European Congres marches into the twentieth centur What are the first effects? Has he carri away the Ministers? "With increasi bewilderment," says Lucius, "we sat a listened: who could have filled him u with these ideas?"

Bismarck knows who it is. The "autho itative persons", whom the Emper has extolled as his constitutional adviser are, he comments, Hinzpeter, "ove bearing and crumsy, with careful avoi ance of any responsibility"; Douglas, " rich and fortunate speculator, who . . by cultivating friendly intercourse wi the Imperial children . . . had soug to obtain an influential position with t sovereign," and had written an enth siastic article about him which he let hi see before it was printed, thus gaining t title of Count. Then Heyden, at one tim an official of the mines, now a painte who "based his knowledge of the subje on his intercourse with an old miner fro the Wedding region, whom he used a model for beggars and prophets, an from whose conversation he then dre the materials for legislative reaction."

"A Slippery Path"

From these reflections the old man recalled to his duty by the Emperor inquiry as to his opinion. Slowly does h lift his giant form, as slowly does h speak, with self-restraint, and puts th counter-question: Against whom is th working-man, forbidden to work o Sundays and at night, — against who or what is he verily being protected? Is not against his own desire, — his desi for work? His wage will decrease, h discontent proportionately increase. Ge man industry will be depreciated by th deficit to the extent of fourteen per cen hence will no longer be able to compet with the foreigner. "Indulgence wi infinitely increase the rapacity of th masses. Generally speaking, it is im possible to satisfy the working-man Even the Tsar of Russia, with all hi power, could not achieve it! God alon is capable of discharging that task to th working-man's satisfaction! But first o all we should consider the forthcomin elections: the owners would be irritated the Socialists encouraged. . . . We sha

perplex the electors, when we should properly make them aware of the presence of an enemy in their midst. We shall be setting foot upon a slippery path. I foresee peril to the monarchy."

Painful silence. Has the voice been heard? Is this only the contest between age and youth, self-preservation and development? Has not the Emperor uttered the catchwords of the new epoch, the Chancellor those of the old? Does he know nothing better against the threatening peril than to invoke the Tsar and God? Or is it only that the young ruler likes to intoxicate himself with fine phrases about national well-being, while demanding inspired edicts from his Ministers? Just now he controls himself; very courteously he says: "Of course I am very far from measuring my insignificant experience against Your Serene Highness's abundant knowledge.

"If there should be uproar and bloodshedding, Your Majesty, it will not be your fault, but that of the revolutionaries. We shall scarcely get through without blood, if we draw back. The later resistance sets in, the more forcible it will necessarily have to be."

The Emperor: "But in any case, we must meet the Reichstag half-way!"

Bismarck: "That means capitulation. With my special knowledge, it is my duty to advise against this. Since I entered the Government, the Royal authority has steadily increased. But such a retreat would be the first false step, and that in the direction of a temporarily convenient, but perilous parliamentary authority. . . . If Your Majesty attaches no weight to my counsels, I do not think that I can remain in my place."

Dilemma

As haughtily as this Bismarck had never spoken to his old sovereign. In claiming the enhancement of the Royal authority as his achievement, he emphasizes his own authority and refuses to weaken the one by means of the other. Then he tenders his resignation. "Never!" the old Emperor had written on one of these requests, whereby Bismarck had always got his way in the end. Will the grandson answer him with the same word?

The grandson is silent, bites his lips, controls himself anew, only saying half-aloud to Bötticher, with whom he has evidently talked it all over beforehand: "That puts me in a dilemma!" Pause. "I beg these gentlemen for their opinion."

Before the whole Cabinet, then, the old man has tendered his resignation; before the whole Cabinet the young man has left him unanswered and turned to the other Ministers; he could not have acted more adroitly, nor Bismarck more incautiously.

Silently the eight men sit around the oval green table; none sympathizes with the veteran whom all hate, all sympathize with the Emperor, whose good intentions, whose ardent impulses, are to expire under such a cold shower-bath. Yet not one, sitting there, directly interrogated, dares to speak out in the young ruler's defense. It is he who stands for power in the state, he alone gives and takes the portfolio of office; even the Chancellor he can dismiss, and has not returned a *no* to the threat but now enunciated. But Bismarck's personality, and the fear of his wrath, are so potent that everyone takes his part, — even Bötticher ventures only a feeble effort at mediation.

The Emperor is furious, — in open session he has been put down! Nevertheless he again controls himself, and while going, shakes the Prince by the hand.

Bismarck Storms

After the Crown-Council both champions felt defeated. The Emperor, wounded in his vanity, shook his fist in the face of the Minister of War: "Why did you leave me in the lurch? You all looked as if you'd been flogged! What had he said to you beforehand?" Bismarck lay ailing on his sofa, complained of the Ministers' alienation from him, ta ked of these things to everyone who would listen; the manly advice of his second son, to resign without delay, he angrily rejected; then again reviled Bötticher. During these weeks his moods and tempers were no different from those of his opponent, the monarch.

Two days after the Crown-Council, he suddenly made a most loyal declaration in the Cabinet: "The moods of a monarch are like good and bad weather; one takes an umbrella and gets wet all the same. I venerate in the Emperor the son of his forefathers, and my sovereign. . . . We could not possibly suffer a camarilla of

irresponsible advisers. . . . So I think we will coöperate."

In the meantime the Ministers had secretly deserted him; and when in the following week, on the 31st, he opened a new session, all of them had decided upon the position they would take: this day saw the beginning of the end of Bismarck. When he proposed a revision of the edicts, he met with opposition. Nobody had ventured on this at the Crown-Council, although the Emperor had looked around the oval table for aid; now, the monarch absent, Bötticher and the War-Minister who had been threatened by the Emperor declared: "We must not displease the Emperor. . . . We must produce something that will satisfy His Majesty." This vote, as they knew, would become known to the Emperor, and would assure their careers.

Open opposition? And that upon no practical grounds? The old man flamed forth: "For a Minister to conceal from his Sovereign that in his opinion he is entering upon a path which will be perilous to the State, is half-way to high treason! If we are always to do only the Emperor's bidding, eight subalterns would be as much good in our places as the Ministry of State here present!"

A stir: enter an aide-de-camp; for the second time the monarch, unannounced, with clinking spurs, appeared before the Session, which was quickly closed. Later, Bismarck to the Emperor: "It was only in obedience to your behest that I drafted these edicts, feeling, as a still active functionary, constrained to do so. I decidedly advise against this step, and would request that the papers be here and now consigned to the flames." Never before had he spoken thus, not even when, unknown, untried, a stranger, he had first taken office, — nay, then least of all.

"No, no!" cried the Emperor, and signed "with a certain haste". The Chancellor refused his counter-signature.

The First Industrial Council

The first edict announced a Social Conference of the Powers; the second promised Labor a statute, soundly and unrevolutionarily conceived, whereby the workers "should, through their representatives, have a voice in the regulation of such matters as affected them, t directly watching over their own intere in negotiations with the employers a the instruments of Government . . . order to facilitate a free and pac expression of their views."

By this proclamation the Empe signing alone, could claim the distinct of having been the first monarch enunciate to the world, thirty years bef its establishment, the idea of an Indust Council. Here, beyond question, he s rightly: Bismarck, beyond questi wrongly.

Proudly that evening did he show edicts to his guests, but laid bare personal motives in the naïve wor "The men shall see that I think for them Next day, the democratic papers plauded the Emperor for at last lend an ear to new advisers. Nevertheless, first effect was confusion: in several tow the men, appealing to the Imperial wor demanded an immediate increase wages; in the Rhineland the Miners' Un claimed instant disappropriation of mines in the workers' favor.

Despite all this, the Emperor w exalted: "The old man is knuckling und I'll leave him a few weeks to recover breath, — then I govern!" Bismarck, w did not hear these words to the group intimates, divined the mood they stc for, and said, in the course of a conver tion, towards the end of February: "I f I am in Your Majesty's way." T Emperor was silent, — that meant agreed.

Whereupon Bismarck suggested, *à l'a able*, the possibility of his resignati from all Prussian Offices, reverting to old part of Foreign Minister. The Empe nodded; then he asked, nowise emb rassed: "But you would see the Ar Bills through the Reichstag for me the same?"

With wounded feelings the Chancel left the Palace. When, the next day, hinted at his semi-retirement to his c leagues, he beheld them "silent, wi various expressions of countenance Bötticher only, who as good as had t succession to the Prussian Offices in pocket, put this question of statesma ship: "Suppose I were Premier, shou I take precedence at Court before or af Major-General von Pape?"

Afterwards the old man said wearily to his son: "The Emperor wants to get rid of me . . . and my colleagues all say 'Ouf!' at the prospect, relieved, and well-satisfied."

While the Emperor in his turn grew more and more dejected, the old man was arming himself. The Emperor had lost his first election: this thought rejuvenated the champion hater, while the new situation spurred him to a fresh encounter. Now he could not resign, he told the Emperor; "after this election, the consequence of your edicts, we shall have to strengthen the laws against Socialism, bring forward the Big Army Bill, — if necessary, alter the suffrage, disfranchising the Socialists on the ground that they are enemies of the State."

Bismarck's Threats

The Emperor, in the ultimate throes of his conscience: "But I cannot reply to the desires of my subjects with matchlocks! I won't be called the Grape-shot King, like my grandfather!"

Bismarck, excitedly: "Better sooner than later. Social Democracy cannot be reformed out of existence, — so some day it will have to be shot out of existence."

The Emperor, completely upset: "I will not wade in blood!"

Bismarck, adamant: "Your Majesty will have to go in all the deeper, if you draw back now. At all events, I could not any longer shoulder the responsibility."

Uttering this third threat, the old man felt conscious of his strength, because he could read the Emperor's heart. He saw before him no philanthropist; only a conscience already appeased by its first futile gesture. Had not the Chancellor mentioned the Army Bill? thought the Emperor, and felt his Guards encircling him again. Eighty thousand men! And he caught Bismarck's hand at parting, reiterating Bismarck's favorite motto: "No Surrender!" Now, because he needed the strong hand, the Emperor clung hard to Bismarck. Assuredly he would never love him, — on the contrary: because he now believed him necessary, he began to hate him.

"He is almost intractable!" he complained to his friends. "He can't bear me even to express a wish or an intention. I reminded him of all I had sacrificed for him, my home-life. . . . I had to go through the most abominable scenes, because I trusted him, and my parents couldn't get on with him!" The Emperor thoroughly believed all this; though for years he had taken Bismarck's side only because his parents opposed him, he did believe in his "sacrifice" the stronger.

At the same time he was irritated by the Chancellor's vacillation; moods and tempers were not permitted to *him*. "First he wants to go and then . . . takes back his offer; I won't put up with that game. I mean to set a definite term. . . . His monstrous overbearingness has been the ruin of him; gradually he has got them all under his thumb, and it has spoilt him. But he'll find out his mistake with me!"

"Him I Will Shatter"

And Bismarck was no less ready to contend with him, — first against the Socialists, then in single combat against one another. While everyone in office, at Court, on the Staff, was intent on bringing him down at last, Bismarck himself, feeling his indispensability, took up the invisible-visible challenge; and that he might the better subordinate the Ministers caused every copy of documents to bear an old Cabinet Regulation, whereby in the year 1852 Frederick William IV had forbidden to the Ministers any official intercourse with the monarch unless the Premier was present. It was thus that the two men fought for power.

But Bismarck was fighting, too, for his own life work. "On sleepless nights," he said afterwards, "I used to debate with myself whether I could endure it any longer under him. My love for my country said: 'You must not go. You are the only man who can stabilize that wilful nature.' But I knew too the monarch's mental condition, which seemed to me capable of bringing about the most deplorable developments. The spectacle which had been presented in Bavaria by Ludwig II passed off smoothly enough, but in a military State like Prussia, a similar entertainment would have fatal effects."

Bismarck was wrong in his comparison: the Emperor was never at any time

mentally diseased, as Ludwig of Bavaria had been; he merely suffered, at certain periods, from intermittent nervous irritation, invariably followed by the characteristic depression; alarming enough at times it is true. Thus, he now gave vent to his rage against the Chancellor in a speech on the fifth of March: "Those who desire to be helpful to me are cordially welcome. But anyone who opposes me in the execution of my task, him I will shatter!"

The Great Scene

Bismarck was incapable of flight under fire. That he might master his master once more, he assembled all his forces, and ensured for himself a renewed majority in the elections. To conquer the Reichstag and the sovereign, to draw the one to himself by means of the other: this was a spur to his fighting instinct. After an estrangement of a decade and longer, the old enemy, Windhorst, actually now reëntered Bismarck's house. The Catholic enumerated his conditions for procuring Bismarck a majority in the Centre Party.

The Emperor could not bear Windhorst; hence the outcry over this interview suited him well. He ignored the Chancellor's proposed visit for the next day, announced himself (by a messenger who never arrived) at Bismarck's official quarters, appeared after his morning ride, towards nine o'clock, in Herbert's room, and sent for his father. Bismarck, who even at the best of times was a bad sleeper and lay late, could not but regard a visit at this hour in the light of a surprise-attack, and met him with ostentatious astonishment and his gruffest manner. As the Emperor, in his agitation, remained standing nearly all the time, Bismarck had to stand too; and so, for this half-hour, they looked each other eye to eye.

Bismarck: "I have to report to Your Majesty that Windhorst has thrown off his reserve, and has been to my house."

The Emperor: "And you naturally showed him the door!" (At these ominous words Herbert left the room.)

Bismarck: "I naturally received him as I . . . am bound to do with every well-bred representative!"

The Emperor: "You ought to have consulted me first!"

Bismarck: "In my own house I m be permitted to receive anyone I cho especially official visitors."

The Emperor: "You got Bleichrö to send Windhorst. Of course, — Jews a Jesuits always stick together."

Bismarck: "I am much honored Your Majesty's detailed information garding incidents of my private life. is quite correct, except that the choice intermediary was Windhorst's, not mi — but that does not signify. In the n situation prevailing in the Reichstag was obliged to make myself acquain with the plan of campaign adopted by leader of the strongest party, and the fore was glad that he consented to par with me. I know now that his conditio are unacceptable. If you make this reproach to me, Your Majesty might well forbid your Chief of Staff in war-ti to make recognizances with the enemy can by no means submit to such contro matters of detail, and my personal affa in my own house."

The Emperor: "Not even if yo Sovereign commands you?"

Bismarck: "Not even then, Yo Majesty!"

Up to this moment the conflict, — o few minutes' duration, — had swel to its climax with deep-drawn breat the old man's resentment, the you man's agitation, coming finally to point where the master and sovere commanding, the functionary and subj declined to obey. This was the point which the officer, — not only on bo ship, — draws his sword upon the re lious subordinate and is ready to run h through, no matter whether he is right wrong in his defiance.

As the Emperor was fully convin that his functionary was wrong, military feelings now demanded that this particular instance, after Bismarc last words, he should leave the house w or without adieu. Whether from fear respect he did not do so; but changed subject and, as uncertain as ever action, took back the imperious word command. Not because he was so c stitutionally inclined; only because blue lightning from those bush-brow eyes had struck him, did he suddenly a after a pause: "It . . . is not a quest of a command, but of a desire. It sur

cannot be your intention to stir up the people in the way to-day's newspapers point to!"

Angry Words

Bismarck, conscious of victory: "That is precisely my intention. Such confusion shall prevail in the country, such a hullabaloo, that not a human being shall know what the Emperor is at with his policy!" By this obstreperous piece of nonsense the old man lost his advantage, and gave the Emperor a facile retort.

"On the contrary! My policy shall lie open plain and clear before the eyes of my subjects. I desire no conflict with the Reichstag. The Army Bills must be cut down, so that they are safe to pass. I have asked Falkenstein to make sure of the most we can possibly obtain by negotiations." What a blunder, to blurt out to the Leader of the House how a General was negotiating with the Reichstag! Thus affronted, Bismarck was emboldened again to tender his resignation; only this time, he intended that the Emperor should bear the responsibility: —

"I have remained in Your Majesty's service only because I promised my old master to do so. If Your Majesty desires it, I shall willingly go."

For the second time the Emperor flinched. Why did he not grasp the nettle? Was he still afraid? As his nature precluded him from venturing an open attack, he tried a side-issue: "I — never get any verbal reports now from my Ministers. I have been told that you have forbidden it. Your Serene Highness must have resorted, in that case, to dog-eared regulations, long since forgotten. I must request you to abrogate them without delay."

Bismarck declared that the regulations of the year 1852 were indispensable, took his stand upon old times, and said: "No Premier can remain responsible if the monarch makes decisions on the advice of all and sundry." Again the Emperor had opposed him, but again without firmly demanding obedience, still somewhat embarrassed, — still under the spell. For the second time the question of who was to be master lay undecided between them. Bismarck was determined to be dismissed rather than let his adversary be relieved of him on the plea of tender consideration for his "health". But what was he to do, in that case, to indemnify himself for all this injustice? Was he not perhaps seeing him for the last time to-day? How was this young man to be humiliated? Ingratitude and disloyalty must be punished!

And suddenly he referred to the Tsar, again advised against the proposed visit, and took, as if to confirm his warning, some papers from a locked portfolio. In these, the Ambassador in London had recently reported some expressions let fall by the Tsar about the Emperor, which had reached the Court of England. The old man had lately perused the pages with satisfaction, showing his son the unpleasing remarks, and assuredly telling his wife of them as well, for she had longer than he been filled with distrust of the Emperor. Now he selected one, probably the worst, of these reports, and held it in his hand, turning over the sheets with slow, tantalizing fingers. The Emperor, always anxious about the effect he produced, and especially when English opinion was involved, felt that those were things rustling in the Chancellor's hands which he was not acquainted with, and was not allowed to learn. He said impatiently: "Well, can't you read it to me?"

Bismarck's Revenge

Bismarck feigned consternation: "I could not possibly make up my mind to do that. To hear such words could not but wound Your Majesty."

Then the Emperor grabbed the papers: in silent ecstasy Bismarck saw them wrested from him. The Emperor read. For the first time, — perhaps the last, — he read some truths about himself. He read that the Tsar had said of him, among other things: "*Il est fou. C'est un garçon mal élevé et de mauvaise foi.*"

Yet again, he did not fly into a rage; he seemed disconcerted. Before his eyes, as he read, he had seen the Tsar and his Court, his English grandmother and her son; his own mother, all his adversaries, knew of the slurring remarks about him; and there stood the man who had tempted him with the papers, — Bismarck had dared to let his sovereign read such insults! The Emperor's vanity had never been before, and was never again to be

so severely wounded. He quivered. Silently the enemy observed him.

He turned to go. Could he still give his hand to the old man? Again a half-measure: he took his helmet in his right hand, so that only two fingers were left free; these he offered to Bismarck. Bismarck escorted him to the hall door steps. Then the Emperor recalled his usual tactics, and just as he was preparing to step into his carriage, he leaped up the steps again and, before the servants, shook the Chancellor cordially by the hand.

At the Palace he told Waldersee the story, and Waldersee left nothing unsaid that could fill the measure of his wrath. The Emperor was glad to be egged on; he summed up, as if to justify himself, the troubles in the realm, and concluded: "How's that for a 'Great Chancellor'? What *are* his merits?" Now Waldersee dared all, and advised instant action; as he was leaving, the Emperor somewhat cast down said reflectively: "I think it will work out all right." Then he pulled himself together and cried, as he was fond of doing: "*Waidmanns Heil!*"

The Open Letter

As if for still another warning, a train deposited in Berlin the next night Count Schuvalov, arriving from Petersburg; the Ambassador was charged with the renewal of the Russian agreements with Germany. The fate of the realm hung on this understanding. Within the next three days it would be decided.

The Emperor, doubly enraged by the recently perused iniquities of the Tsar, would have done anything to revenge himself on him as well as on the hated intermediary. Were there no intrigues at hand to provide him with a pretext? Waldersee, ever resourceful, pulled one out of his pocket at the psychological moment: reports from the German Consul at Kiev, in a state of alarm over movements of Russian troops, — a hundred sheets all fastened together, the oldest several months old. Of these reports, Bismarck had shortly before sent some to the Staff, others to the Emperor. Waldersee, who had been on friendly terms with the powerful and dangerous Privy-Councillor von Holstein, ever since the latter had been working against Bismarck, procured the whole series from him, showed them to the Emper exaggerated the affront, saying that t was a deliberate withholding of importa information, — then added: "There h been repeated offense in this direction; is one of the reasons why the Chancell cannot leave his post. He has t often . . ." — the word "deceived" w inferred.

The Emperor's face lit up. He could f the old man with this document, — h was his revenge for the London despat He seized a sheet of paper, and witho any superscription indited an open lett to go with the documents to the Forei Office and be seen in all the bureaus wh such papers were opened in the course business: "These reports leave no dou whatever that the Russians are in f strategic preparation for war, — and must very much deplore that I ha received so few of the papers. You co have long since made me aware of t terrible impending danger! It is high ti to warn the Austrians, and take count precautions. . . . W."

The realm in danger! Old consu reports, whereof the particulars had l been made known to the Staff by spies, were to represent a disclosure impending war! To impart this in an op letter to the Chancellor, so that officials should read it before he did, gr and learn to venerate the youthful m arch, — what a momentous day for hi

For to-day, — he knows it, he alone all the millions, — to-day Bismarck sh fall! Vainly had he sent General Hahn on the previous day to demand wi drawal of the ill-omened old regulatio "That is impossible," Bismarck h said. "If the Emperor wishes to qua the orders, he will also have to termin the existing Presidency of the St Ministry. I have no objection to that."

"Surely some issue can be found Hahnke had smoothly answered. H when that ironic refusal was reported the Emperor, his patience, so he aft wards averred, gave way altogether: "I old Hohenzollern family-pride was arms. Now it was a question of compell the old hot-head's obedience, or parti once for all. Now it was simply 'Empe or Chancellor on top'."

In reality it was the "Russian w threat" which had thus inflamed hi

. . . Now he takes heart; this very day
e sends the General for the second
me, — it was the morning of the 17th of
larch. The General enters the Chan-
llor's room, summons up all his martial
trepidity and speaks:

"His Majesty insists on the withdrawal
f the order in question. According to the
port given by me of our yesterday's
nterview, His Majesty can now only
wait Your Serene Highness's immediate
signation. Your Serene Highness will
e good enough to be at the Palace at two
'clock to hand over your office."

How long a pause was then made by
ismarck has not been recorded. . . .
ery quietly he says at last: "I am not
ell enough to go to the Palace. I will
rite."

When an hour later, the Emperor
rives past the Grand Staff, he says to
Valdersee on getting out of the carriage:
'The business is in order. Hahnke has
een to the Chancellor; he does not
nd the order, but his resignation."
hen he enters the room in which the
taff is to-day to consider the settling of
actical problems; he is relieved of his
urden, here the King's uniform is every-
here around him, only loyal and obedient
en are to be seen. Here he will shine.

And in fact he rises after the Chief of
taff has made his report, and imparts his
wn solution of the principal problem,
hich differs from the official one.
Unfortunately," reports Waldersee, "his
erformance made a very poor impression.
very one of the numerous audience felt
e erroneousness and crudity of his
inions; so it was very regrettable that
e Emperor, over-estimating his knowl-
dge as he did, should have so exposed
imself. . . . I answered not a word."

As no one answers, he can return to
e Palace in high good humor. Still
thing from the Chancellor? And on the
retext that he fears Bismarck "may
ke steps which would disturb our
oreign Policy", he sends to him that
ening for the third time, — this time
canus, the dry, cool Chief of his Civil
abinet.

Moltke Opens His Lips

Bismarck has just risen from table.
nce the morning, much has happened
him and through him. While the
Emperor, as a theorist, was imparting to his Staff his remarkable solutions of military problems, Bismarck, as a practical man, had been trying to get the said problems out of the way. He had received Count Schuvalov, who had declared himself fully empowered to renew the Russian counter-insurance, and whose discomposure was marked on learning that by next day his old friend would no longer be Chancellor. Then Bismarck had expounded the situation to his Ministers, and he records with sardonic appreciation their chill passivity, — not one of them suggested a general resignation of the Cabinet, though that was the obvious course.

And now the slender Lucanus stands before the giant. Much more hesitant than the General had been in the morning, he blurts it out at last, without preamble: "His Majesty sends me to inquire why the farewell visit requested by him this morning has not yet been paid?"

Bismarck, as quietly as before: "The Emperor, as you know, can dismiss me at any moment; it could not be my intention to remain against his desire. I stand ready to append my countersignature without delay to a straightforward dismissal. But on the other hand, I do not propose to absolve the Emperor from the responsibility for my retirement, — but rather to give full publicity to its true source. After twenty-eight years in office, which have not been without their influence in Prussia and the Empire, I require time to justify myself in the eyes of posterity, as well as at a farewell visit."

Lucanus has moral courage; he dares all, and disputes the Chancellor's right to give publicity to such matters. What reply Bismarck may then have given him the Chancellor does not record, and Lucanus has every reason to bury it in oblivion; his coolness, writes Bismarck, gave way to a sense of mortification in the course of this interview.

While Bismarck, that evening, is drafting his document, Eulenburg, for years an intimate of Bismarck's household, is sitting with the Emperor: "They were hours of acute suspense." Dinner with a Duke. Then the Emperor: "Well, that's enough. Now we'll have some music — you shall sing. . . . We'll clear our heads, and think of other things,"

whereupon Eulenburg sings his ballads, chosen by the Emperor, the latter turning the pages. "He was wholly absorbed, thoroughly enjoying himself. His remarkably adaptable temperament did not desert him in these anxious hours. Only for a few minutes was the music interrupted by the burning political question, — the Emperor, called out to hear Hahnke's answer, sat down again at once by the piano, and said softly: 'The moment of farewell has come.' Upon this, we went on playing."

What dominates him to-day is the mortal fear of the old man's compelling him to a high-handed dismissal before the nation; no wonder he drowns his perturbation in music. But the veteran makes him wait half a day longer before, "pale and agitated", he has the paper in his hands at last. Six sheets, attributing to the Emperor alone the entire responsibility for his retirement: a document not till long afterwards made known to the nation. Instantly the Emperor writes, as though fearing it might still fall through, the word "Accepted" on the document.

Thereupon he forbids publication of this statement, and promulgates his own, which (in two handwritings) speaks of Bismarck's health, of the hope that his wisdom and energy may still be available in the future, and of the conviction "that further attempts to induce you to rescind your offer of retirement would have no prospect of success." Thus does he falsify to the world the actual causes, puts all the desire, and all the responsibility for this final step upon the man who has thus forcibly been dismissed, and seeks by the title of Duke, by an appointment to Major-Generalship, even by the offer of a donation, that is to say, a money-compromise, to soften the effect of a decision which he has not the courage to take upon himself. Strange figures that appear to Bismarck and his old friend Kardorff as the former's drawing-room door opens and there enter, with bland expressions and courteous bows, Hahnke again and Lucanus again, — yesterday grave-diggers, to-day bearers of condolence, for each has in his hand a rather large blue envelope; but Bismarck suppresses all malicious innuendoes and receives the Imperial script with due reverence.

When, next day, the Empero… nounces the Chancellor's retireme… his Generals, making no effort to co… his satisfaction, not one of them is sh… — except the old comrade-in-arm… the steps, as he departs, Moltke s… still a moment; the nonagenarian… usually compressed, open now to… "This is a bad business. The y… master is going to set a good … problems before us."

Relief

Meanwhile the Emperor holds … to the nation, and that in the mann… a popular ballad, ever agreeable to … ear. Despatch to a Grand Duke: "… as sad at heart as though I had los… grandfather over again. But we must… mit to God's will, even though it de… us. The duty of officer of the watch … the ship of State has now fallen to… Our course is the old course. Full s… ahead!" The German soul is very cle… appealed to here. It is told that all… was Destiny, and as it has a weak… for the tragic, and at the same tim… the strong man in command, it … diently acknowledges the youthful … at the wheel, there by God's decree; … is anyone startled to find the Emp… declaring himself openly to be his … Chancellor.

And indeed the general effect is n… slighter than the Emperor has had re… to fear. The House of Commons rece… the announcement of its Premier's re… ment, after twenty-eight years of offic… unbroken silence. The Liberal sh… welcome the removal of an "insurmo… able obstacle. . . . The nation will … reckon the 18th of March 1890 among … days to be thankfully remember… Among the high officials reigns a s… of emancipation; of one, Hohenlohe… cords that he was "as merry as a cri… (*froh wie ein Schneekönig*) to be abl… speak out at last. This agreeable feeli… predominant here."

Even in diplomatic circles (it … only in foreign countries, not in Berl… they realized what had happened … Europe. "Yesterday" (the 18th) "t… were amateur theatricals at the Sa… Envoy's" (so the Austrian Ambassa… writes home) "and I could not get o… my amazement at noticing that …

scarcely found a single group discussing the great event of the day. People were much more interested in each other's impressions of the evening's entertainment." This Austrian could not foresee that, on that evening, amateur theatricals were, in sober fact, inaugurated in Berlin; but he had a sufficiently ironical sense of the historic to send to Vienna, some days later, a visiting-card on which Bismarck had with a pencil crossed out the words "Chancellor of the Empire."

The Emperor exulted; his people had understood him. To ensure their peace of mind still further, he tried to get Herbert to remain in office.

He appealed to their old friendship, which had long since decayed; he even sent again to Herbert's father, asking him to persuade his son. But the intermediary received for an answer only Piccolomini's words: "My son is of age." Woe to Herbert, if he had remained! Bismarck had constantly striven to assure the office to his son; but now, in battle, honor prevailed over security. However, he permitted his son to remain a week longer, so as to save the Russian treaty, against which Bismarck's enemies had instantly conspired. When Herbert reported to the Emperor that Schuvalov declined to renew the agreement with Bismarck's successor, the Emperor wrote in the margin: "Why?". In that one word lay all his failure to realize Bismarck's authority in Europe; it likewise showed all the naïveté with which a youthful monarch believed he could accomplish everything by means of good intentions. "Why?" That is the word wherewith, after thirty years had gone, he still was to express, in full assurance of his own good-will, his wonder at a ruthless world.

But, astonished and uneasy, he did not fail to realize the importance of the treaty. For that reason also he wanted to retain Herbert, thus guarding against any impression of a revulsion in foreign policy. And now he fell into a sudden state of nervous apprehension; he caused the Russian Count to be awakened in the middle of the night, with a request to come to him at eight o'clock next morning. Schuvalov was alarmed; he thought the Tsar must have been murdered. In the morning the Emperor assured him: "Nothing is changed by the Prince's retirement; I am entirely in favor of the treaty. Please settle it with Count Herbert Bismarck, and assure the Tsar of my constant friendship." When the Tsar received these words by wire some hours later, he called a council of the Ministry; inquiries flew to and fro, there was another debate at Petersburg,—the treaty seemed a settled thing.

Hectic Zeal

But in the meantime the younger generation rushed upon the master's abandoned work, eager to destroy it as quickly as might be.

Caprivi, the new Chancellor, a General unversed in politics, was appealed to regarding the Russian treaty by the pessimistic old man. "Bismarck," so Caprivi relates, "asked me if I did not propose to renew the secret treaty of '87. My answer was: 'A man like you can play with five balls at a time, while other people do well to restrict themselves to one or two.'" No further confidences took place, for Caprivi, invited to lunch daily with Bismarck until the latter moved from Berlin, went only once; "for I had been witness to censures of the Emperor, and that from feminine lips, which it was entirely unfitting that I should listen to a second time."

And why Bismarck? Meanwhile Caprivi had got advice from other authorities; above all from Privy-Councillor von Holstein, best judge in all foreign matters, whose opinion was against the renewal: "It offers nothing tangible; but if it comes out, we shall be accounted double-faced fellows." The Tsar was not, by the treaty, cut off from France, while on the other hand, if the secret were betrayed in London or Vienna, it might break up the Triple Alliance and throw Germany into the arms of Russia once for all. Neither to Holstein nor to the younger Kiderlen-Wächter, who came to the same conclusions,—neither to their hearer Caprivi, nor to *his* hearer the Emperor, instructed by the new Chancellor in these adverse arguments, did it occur that Bismarck had kept the treaty a secret from Vienna, not because of a bad conscience (which there was no reason for him to have), but by the Tsar's desire; nor did it strike any of them, either, that covenants are based on interests, and

need not be broken because one of the parties seeks pacific insurances from other quarters as well.

It was something else which influenced Baron von Holstein in his decisive vote. "Thus," he wrote to a confidant; "we are dependent upon Russia's discretion, and Russia can formulate conditions for our further intercourse. The first would be: 'I will do business with my old friend B. and with no one else.' Do you grasp the situation now? Hence his hectic zeal!"

Hence Holstein's and his creatures' zeal! Now, when the crisis sharply separated friends and foes before Bismarck's eyes, those who had forsaken him could not but tremble at the thought of his return. The dwarfs, with hasty hands, were already stopping up the cave of their habitation lest the bear should again break in upon them. In these days, when the Foreign Office was watching the question: "with or without Russia" trembling in the balance, and every man was straining at the collar, even a Registrar could have his importance. When Herbert, still Secretary of State, wanted to remove all the Petersburg despatches, so as to protect them from the rancors of Berlin, he ordered the papers for the German Ambassador to be taken out of the Secret Archives.

A Fatal Blunder

"Those papers?" said the old Registrar. "They were taken away by the Baron von Holstein."

Too late. Holstein, evading his Chief, had taken the papers himself, and handed them over to the new Chancellor. And Herbert fell upon the old official with all his brutality: "How dared you furnish secret papers without the permission of the Secretary of State?" Whereupon there ensued "a most violent scene, in which Holstein became involved." To this oldest of his confidants, whose secret defection Herbert had long divined, he cried, enraged, before witnesses: "You seem to take me rather prematurely for dead!"

Next day Herbert too resigned: the conflict was abandoned.

The Emperor alone decided the question at last, after his own untrammeled opinion, — and with it, for the first t a vital question for Germany. The Chancellor, unversed in politics, w never in his first weeks of office made a Cabinet question out of a dec in which he himself must have g practical advice. Why then did Emperor change his mind?

Destiny Approaches

Three months later, in June, 1890, Tsar, isolated by the German withdr from the treaty, took the first s toward an alliance with the Fr republic, which had hitherto been pugnant to his absolutist ideas; and Russian Prime Minister soon after said to the German Ambassador: "W our treaty fell the barrier between R and France."

In this fashion, through ignoranc European questions, through the fessed incapacity of his chief offici state, above all through an intr against Bismarck: wholly, then, a result of the premature dismissal of master-statesman, was demolished treaty with which his statecraft bound up the security of the Em With prophetic insight, Bismarck w somewhat later, twenty years before World-War, of the double event: could not but regard this as a capri destiny, and history may have to it a fatal one."

He who decided all was the Empe When in those days he received Chancellor's farewell-visit and asked a his health, on which account he supposed to have let him go, Bism said quietly: "That is good, Your M esty." Then the Empress gave hi bunch of roses. He with his own hand three roses on the old Emperor Willi grave. When he was leaving Berlin, crowd rushed onto the station-platf There stood the Ministers and their Premier. The crowd had expected to the Emperor. Neither he nor his brot nor any of the Federal Princes, put i appearance. The only Royalty pre was Prince Max von Baden.

In the waiting-room, among flow unknown hands had placed a g wreathed around with crape.

TO BE CONTINUED

High Silver

A Novel in Six Instalments—V

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

THE first results of it all made Stuart Rivington angry. It was Erica who told him in answer to his question, "Why's my breakfast late, eh? And what's all the fuss, — a chicken dead?"

Erica put the tray down on the foot of his bed and helped him to raise himself, and tuck the napkin over his chest. He rubbed his hands together peevishly.

"Tristram's just come back from London, father."

"Did you expect him to be in Edinburgh, then?"

"Edinburgh? No, father, I don't—"

"Go on, go on!" he said testily. "What's it all about, there's nothing strange in that."

She was rather glad to have the chance to spring this news on him; it was getting a bit of her own back in a justifiable way. He'd be surprised.

"He's — he's brought Miss Swinton back with him." There now, she thought, I've done it.

He cocked his head up at her with a lifted eyebrow. "That's nice of him, to ask guests to my house without my knowledge."

"It isn't quite like that, father. He's — he's run away with her." She held her breath.

"Nonsense," he said. "Give me the tray. I've waited long enough for food."

"But father, what are we to do? It's a most dreadful situation. They stayed in London last night and now to come down here, — I must say the dear boy couldn't do anything else. It's very romantic."

"Fiddlesticks," said Stuart Rivington. "This egg's boiled too hard. Send the boy up to me when I've finished. I don't want to hear a disconnected rigmarole from you —" he smiled at her — "just because it's a nice little tag of gossip and excitement."

She returned his stare steadily. Frequent repetition of cruelty had dulled her capacity of feeling. She had learned these later years to accept more fully than ever before. All affection for him was gone. Duty alone held her to him.

"Please ring when you're ready, father."

Left alone the old man dug the spoon into his egg. Hard as a brick! Two hundred chickens outside and you couldn't get an egg decently cooked! He scattered fragments of the solid yolk about the tray to show 'em he wouldn't eat stuff like this, and then buttered a piece of toast and delicately nibbled it. He'd see the boy and ask him what all this nonsense was about. Bringing girls down to High Silver. Some harum scarum escapade, he'd be bound. Young pup and his baggage. Running away, indeed, like his father, he'r? Behaves like a Lauderdale. Rotten lot; rotten stock. He wiped his mouth with his napkin and rang the bell. Five minutes later his grandson faced him.

"Sit down," he said. Tristram took a chair by the window.

"Your aunt's been up here worrying me with some cock and bull story about you and a young woman. What's the truth?"

"I don't know what she's told you."

"That you've brought some girl back with you."

"That's perfectly true."

"Well, it's devilish considerate of you. Would you care to explain?"

"Naturally enough, if you care to listen."

Thrust for thrust this, parry and riposte. Stuart Rivington examined the palm of his hand, his lips pursed. And then his eyes flicking up he said, "I'm not asking you to amuse me, I'm asking for an account of gallantry."

"The lady in question is Claire Swinton."

"Don't be pompous. Get to the point."

Tristram tossed his cigarette through the window. This was like blow for blow this time.

"I'll tell you as shortly as I can. I went to call on her last night —"

"Where do they live?" A shrewd attack that.

"Earl's Court."

"Shepherds Bush way, isn't it, or Hammersmith? I don't know it. Go on."

"I called at Earl's Court, the flat is in West Cromwell Road. They live there because they're poor."

"Who're 'they'?"

"Claire and her mother."

"No father?"

"Not that I know of. I couldn't at first make them hear."

"Your unrelated pronouns confuse me. 'Them' are the servants?"

"They haven't any servants. I said before that they are poor."

"Very awkward."

"When I got in at last, I found Claire in a very queer state of mind." He related the rest of that sordid story.

"Therefore," he concluded, "I could do nothing else. How could I? That loathsome woman was drunk, dead drunk. Was there any other course open to me, when I love Claire as I do?"

Very intent was Stuart Rivington on the palm of his white and bony hand.

"Where did you first meet this girl?"

"On leave in 1917. Aunt Erica knows her."

"Did it ever occur to you then that the mother drank?"

"I really never thought much about her. I knew she bullied Claire."

"I see. I expect you were very sorry for Claire, and then you — er — fell in love with her?"

"Yes."

"You would."

"I think that's being unnecessarily rude."

The blue glassy eyes flickered. "I'm not rude, my dear boy, I'm merely pointing out facts. What's the next step?"

"I shall marry her."

"For love?"

"Good God, for what else?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Stuart Rivington, "except out of — er — pity."

There was a long pause. When at last Tristram spoke it was in a low voice. "I can't think," he said, "why you take such pleasure, Grandfather, in wounding people. I don't want to hate you and it's your own fault if I do. All my life you've drummed into me your cynicism and disbelief in the goodness of people. You are practically telling me that by marrying Claire I'm being a fool. You're selfish and malign and I suppose it's because life ha treated you very well. But it ha treated Aunt Erica well and she's not you. She's got twice your courage. doesn't grumble or complain."

Stuart Rivington lay back on his lows, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. His face, still as graven stone, gave no sign his thoughts.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," said, and there was no petulance in words. "But years ago, when you wer small boy I foresaw a moment such as t You see, Tristram, I cannot believe t ordinary Christian kindness, generos and the rest of the tarrididdles are of slightest use. We cram ourselves full comforting philosophies which are so m tinsel when the moment comes and m must realize that they are only men. I this dishonesty with oneself that to m anathema. That's all. If you love this and if your knowledge of earthly lov certain, go ahead. But I doubt if you re do. And you must, I think, take it a compliment that I have said what I ha After all because I'm your Grandfathe doesn't necessarily mean I am bound be interested in you. I'm myself and are yourself. I hope I've made my clear?"

It was perhaps the only time he ever so candidly stated his position, a now with a queer little twist of his lips sneered at himself for a sentimental fool. His pride, and he admitted it, p vented him from telling his grandson the disillusions he had experienced, of long past unhappy hours when the belo Constance was gone, of his enforced ret ment, and of the boredom of all his la life. He was and he realized it, interes in Tristram; he would have liked to mo the boy after his own fashion for the ma rial was good. Yet, he thought, for all enthusiasm, his record, his bravery a fine feelings, the flaw was there. I co have taught him that other courage, thought, and yet his own prevented m

But of these things he told no one. stead he pressed down the sheets bene his chin so that he could see Tristr better.

"I'm going to marry Claire and I right in doing it."

"Very well."

"Claire is downstairs, will you see her?"

"Of course I will." And then with another chuckle, "Oh, you can trust me. I'll be benevolence itself."

Tristram thought, Oh, I wish I could like him and get on with him. It's an infernal pity. He's so damned plucky and still keeps his flag flying with his hulk half shot away.

Claire was in Erica's bedroom, doing her best to attend to her toilette under the enfilade of Erica's chatter. She and Tristram had caught the five o'clock train from Paddington and she still felt half asleep. She was suddenly in the midst of this apparently peaceful household and she had caused a great commotion. Behind Erica Rivington's chattering she thought she could discern a shrewdness and a criticism which she felt incapable of facing at the moment. Erica was on her guard, Claire was trying desperately to make the best of a shocking situation. But it would have taken a very much harder heart than Aunt Erica's to have demanded the meaning of this intrusion. So small was Claire, so obviously ill at ease, so childlike and distressed that the older woman could only pity her and hope that good might arise from what to her conventional mind must be termed evil.

Erica went to her and with her innate kindness patted the golden head.

"We'll do our best, dear, to make you comfortable till we see what's to be done."

So, thought Claire, she isn't in the least reconciled to Tristram's suggestion of marriage. Perhaps she'll send me back —

"There, there," said Aunt Erica, "don't cry, poor girl. We'll arrange something."

Through her tears Claire murmured, "It wasn't all my fault. I've had such an awful time, — I can't go back."

Full of apprehension Erica asked, "Tristram says, my dear, that he's going to marry you. If he does, — can you make him happy, do you think?"

And what of Claire, trapped in such circumstances, standing literally on the edge of the abyss? There could be but one answer. "I know I can." And indeed, standing there by Erica Rivington, Claire believed what she said. She would try, she would succeed. To Erica this seemed answer enough, and she pressed the girl to her, saying, "I pray you will, dear, indeed, indeed I do."

Tristram outside the door called, "Claire, will you come and see my Grandfather?"

She took a deep breath before entering the Colonel's room. This, she felt, would be the supreme test. She was prepared for an outburst of temper, a violence of attack. Instead she saw lying in a scrupulously neat bed in an airy room, an exceedingly handsome old gentleman who regarded her with a look of affable interrogation.

"This is Claire, Grandfather."

She advanced shyly and held out her hand, fascinated by his fine face and the mocking little smile on his thin lips.

"This is a great honor," said Stuart Rivington. "You will forgive my inability to greet you as I should. I am almost a complete invalid."

She blushed and Tristram watching her, thought he'd never seen so sweet a sight.

He indicated a chair with an airy gesture. "Tristram, a chair, my dear fellow, for Miss Swinton."

The command implied a lack of courtesy on Tristram's part. By her manner it seemed that Claire was discovering this dragon to be a very harmless and indeed likable monster, and he remembered the afternoon when Aunt Edna had come to tea and how he and Edna had been the only people in the room at ease with one another. It was very much the same now. He's a cunning old devil, thought Tristram.

Because his continual analysis of himself heightened his perception of others, the Colonel could perceive in nearly every instance the armor of defensive self-deception in women. Nearly always what he saw was something secret and in a sense sacred. Scaife had once said: "I'm damned if I know how Stuart gets away with it. The women fall like ninepins." In turn the Colonel had said: "Scaife only knows of two classes of women, those that do and those that don't. As a matter of fact both these categories are boring. It's the might-possibilities that amuse."

He had a talent in determining that degree of possibility. His treatment of Claire was on similar lines, though devoid of sexuality in a crude sense. He knew she was embarrassed and dreaded any discussion of her mother because it was a private shame, yet in his attitude he at once

sympathized with her while implying full knowledge of that shocking lady.

"Tristram has told me," he said, "of your — misadventure. You must forgive me for mentioning it. Exceedingly trying for anyone so young and unused to the more unpleasant side of this world."

She expanded under his graciousness.

"I feel so awful, think what —"

He held up a forefinger. "The best of us," he said, with a twinkle behind the monocle, "have little lapses."

She felt he was implying leniency more to her than to her mother.

He became serious. "And you two want to marry?"

"Of course we do," from Tristram, impatient at the delaying of the climax.

The Colonel wagged his head at Claire. "These young men!"

She colored up again. She felt he meant "These young women!"

"And what about you?" he asked.

She was scarlet. "Of — course."

Through her embarrassment she saw him regarding her steadily, the mockery and laughter gone, his look piercing her defenses, reading what she had already determined to erase.

"Then I wish you good fortune, if your minds are made up."

As she left the room with Tristram she carried with her a vision of two steady blue eyes which it seemed knew more about her than she knew about herself.

That afternoon Tristram took her up to Libsters. It was to him a supreme moment.

"Oh, Claire," he said, "you're the first person whom I've ever taken up here purposely. It's like showing you my heart to show you Libsters in this way. I've dreamed and longed for this moment."

She gazed about her, thinking it all very nice but her mind still preoccupied with the possibilities from the morning's talk.

"If anything ever happened to Libsters," he said, "I should feel it had happened to me. I bring all my thoughts here."

"It's a very pretty wood," she said.

"I knew you'd like it." But on the way back he too was silent and absorbed in his thoughts. She was town-bred, of course, and trees were not so personal as they were to him. In time, with his protection and loving care, she, too, would understand. Not that she didn't understa now, — he'd probably made her ti walking, selfish —

A week later Mr. Bond married them little Appleton Church.

By the end of May the chicken farm w fully established and showing profit. F gotten now were the first moments of c satisfaction in undertaking a task so romantic. Success absorbed Tristram. through the winter months he had ri at five o'clock to don thigh boots and skins and tramp through rain and mist a mud to make his rounds. The Colonel H given Claire and himself three rooms the east wing of High Silver. They t their meals in the main dining-room w Erica Rivington. As far as Tristram v concerned, life was golden.

It was about three o'clock in the aft noon when a car, a little too yellow a shiny, a little too large for two people, d up at the gates of High Silver. Tristram Barn Park, hammer in hand, engaged repairing the roof of a chicken-house m leaky by the winter rains, paused in work, as the horn crowed outside.

He heard a minute later Aunt Eric voice: "Tristram! Tristram! Somebody see you."

Aunt Erica was pointing the way t youngish man and woman. There something familiar about the man's wal careless debonair swagger he'd seen bef But the first thing he recognized was smile. A charming smile set in a charm face beneath a bare head with yellow h

"Well, Galahad, you haven't change bit."

"Loftus! Where ever did you spr from?"

"My God! I hardly know. Your De roads are a maze, aren't they, Paul?"

The lady in brown tweeds and a leat cap replied: "Stinking."

Loftus leaned over the gate. "My w Galahad. Paul, this is Captain Lauc dale. We were boys at school togethe wretched place."

"I shan't shake hands," said Tristr "I'm dirty."

Mrs. Loftus ripped off her cap. "Th things are all right driving," she said, " — I say, are those chickens?"

Her hair was short, nearly as short boy's, reddish and wiry; her face freckled, her mouth large and good

tured, her eyes gray-green. In her brown suit she was tall and slim, a queer elfin-like creature, vivid and alert.

"Yes," he said. "They're chickens."

"You breed 'em?"

Tristram laughed. "More or less."

He studied Loftus on the way back to the house. It was extraordinary how recognizable he was, the mannerisms of fourteen grown into actual elements of his personality. In answer to Tristram's questions he said in a disinterested manner that he was a journalist and had only just returned from Cologne where he'd been special correspondent of the "Leader". It was interesting enough as jobs went but pretty hard work. He'd left the Army as a major in the Gunners.

"I seem to have heard you did pretty well, Galahad."

"Oh, I dunno. I joined up at seventeen, you know. Cut from Repton and wangled my age."

"Hear that, Paul," Loftus cried. "I call that pretty stout, don't you? Always the same old Galahad, out to fight the powers of darkness. Bullets were worse than burnt cork, eh, Galahad?"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Loftus. She glanced at Tristram keenly.

It was an unfair and unprovoked attack. He was being made to look a fool before this young critical woman in brown. To snub Loftus would only be an admission of shame; to answer her question would put him in a false position. But her regard was perfectly frank. With her customary directness, she said: "Some school-boy jape, I suppose. You're a silly ass, Bolty, and it's rather a dirty trick."

Tristram thought, Loftus has got his match here, she can beat him any time she wants to.

They went in for tea. Claire met them at a disadvantage. She resented the intrusion because she was busy and chiefly because she hadn't had time to powder her nose and attend to her hair before this very striking young man was announced. Striking was the word she applied to Loftus at once. She thought Pauline a little gawky and awkward. Tea was a chilly affair. Tristram at an opportune moment touched Claire's fingers beneath the table cloth, because he felt she was upset but at Heaven alone knew what. She jerked her hand away.

"You're down here for long?" she asked Pauline.

And Pauline setting down her cup said: "Lord knows. Bolty's bought a new car,—that yellow abomination outside,—and we're sort of touring about."

There was no implication of the blasé in her statement; but Claire construed the remark otherwise. She'd known so much poverty she was always on the defensive when faced with wealth. It wasn't a case of wealth, however. When Bolty made any money he simply spent it.

At quarter past four Tristram asked to be excused as he had to make his rounds of the farm.

"They have to be fed now, and I really must. You won't think it awfully rude?"

"That's the worst of a chicken farm," said Claire. "He's never really free."

Loftus lit a cigarette carefully. "Do you help, Mrs. Lauderdale? I mean do you follow the hens about with an egg-cup?"

"No, I don't," she said, and smiled back at him.

"I'll come with you," Pauline declared to Tristram. "I love chickens. They're almost human."

They set off together to Barn Park, Pauline swinging along at his side with long strides. "You're sure you'd rather not join the others? It's messy out here," he asked.

She shook her head. "I'm really interested in these things. Animals are so much nicer than human beings, I think."

He explained to her facts of feeding, breeding, incubating. She listened attentively and now and again chipped in with questions, invariably intelligent. He forgot Loftus's superciliousness and Claire's annoyance, talking to her, because she was so easy to get on with, so clear-minded and outspoken.

"I think it's marvelous," she remarked at length. "And it pays?"

"It does not."

"It's jolly good," she said. "I do think it's jolly good. It's the spirit of the thing I like. It doesn't matter if it's a chicken house or a Selfridges, it's all the same. It's the making that's such fun. I do congratulate you."

It was the most genuine praise Tristram had received and he flushed. "Yes, — but — I mean chicken farming's rather a dud sort —"

"Nothing is," she said. "I don't think there's a dud thing in this world if you approach it from the right standpoint. I wish Bolty would do something solid like this. He's always rushing from one job to another."

"But then, he's got the brains," said Tristram.

"Oh, yes, he's got the brains." She paused. "I'd give anything to have this show of yours, really I would. I'd make a corner in eggs. Oh, isn't it thrilling when the chicks are born?" She laughed.

"I'm a dreadful enthusiast," she added.

"You're a tonic," Tristram replied, and wondered why he'd chosen the term since it implied a need for stimulant.

He watched her take a tiny yellow fluff of wool from the incubator and he noticed how brown and lean her hands were. She's the last person, he thought, to have married Loftus. How queer it is, one seems to have known her always. He wrote her down as a jolly good sort, and later, when they'd gone he asked Claire what she thought of her.

"She's not nearly good enough for him!" she declared. "I shouldn't be surprised if she wasn't a bit — fast."

It was a vulgar word with a hint of malice in it.

"Good Lord, Claire, I should have thought it was just the opposite. She's not a bit attractive in that way."

"Oh, I don't know, — these hail-fellow-well-met women —"

Tristram frowned. "Did you like the husband?"

"I think he's very striking," said Claire. "I suppose they're very well off?"

"More or less."

"It was a lovely car."

"*She* didn't like it."

"Oh, that was just putting on airs."

He laughed at her. "Silly girl! But whether they're rich or poor doesn't affect us, does it? They haven't our wonderful happiness, Claire."

She sat looking in front of her, lips pressed together and a little wrinkle on her forehead.

Tristram leaned further over and kissed the soft white side of her neck. Even as she rubbed her cheek against his, she was thinking deeply. Now, as always, he was in a golden dream; she, so eminently practical, was also at this moment sharing a quality of his imagination, a quality color, not gold, but yellow, — yellow as shiny motor car.

She pushed him gently away. "I mu be off. Good gracious, it's nearly s o'clock. Grandfather expects me to go u and read to him."

"Oh, hang Grandfather!" His drea had been too abruptly broken.

"Don't be stupid, Tristram. He's lone and he likes being read to."

Because, when she had gone, he coul not understand why or how he was hur nor who had wounded him, he dismisse the idea of such a thing from his mind.

One afternoon towards the end of Ma Erica Rivington met Mr. Bond where th river Taw sweeps beneath the Bridge a Portsmouth Arms which is the station fo Little Appleton. The ground was sodde in the orchard on the left bank: it was day of ugliness below, of loveliness abov Erica leaned on her walking stick, lookin down into the turbulent river. Mr. Bon his shoes in galoshes, the thin mud oozin out around the black India rubber, hi hands in his pockets, contemplated Erica' broad back. He sighed and shook his hea

"All things come to those that wait," he said.

"I know they do, Cyril, but is there n limit to waiting?"

He took her arm. "I think," he said "that all of us try and judge such period by our own conception of time of waiting As far as we're concerned it may neve come in this world. We're getting on, yo know, Erica, getting on."

She poked a mole-hill with the point o her stick. "He was making things ver difficult again last night." The pronou needed no explanation. *He*, like th Almighty and Satan, was the pseudonym of Stuart Rivington.

"He's taken a great fancy to Claire an implied that she could and would willingly take my place. But that's not right. Cyril sometimes I wonder if the marriage wasn' a very great mistake. For all her pretti ness, there's something dreadfully hard about the girl; and she's very shrewd Cyril. I can't quite trust her. She ought t be very thankful for what Tristram's done for her," she concluded.

"Doubtless, doubtless," — he rubbed the side of his nose with a stubby forefinger.

"You know," he considered, his head

on one side, "Tristram takes a lot of living up to." It was one of his rare flashes of insight. He followed with another ray of intuition. "It's not fair to ask too much. One can only demand of the possessor of one talent, one talent only. There is no overdraft in the Kingdom of Heaven. One pays and one gives to the exact limit of one's capacity. God in His mercy can ask no more."

"You mean, Cyril — ?"

"He's a dreamer, Erica, for all his experience. He was as a boy. But she has no dreams of his kind."

"But she could try."

He smiled and took her arm. "As well for you and me to try, my dear. It's a type of mind and nothing can alter it. It's the stuff of poets and it's dangerous and nothing can alter it. There's flame in him, Erica, there always has been. When he attacked your father that time in the study, when he rode the horse, when he faced his tormentors the day of the cricket match. It's driven him like a fiery scourge. All his childish ideas, Erica, that grew stronger and stronger till they made him join the Army so young, running away from school. He loved this girl and Fate played him a sorry trick to force him as it did. I can see Colonel Rivington in just such a situation with the disgraceful mother, acting just as honorably, but somehow extricating himself. I can't see Tristram like that. I don't think any of us ever will."

"So you too, Cyril, feel sometimes a bit afraid?"

He blew out his cheeks. "I suppose I do, I suppose I do. And yet I envy him. It's pitiful and it's heroic. He's very fine, Erica, but —"

"But what?"

"I wonder if he's strong enough to carry it through. One can only think of Christ. He wanted to love the world, Erica, and the world didn't want His love. And Tristram's mind runs on those lines. He's got a tremendous amount to give and he may find none to take the gift. But one can't do anything about it. We old fogies can only stand by in case he may want us some day."

She patted the hand on her arm. She thought of all the love that he gave, what little return there was. "Yes," she said. "We must wait and see."

While Erica and Mr. Bond had been walking down Taw's valley, Claire was occupied in what was becoming an everyday routine. Colonel Rivington with his arms folded across his chest listened while Claire read to him. But it was not a book, but a bundle of letters taken from a black tin box, and as she finished each one she replaced it neatly and in order. Month by month it was becoming more difficult for the old man to attend to this business of writing. Often whole hours were passed in thinking out what was to be said. It was Thursday, to-morrow was the third Friday. He turned on his side and spoke to Claire.

"What'll we say in our letter to Roxborough?" he asked. "You suggest. I find it difficult to concentrate as I used to. It's this inactivity."

Claire closed the box with a snap. "Oh, tell him about me."

He peered at her round the sheets. "Tchk! Tchk! Little vanity!"

She laughed. "Well, he'd like to know."

"Perhaps you're right. Perhaps he would."

He examined the palm of his hand. "Chickens doing well?"

"Tristram says so."

"Why, I thought you knew all about them!"

She turned to him angrily. "You're not to tease me, Grandfather."

He chuckled. "Little cat! Why aren't you honest with yourself?"

And then he said softly from the bed, "There, there! Let's hear all about it."

She sat down once more by his bed, the pretty face filled with vexation. "It's — it's a bit dull down here."

"Ah! You don't like the country?"

"Yes, I do, but —"

"You find Hyde Park more — er — intriguing than say — Libsters, h'er?"

She glanced at him sharply, "Libsters?"

"Yes! Where Tristram goes to commune with his soul."

She laughed. "You *are* absurd, Grandfather."

"Not more than most of us. You'd like to go to London."

"For a bit, yes. I wish we could."

"Well, why not?"

"We can't afford it yet. But —" she leaned forward eagerly, "but we nearly

can. You see, there's an uncle of mine, — at least I believe he's an uncle, — who runs a sort of antique collector's shop in Museum Street. He wants a partner. If we sold the farm we could get nearly half the amount." Her enthusiasm drooped. "It's going to be a long time before we get it all."

"What's Tristram got to say about it?"

"Oh, we've often discussed doing something else." She seized his hand. "It would be fun, wouldn't it, Grandfather?"

"I'm damned if I know," said Stuart Rivington. But within two days he had entered into correspondence with the local branch of the Forestry Department, because he had an idea. Meanwhile Claire wrote again to her uncle in Museum Street.

When Tristram wakened a few mornings later, he discovered that Claire was already up and about. He could hear her moving plates in the kitchen. Bed was very comfortable and on the realization he remembered that to-day was to be a holiday. Claire and he were off to Hunter's Inn to meet Loftus and his wife. The postcard had arrived yesterday afternoon. "Come if you can to Hunter's Inn. We'll wait till one-thirty. Try your best."

There had been no time to reply. It had been on the tip of his tongue to say: "It's a bit of a sweat, Claire —" when she had said with determination, "We can get the nine-thirty from Portsmouth Arms."

He turned his face to the wall and attempted to sink into a drowsy contentment. Even so, he felt some small worry nagging through his semi-consciousness. He checked over yesterday's too hurried work. No, it wasn't anything to do with the farm. From the far end of the house he thought he heard the thin tinkling of a bell. Memory became actuality: it was Grandfather's bell. Quite suddenly he knew what was worrying him. He thought without a spasm of his usual hesitation: Claire and I aren't hitting it off as well as we did! And then: It's Grandfather's fault!

Claire was with the old man too often these days; they shared some secret and because he understood only too well the Colonel's attitude he grew afraid. What was it the old man and Claire found in common? Whatever it was, it was dangerous. It must stop. Claire was getting her head full of discontent. He felt sick with apprehension. I've been letting things slide, he thought. I must have a straight talk with her. And then, — Why have I wakened to this? Or has it been like this all the time?

He got out of bed and began to dress. As he stropped his razor he considered the situation. It was Grandfather at the back of his trouble, it wasn't Claire. Grandfather was the shadow that fell across everybody's life: Aunt Erica's, Mr. Bond's, and now his own. Grandfather was top-dog because he knew no rules. It was like a boxing match in which your opponent suddenly produced a pistol and shot you dead, excusing his conduct with the irrefutable logic: "Somebody's got to win and it's quicker to shoot than to box."

In the future he, too, would do the same as Grandfather. He'd drive boldly through life, tramping and bruising, he'd — And then: I can't be cruel, he thought. I can't do these things. It's wrong, it's denying all things lovable, denying virtue itself. I can't turn Judas. But I must speak to Claire. She'll see I'm right.

He finished dressing and went downstairs to the small sitting room. Claire had apparently finished breakfast. The tea-pot stood on the table and at his place was set a plate of eggs and bacon. He noticed an envelope lying amidst a débris of crumbs where she had sat, and he saw that the postmark was London.

He called out: "Sorry to be late, Claire," and as there was no answer he sat down to eat. The eggs were cold and unappetizing, the tea sour and strong and only lukewarm. She's excited at the idea of Hunter's Inn, he thought, else she'd have kept things hot in the oven. There was no sign of Claire and the door leading into the larger portion of High Silver was open. She came in just as he was finishing his unappetizing food. She seemed excited and agog with news till her eyes fell on him.

"Oh, you're down, then? I rang the bell twice. We'll probably miss the train."

He glanced at his wrist-watch. "But we've a clear half hour yet."

She buttoned up her white glove without looking at him or at the table. She had on her best clothes, a navy blue coat and skirt and a little cerise hat. Her feet were trim in patent leather shoes.

"I put your suit out for you," she said, "but I suppose you didn't notice?"

He fingered his gray flannel trousers. "To tell the truth I did, Claire. But I thought as we've got to walk — "

She shrugged her shoulder. "Are you ready?" she asked.

He could not deny to himself her ill-humor; her pretty face was petulant and her eyes scornful. He reached for his cap and stick. "I'm awfully sorry I was late down, darling."

She gazed at him quite steadily and said evenly and calmly: "If your breakfast was cold, Tristram, it was your own fault."

He opened his eyes wide with surprise. "But —"

"Oh, do come *on*," she cried. "We'll never catch the train!"

All the way down Deepy Lane he turned her words over in his mind, slowly, and again and again. Claire's chin was tilted up, defiant and vexed. Her very back in its neat blue coat was antagonistic. But Tristram was lost in the impression of the whole of the overwhelming discovery that because he'd been late and thus annoyed her, she'd let his eggs grow cold on purpose. Its very pettiness, the meanness of so small a thing was more deliberate and devastating to him than if she'd cried: "I hate you." But there came no word, and they walked down Deepy Lane in silence. And as with each step Claire grew more passionately angry, so Tristram's misery turned to despair. Nor was she entirely to be blamed. She was over-eager for this holiday, for this excitement, and his apparent indifference or laziness in getting up had threatened failure. Very truly had Mr. Bond spoken when he'd said: "Tristram wants a lot of living up to." And life was dull at High Silver. There were no gay and lamp-lit streets, no noise of motors, no shop-windows royally blazing at night to catch the eye. Once she'd said to herself: I've nearly forgotten how to dance — and he used to dance so well. Her cry was relatively as pitiful as his "I can't turn Judas".

It was not her fault if she missed the glitter, born with a taste for such. And the manifold voices of the woods, the old rolling Taw, the winds on the grass and the rustle of Libsters' trees were to her only a vast and discomforting silence that to Tristram were sounds lovely and loud in praise.

Yet in her purse she hid two letters, and the thought of them almost appeased her spite. To be sure she had an instant's struggle with herself when, at the station, Tristram bought two first-class tickets, excusing the extravagance with "You'll be more comfortable, sweetheart. We've had to hurry because I was so beastly late." The Claire who had lain in his arms on the Thames at Egham cried aloud for expression, urging her to press her arms regardless of the bystanders round his neck and to say that it was all nonsense and didn't matter. But Claire of High Silver, wife of Captain Lauderdale and confidante of Colonel Rivington stepped between: "Let him pay for it and it'll be easier next time," said the latter Claire. And so aloud she said, "Thanks awfully. But we've plenty of time after all."

They had the carriage to themselves and with a two hour journey before them she relented. She relented even more, seeing his gratitude at being forgiven. The storm had cleared and the comparative calm seemed more than calm in comparison. Emotionally Tristram considered the sky very bright. Impulse had always ruled him: impulse swept him into his premeditated discussion now.

"Claire," he said, "do you mind awfully, dear, if we talk seriously for a few minutes?"

"Serious? What is it, Tristram?"

He fumbled for words. "What I mean is, — I don't want to offend you and we do see eye to eye in everything, don't we? Claire, are you awfully fond of Grandfather?"

He felt her arm stiffen, draw away from him. "Good Lord," she said, "what a queer thing to ask!"

"But Claire, tell me, dear."

"I like him very much," she said.

He tapped the glass of the window with his knuckles. "It's like this," he continued, glancing at her. But he could only see the tip of her nose and her red small lips and little chin beneath the brim of her hat. "It's beastly bad form to — to run down one's own relations. I don't want you to think that of me. And I know too that Grandfather can be awfully charming, especially with pretty women. But he's got another side to him that you don't see. I won't enlarge upon it, but I don't want you to get awfully fond of him, Claire."

She gave a short and rather embarrassed laugh. "Silly boy! What's the idea?"

He paused and then, deliberately, "I don't want you to see so much of him, Claire."

There was an ominous silence. He wondered if her temper would flash out again, whereas in fact fear was uppermost in her mind. "Why ever not?" she asked.

"He's not a good influence."

She bit her lip. "Tristram dear," she said, "this is all incredible nonsense. I really can't see what you've got against Grandfather. He's given you Barn Park for your farm. He sent you to school when he was hard up. He's a cripple and apt to get peevish and I don't think, since you've put me to it, that any of you are particularly nice to him."

His loyalty burst forth: "But Claire! Not nice to him! What about Aunt Erica?"

"Aunt Erica!" There was something like contempt in her tone.

"Yes. My dear, my dear, you know what she's given up, — everything, all her life, her hopes, her marriage."

Claire started. "What! Marriage?" She laughed. "My dear Tristram, who to?"

He flushed. She was being dishonest with him. She knew well enough about all that. She was only trying to ridicule Aunt Erica.

"Oh, Claire," he said. "Don't fool me, dear. It's hard enough asking you this."

Sidetracked, she fled to her rese ves. Tears came. "I don't know — I don't know why — why I shouldn't like Grandfather. I — think you're horrid to me. I wish we'd never come on this rotten journey. You're a beast, Tristram."

Her counter-attack was entirely successful, but he made one last effort.

"Dear, don't cry. Please. Only Claire, darling, why do you like him so much?"

It was the question she'd dreaded, had always known would come. The answer was very simple: out of the entire household at High Silver, Stuart Rivington was the only one who understood her, the only one who knew just why she had married Tristram. By his silence and cynical sympathy he had become her confidante, the only outlet for her suppressed twinges of shame. Stuart Rivington was the justification of her act. Gradually in self-defense she had absorbed as much of his philosophy as suited her. With him sh could laugh at Tristram instead of alon crying at herself.

Now she was in desperate plight: to te Tristram the truth could only bring dis aster, for there were no fine shades of ma terialism to Tristram's love. Therefore sh cried, saying, "I don't see why you wan to treat me like this."

Tristram lost all hold of the situation blinded by her unhappiness. The sight c her sobbing pitifully, her shoulders shak ing under her smart coat, the little ceris hat bowed low, wrung his heart. Year ago Aunt Erica had kissed him before th pavilion at Mostyn Haven. Then h could no more bear hurting Aunt Eric than he could hurt Claire now. So h relinquished his fight just as victory, ha he known it, was his. It was the ol eternal conflict, "eat or be eaten."

With infinite tenderness he took her i his arms, his throat aching with pity, hi voice unsteady. Forgotten now was an previous quarrel. He'd made Claire cry this was his only thought. He'd wounde her by insistence and tactlessness. He ha only given her tears — Claire, who had ha her full share of them. He was a bully an a cad.

"Claire, my poor darling. Don't cry, m dear. It's nothing to cry about. I'm clumsy fool, Claire. I didn't mean it. For get it, dear. Don't let's spoil your day."

And because she judged the time ripe t close for once and all this question, sh held up her face to be kissed. Thereafte they sat very close to one another till th train drew up at Morthoe. No one would have suspected such a tempestuous journey from the sprightliness of her walk, the in nocency of her eyes, as she followed him out of the station.

They had three miles to go along a dusty white road which ran along the cliff's edge The sea beneath them sparkled in the sun and over the yellow sands below the scal loped edge of the incoming tide was a lacy ever recurring fringe. They were once more all friendliness, which was to prove more treacherous than enmity. Because they had made it up they were over eage to prevent such an occurrence again. But the quiet was only a pause between two offensives. This time the opening of hos tilities was begun by Claire, though neither of them could have been convinced that

such a noun could be applied to their conversation.

"We've often discussed it, Tristram," she said casually, "shall we always stick on the farm?"

He stopped whistling.

"It simply depends, dear. I've got to make a living somehow."

"Mmm, yes. But what do you feel about it?"

"How d'you mean? Leaving the farm? Selling up?"

"Yes."

He fingered his tie. "That depends again. I'm really proud of the farm. It's going extremely well. Of course to begin with I thought it rather a dud thing to do. Grandfather was a bit cryptic about it. But what else is there?"

She searched in her bag and handed him a letter. He slowed down as he read, and then said: "Poor old Claire! I should like it well enough, but he wants capital as well as my esteemed services. And where's the money to come from. I can't afford a junior partnership."

"I believe Grandfather would help."

"What?"

"Grandfather might help."

"My dear, he hasn't got a bean."

She made no answer and they walked on in silence. The letter, addressed to Claire, had informed him that Argaud in Museum Street, Art Dealers, would be only too pleased to have Captain Lauderdale as junior partner at the price of two thousand pounds. "I'm giving you first chance, so let me know as soon as possible."

He handed the letter back to Claire. "Can't be done," he said.

It was queer, he thought to himself, that it should have arrived this very morning. If the capital was forthcoming he'd consider the suggestion because it all fitted in so well. Chiefest, in relation to the climax in the train, it would achieve his object,—getting Claire away from Grandfather, without upsetting her; indeed, giving her pleasure, since she liked London. As for himself,—well, Claire was first consideration since she was so much, almost everything to him.

"There might be a way," she suggested evasively.

She examined the finger tips of her gloves.

"Would you take it if there was?"

"Would you want me to?" he countered.

"Oh, yes." She could not disguise the eagerness in her voice; nor could he fail to notice it.

"Dear, are you awfully fed up with High Silver?"

She hedged because she could not say downright that the place was deadly dull and that Erica Rivington constantly watching over them was a source of exasperation.

"I can't see the farm will lead to much."

He frowned over the thought. The farm was doing well, and yet now he wished to believe her statement since evacuation would clear the several difficulties from their paths.

"It's not much good discussing it, dear. The farm wouldn't fetch two thousand pounds by any means."

She came very close so that her arm touched his. "Perhaps I know a way," she said.

He looked down at her. "How —?"

"Perhaps I do."

"But Claire — "

"Perhaps," — her small red mouth was parted in a smile but her innocent eyes were almost expressionless. "Perhaps my husband is a cross-patch who won't think well of anyone."

"Oh Lord, Claire, what *are* you driving at?" This affectation of speech jarred on him. "What's the idea, Claire?"

"Grandfather will put up the money. He told me so."

"He — told you so?"

"This morning, yes, before I came away. It's all settled."

His mind was a whirlpool of doubt. He cleared his throat.

"Tell me more about it, Claire."

"Well, he's going to sell something."

"What?" A sudden and chilly fear possessed him. "What is it?"

"Something to the Forestry people."

"Not—?" He felt his breath throbbing in his throat. "Not — a wood?"

"That's it!" she said brightly. "You see, there's an enormous shortage of wood since the war. I'm vague about it, but they used such heaps in the trenches and all that sort of thing, huts and railways. So they're paying very well for it."

He heard himself ask in a very natural and collected voice: "Do you know which wood?"

"Not yet. It depends on the market, but I expect it'll be larch or fir."

He wanted to giggle then, as he had years ago when Aunt Erica had stood in the sunlight in High Silver hall and Emily had moaned as they'd brought the Colonel in.

"Is that all you've got to say, — just stand there making that noise after all my trouble?" she asked impatiently.

"No, no. I'm sorry. Thank you, Claire." He moistened his lips, fighting down his temper. "Thank you awfully," he said, and he could not help the bitterness in his words, "thank you like hell, Claire."

He was sick at heart, dazed, stupefied. And then she said:

"Oh, there they are!"

Coming to meet them were Bolty Loftus and his wife, Pauline.

Luncheon at Hunter's Inn can be an expensive affair. It was to-day. Loftus set himself out to be brilliant as he could be when so inclined. Claire through a haze of champagne and spring air revelled in t treat. Pauline remote, but in no way ch ing, kept pace.

Tristram, however, lagged behind. T food was dry in his mouth, the dr bitter. With the coffee Loftus said, "I s gest a run in the car. What about y chaps?"

"Oh, lovely!" cried Claire, and clap her hands.

Pauline from the corner of her watched Tristram. "And what about u she asked him.

"It would be very nice."

By three o'clock they were streak down the road to Clovelly. Pauline sat the back with Tristram. Claire in fr chattered incessantly to Loftus. The bre fanned Tristram's cheeks, and brou with it a welcome coolness to his mi And then Pauline brought the quest he'd sought to make her avoid.

"And how're the chickens, Capt Lauderdale?"

TO BE CONTINUED

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

'Possum or Pig?

THE FORUM *stands four-square behind "The New Negro" in his literary as well as his economic progress. And it is a wise writer who realizes that glints of the old-time Uncle Remus "native humor" are one of the richest contributions that race has to offer:*

Before freedom there was a house slave very much in the confidence of the Master. But young pigs began to disappear, and for good reasons the faithful house slave fell under suspicion.

One night, after his duties at the "big house" were over, he was sitting before his cabin fire. From a pot was seeping the odor of young pig. There was a knock at the door.

"Who dat?" he asked cautiously.

"It's me, John," came the Master's voice.

"Lawd, now, Massa, whut you want way down heah?"

"I'm cold, John. I want to come in."

"Now, Massa, ah jes' lef' a lovely hot fire at de big house. You aughter gwan up dere an' git warm."

"I want to come in, John."

"Massa, whut you wanta come in po' niggah's house an' you got dat fine big house up yander?"

"John, if you don't open this door, I'll have you whipped to-morrow."

John went to the door grumbling about rich white folks hanging around po' niggahs' cabins.

The white man sat down before the blazing fire. The pot boiled and breathed of delicious things within.

After a while he said, "I'm hungry, John. What have you got in that pot?"

"Lawd, now, Massa, whut you wanter eat mah po' vittles fuh and Mistis got roas' chicken an' ham an' chine-bone pie an' everything up to de house? White folks got de funniest ways."

"What's in that pot, John?"

"It's one lil' measly possum, Massa, ah'm bilin' tuh keep fuh a cold snack."

"I want some of it."

"Naw, Massa, you don't want none uh dat dirty lil' possum."

"Yes I do, and if you don't give me some, I'll have you whipped."

John slowly arose and got a plate, knife and fork and opened the pot.

"Well," he said resignedly before dipping in. "Ah put dis heah critter in heah a possum, — if it comes out a pig, 'tain't mah fault."

Stepped on a tin, mah story ends.

ZORA NEALE HURSTON.

Harlem, N. Y.

Van Loon Gets a Rise

Two executives of the "Brotherhood" clamor for a come-back at Hendrik Willem Van Loon who, in this issue of the magazine, asks the pointed question "Do Workingmen Want Culture?"

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Van Loon's answer to the question "What has become of the liberals of

yesteryear?" reminds me of the tragedy that befell the traveler who died of thirst in the desert almost within sight of a water hole. The poor fellow didn't know it was there.

Perhaps the American workingman would have abandoned his low-brow pursuits and have been saved from intellectual starvation had he only known about "the good life" which the liberals "slaved and worried" to provide for him.

But grant that the worker has not taken advantage of such opportunities for education and culture as are available to him, whether those opportunities have come through the efforts of the liberals or otherwise, is it to be wondered at? Let the liberal gentry who "lead civilized lives in civilized houses surrounded by charming women and well-mannered children" live the life of a coal miner, a steel worker, an iron puddler, a common laborer or even a railroad clerk; let them work eight, nine or ten hours a day at a nerveracking, body-breaking job at starvation wages; let them stand on the picket line and get their skulls cracked for demanding recognition of their union or a nickel an hour increase in wages and they will understand why the mass of workers are so little interested in music, art, and literature. It isn't culture the workers need half as much as enough food to eat and clothes to wear, a decent place to live in and enough money to give their children opportunities for education before their minds are dulled and their bodies stunted in mill, mine or shop. Music is a poor substitute for food, and an hour or two spent in a concert hall or art gallery doesn't make up for the poor, mean tenement homes of the workers. It is only the rare individuals found chiefly among the Jewish immigrants, as Mr. Van Loon points out, who under these conditions have the capacity for "the better life". The great mass of workers, immigrant as well as American born, are victims of their environment. The exactions of industry and the restrictions that inadequate wages place upon the workers destroy the desire for the few good things of life that are available to the wage earner. Let the liberals get down to earth and help the workers in a practical way to develop the kind of education that will aid them in solving the problems which grow out of the economic world in which they li and move and have their being, increa their wages so they can improve th environment, shorten their hours labor so they may have leisure and ener to study, and the good life will follow a we'll have fewer disappointed liberals.

PHILIP E. ZIEGLER,
Editor "The Railway Clerk"

Cincinnati, O.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Lincoln said "no man is good enou to govern another man without his co sent". And that is a pretty sound maxi not because it is a moral preachment, b because it states a psychological truth No man *can* govern another man witho his consent; he can only enslave him.

It is just as true that no man can el vate another man without his consent; h can only annoy him. This fact Mr. Va Loon, self-confessed liberal, has at las had the perception to see, and I believ that when Mr. Van Loon gets over hi first romantic pain at the failure of th liberal, and begins to manifest his usua common sense, he will recognize the jus tice of this truth of life. Folks must wor out their own salvation. Or as Lincol was fond of saying, "Every man mus skin his own skunk." It's too bad for un employed intellectuals and uplifters tha this is so, but thus the universe is made

This does not mean that I don't lik the way Mr. Van Loon's article reads. H has seen with the clear eyes of a socia historian though it has hurt him to see and he has written frankly and simply.

Yet in the end I doubt if any man who has not sometime in his life been hungry, cold, weary, ragged, jobless, th butt of the law, the outsider, the homeless one, can actually understand the working man and his hopes and aspirations. This is no fault of the workingman, or of the leisured liberal. It is as inevitable as the failure of the old maid to understand love. You must experience it to have it. You must experience the workingman's ills and delights before you can hope to understand him, or what he wants, or where he is going.

H. H. BROACH,
V. P. International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

Washington, D. C.

Points for the Pedestrian

More about "culture and caste"; and the weather, too, gets an inning:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I cannot allow the Pedestrian's assumptions and conclusions as set forth in his "Footpath and Highway" last April to go unchallenged, for to my way of regarding the subject matter of his article, the working class as a class never gets its "fair" reward. The fact that it is better off than the professional classes does not convince me that it should be contented. If true that the working class is better off than the professional class that proves nothing one way or the other. The workers may be better off than any other class and still not get what they are entitled to get.

Your author says in part: "Too many laborers don't want to remain laborers." This seems to involve the assumption that all laborers can remain laborers. But I know many skilled mechanics who cannot get a job (cannot find a master) for there are more mechanics, more laborers of every sort than can find employers, and this is true of every so-called industrial nation. So what are the mechanics and laborers to do except to look for employment where there seems to be an opening, — anything seems better than nothing and especially is this true of the unemployed. So possibly there may be men attempting to act as salesmen who have no adaptation for such activities. Under the present system of production, relatively few men are engaged in the work of their choice, but this is seldom the fault of the victims of mal-adjustment. It is society's fault, and society is sure to have to pay the penalty.

DAVID BUTGESS.

Tacoma, Wash.

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Among all the weather jingles, I find only one that holds true in New England:

'Sunset at night, sailors' delight;
Sunset in the morning, sailors take warning.'"

The above is quoted from the June FORUM, page 923. It is evidently a misquotation for, as the farmer said when he saw a giraffe, "There ain't no such animal." Sunsets have often been observed near the close of the day and are often a source of delight, but at a sunset in the morning the sailors will more than take warning. They will flee as at the crack of doom, believing they have snakes in their boots, for such a thing will not occur until Gabriel sounds his final trump.

Sailors and others weatherwise have, for centuries, noted that in catchy, or showery weather, so long as an east wind continues there can be no settled weather but when once the wind veers to the westward that season of rain has passed.

An explanation of this established fact was lacking until we had telegraphic weather reports from numerous stations throughout the land. We then learned that our great storms (not the thunder storms) traverse our land from west to east requiring about three days to move from the Rockies to the Atlantic and during all this time there is constant wind tending, with circular motion, toward the storm centre. So long as the wind is in the east (paradoxical as it may seem) the storm centre is still coming from the west. When the centre has passed us it is necessarily followed by a west wind.

Hence a rainbow in the morning indicates a shower here and a bank of clouds in the west. "Sailors take warning." A rainbow at night shows a clear sky in the west, bank of cloud in the east; storm centre has passed, hence a "sailors' delight."

DANIEL STRANGE.

Grand Ledge, Mich.

Mediaeval Renaissance in Chicago

In "Alien Piety in Chicago", in this issue, Stanley Frost presents a Protestant's impressions of the great Eucharistic Congress held recently in that most "American" of all cities. Scores of readers have sent THE FORUM *similar reactions, answering especially Mr. Michael Williams who set forth in these pages in July "The Meaning of the Eucharist":*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Michael Williams makes more statements that are either absurd, or, to put it mildly, open to serious question, than I can recall having seen jammed into such

limited space. I refer to his article on the Eucharist in the July FORUM.

In the first place, there is ample evidence that the Eucharist was taken over from Mithraism. St Augustine states that the pagans of his day said that the Christian "mystery of bread and wine" was the same as the Mithraic mystery; and the "real presence" idea is obviously a later growth. Even the formula *Ite, missa est* from which the word "mass" is derived comes from Mithraism. The very word "hocus-pocus" comes from the "hoc est corpus meum". The odd thing is that educated people believe this drivel along with the peasants.

Mr. Williams states that Christ promised to be with the Church until the end of time. Quite so; He also promised "There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his Kingdom" (Matt. xvi, 28); see also Matt. xxiv, 34, Mark ix, 1, Luke ix, 27, Rev. i, 1, 3, and I Cor. vii, 29. Not having Mr. Williams's inside information, I am under the impression that the promise was not kept. Mr. Williams states that "to that Church He committed the teaching of all peoples, etc." If that is so, what did He mean by "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the House of Israel" (Matt. xv, 24) and "Salvation is of the Jews" (John iv, 22), not to mention Matt. x, 5–6.

"From this resurgence of spirituality flow forth practical movements," etc. Yes; the Holy Inquisition was nothing if not practical; so is the Catholic hatred of the Public School System. The Vatican is practical enough, no doubt of it.

HENRY L. HARRIS, JR.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with great carefulness the article in the July FORUM by Michael Williams on "The Meaning of the Eucharist".

As a Seminary graduate; a clergyman of nearly sixty years' active service, and a daily and critical student of the Scriptures, I have formed no such understanding of the Eucharist as that set forth by the writer. The study of the scene of the Last Supper never suggested the idea of a "real presence". It was just what Jesus intended to institute, a memorial feast a substitute for the paschal supper of old covenant. It was purely symbolic a you can make nothing else out of it. know that Jesus in common with Orientals used figures of speech to ma His words more impressive. At the ti Jesus said "This is my body" he was His body, — and was talking of His suff ings on the cross. The writer of the bo of Hebrews presents Jesus Christ as perpetual sacrifice before the throne God, and we need no other. The fiction an earthly priest turning a wafer into real bones, blood, and spirit of Je Christ is not worth a moment's creden It is the greatest delusion that has e been imposed on human credulity. T apostles and early Christians knew no ing about the Mass or "real presenc but they did know something about power of a Holy Ghost religion.

W. E. STANLEY.

Independence, Ia.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Another interesting article would be telling why a throne should be erected the papal legate to the recent Eucharis Congress in the city hall in the city New York, and the Governor of t state of New York as such and the may of the city of New York as such, rep senting the civil Government, ma obeisance to the papal legate, or for th matter to any other ecclesiastical repres tative?

A SUBSCRIBER.

New York.

AT CHICAGO

Would He not shrink before this vain display,
Who from the Temple drave the trading horde
And firm rebuked the crowd who called Him Lor
Avid of place? And lo, in frank dismay
Would He not anguished cry as priests hold sw
Glorying in faith perverted, whose red sword
Has slain its millions, claiming His accord,
"How long, O God, how long shall men betray!"
For once again they press upon His brow
The thorns and mask His service to the world,
In bold defiance mock His life sublime
Tricked out with Pagan rites, false then as now,
'Mid vast theatric pomps, cheap gauds unfurled,
As if some Caesar staged a Roman mime.

HARVEY M. WATTS.

Philadelphia.

Children's Book Shelves

Maude Dutton Lynch and her five children, "one for each mile," will be the first to appreciate this gentle protest:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The writer of "The Five Mile Book Shelf" (June FORUM) assumes that the possession of "twenty volumes of literature, art, science, history, and religion" would effectually extinguish a child's interest in other books.

Like the poor man who never did see Carcassonne, "I'm growing old; I've sixty years," and with so little left of my three score and ten, look back upon many mistakes, but here is one I did not make.

In spite of, — perhaps because of, a Children's Library" (that is not the name of the set) our children were reading Scott and Dickens at an early age. I found daughter at the age of twelve, reading Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, and when finished she pronounced it a "very strange book" and asked if she might have it for her own. *Hiawatha* I read aloud, with our-year-old son on my lap and seven-year-old daughter leaning against me. It was the despised "set of books" that sent son and mother into the yard at night to learn the stars. Are the hymns mentioned of greater worth than "The Spacious Firmament on High" or "Strong Son of God, — Immortal Love"?

Our children were grown up before "The Chinese Nightingale" or Rupert Brooke's lovely sonnets were published, but they knew Tennyson and Browning and still read them.

In this case the agent made a mistake in emphasizing only the "saving" grace of the books, but not every family can afford a library "where a child can browse and hunt and find things for himself", and if the family purse is limited twenty volumes are better than none.

There are many kinds of book agents of course, as there are many kinds of clergymen, teachers, and grocers; but after all book agents "are also God's creatures" as someone has said of poets. But this is in defense of "Children's Libraries", not book agents.

D. H. CAREY.

Chicago, Ill.

Hey, Mr. Priestley!

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read in your May issue the article by an English gentleman who thinks that writers in active rebellion against their time cannot ever produce literature. As an American writer in active rebellion against his time, I list a few writers barred by the English gentleman from the realms of "literature":

Aristophanes, Euripides, Juvenal, Dante, Michael Angelo, Cervantes, Molière, Rousseau, Voltaire, Milton, Bunyan, Swift, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Blake, Hugo, Heine, Whitman, Whittier, Tolstoi, Zola, Barbusse, Rolland, Gorki, Wells, Shaw, Nexö, Toller, Werfel, O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, Anderson, and, yours humbly,

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

Moist Arguments

Mr. Rutherford's article was not moonshine but TNT judging from the volley of explosions:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Towner, writing on "Prohibition and Caste", has given an estimable review of one phase of the case against prohibition. Due, perhaps, to strong partisanism on the issue, he seems, however, to have overstated his case in his conclusions. There is much public bewilderment resulting from the vast overstatement on both sides of the question.

"All prohibitions of things not morally wrong," Mr. Towner assumes, "have the same effect and all are equally and necessarily demoralizing." In other words, nothing should be prohibited which is not wrong in itself. To reach this generalization he implies that no drinking is morally wrong because some drinking is all right.

Now it seems true that legislation is stultified by its usual attempts to designate where acts of any sort lose their innocency and become bad. Mr. Towner has given an excellent picture of that legislative folly in respect to prohibition, but to conclude that nothing should be prohibited which is not bad in itself is excellent anarchy. May I ask Mr. Towner to designate just one law on any statute

book which prohibits something which is all absolutely bad, *per se*, and which under some circumstances is not found to be all right?

Or, let him apply his generalization to sex matters. "All prohibitions of things not morally wrong are demoralizing." Bang! Mr. Towner, let us have free love.

Now I do not believe that Prohibition on its present basis will work, and I believe that much of the present legislation is demoralizing, but I respect the sincere souls who are trying to aid, in one way or another, in the creation of a sane attitude toward the problem of liquor. On the other hand, I have only contempt for the insincere on both sides. We whom our neighbors call "Wet" will gain little by charging immoral conduct on the part of our opponents, just as they gain little by the same tactics. Let us be honest. The real reason we are "Wet" is because we like liquors and we like to have our neighbors have it if they want it. We are not "Wet" because the "Drys" are immoral and because dry legislation is demoralizing. We are "Wet" because we like it. Any man who claims to be wet for any other reason, sooner or later, I believe, will stultify himself in his argument, — just as badly as the legislators, and perhaps others, already have. Sane legislation after a few hundred years more experience will be possible and helpful.

JOHN CRIPPEN EVANS.

Havre, Mont.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Utilizing one's imagination to reproduce an actual life-sized picture of Mr. R. H. Towner's photograph in the July issue, you would fancy a "beer belly" influenced his opinions in the article "Prohibition and Caste". But, perhaps, his subject should have been "Prohibition and New York City" which might account for such a pessimistic attitude. You must be a fanatical wet to agree with the usual moist arguments, dressed up by him as facts now, henceforth, and forevermore. Undoubtedly, some of his opinions are true but you become skeptical of the writer's ability to discuss the subject broadmindedly when he gives no credit to Prohibition at all. He is evidently one of those citizens who is straining his efforts to condemn the Constitution rather t to assist the State of New York in obt ing a State Enforcement Act with which no resident thereof can give legitimate trial.

As a member of one of his un-privile classes, a World War veteran who ser overseas, and one who has emptied m than one canteen of intoxicating liq I must confess that Mr. Towner is spreading propaganda or persuading to vote wet for my sake. And, as a Do of Medicine, allow me to inform you any physician who does not bootleg allotment of prescriptions will, nin nine times out of a hundred, have a sup or can obtain a sufficient quantity whiskey for any patient who requ such as medication. As a rule, whis prevents very few patients from dy if prescribed. It is a temporary asse treating those patients who see "p elephants to the left of them, gr monkeys to the right of them, bl snakes to the front of them, and w rats to the rear of them, — 'On rode Big Brewer's Horses'".

Quoting from the Bible, Mr. Tow admonishes us to "Resist not Evil". should, therefore, allow the "Bunk 1926" to continue, acquit characters Whittemore, uphold all milk bootlegg and permit any dance hall to run twen four hours a day without restriction. T policy he considers as excellent p chology. If a saloon or a drinking pa of Canada were located on every cor of New York City, Mr. Towner would think of drinking. At the present time, rates an excuse for indulgence. So Is Y Old Man.

PAUL D. CRIMM

Lake Kushaqua, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Here is my vote of thanks for article "Why I Am a Methodist" Dr. Frank Mason North. It is an adm able putting of the reasons why Methodist church has become the gr power it has.

For an exactly opposite reason I w to thank you for Mr. Towner's article "Prohibition and Caste". For, if utterly shallow and illogical argume he advances are the best the "w

ropagandists have to offer, — and why ould they allow any but their best in ich a magazine as FORUM? — then there little need for "dry" apologists to plead ieir own cause. Such articles as Mr. owner's cannot but advance the "dry" use with all thinking people.

F. C. READ.

Browning, Ill.

A Merry-Go-Round

ditor of THE FORUM:

I see in the July issue that several of e Southern States have passed laws pro- biting teaching Evolution.

Suppose they do, — what of it? In 1530 opernicus announced his theory, or be- f, that the world was round, re- lved on its axis, and that the sun was actically stationary. Martin Luther de- unced him as "an upstart astrologer. the world were round and revolved, we uld inevitably fall off. As for the sun ing stationary, every day we saw it e in the east and set in the west. He is flying in the face of Science and com- on sense."

One hundred years later Galileo sub- ribed to the Copernican theory. As he ppened to be in Rome at the time, the urch ordered him to recant until it had ne to examine the theory and reconcile to religion. Galileo is said to have said, can recant but I can't stop the world m going around." In the course of years will all assent to the theory of Evolu- n if it be proved.

Bishop Creighton discussed the ques- n with a Darwinian. Neither convinced e other. Finally the Bishop said, "I will ree to one thing. If you will leave my cestors in Paradise, I will leave yours in e Zoo."

ROBERT LEONARD.

Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Now Look Here!

"Waving a bloody shirt" isn't even in e editor's" vocabulary. As for Boston and w York, we supposed everyone knew that y are merely two spokes in the wheel:

itor of THE FORUM:

I am neither a Klansman nor a Klan mpathizer but I cannot help being riled by Thomas Boyd's article "Defying the Klan". It seems bitterly intolerant of what its author conceives to be intolerance in the other fellow, and is filled with malicious, blind prejudice against the South, especially Georgia.

That ignorance is far too common in the South cannot be denied, but that it prevails to the extent that Mr. Boyd suggests, is far from the truth; in fact, there exists in Dixie a culture excelled by that of no other section of the nation.

The Editor of "Our Rostrum" also seems to be not altogether free from sectional prejudice and a desire to "wave the bloody shirt". In examining his column in five back issues, I found only two or three letters from south of the Mason and Dixon Line, but there were more than that from New York and Boston in any one number examined. Can it be possible that so great a preponderance of brain exists in those two cities? I can hardly believe that. It seems more probable that "ye editor" is a subscriber to the theory that "nothing good can come out of Nazareth".

FILLMORE CHENAULT, JR.

Sweeny, Texas.

Editor of THE FORUM:

There are a few citizens of the state of Georgia who find it not impossible to feel prouder of Mr. Julian Harris than of Mr. Young Stribling, or of Mr. T. R. Cobb, or even of Mr. Robert T. Jones. To these it is distinctly gratifying to read an article such as Mr. Boyd's in the July FORUM, "Defying the Klan". I may be overly hopeful, but I believe there are more citizens of this kind in Georgia than the prevalent legend would indicate, and they need only a leader like Mr. Harris to make them begin to stir mightily and rub their eyes and effect prodigies. We need prodigies of many kinds.

I think your July issue, in its entirety, the best of the year. I do not remember enjoying so many excellent articles and sketches in any one issue of any magazine recently. I think particularly of Pierre Coalfleet's little sketch "On the Riviera Levante" and an article on the privileged classes created by prohibition. Both are gems of their kind.

JAMES S. POPE.

Atlanta, Ga.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read with considerable interest the article "Defying the Klan" by Thomas Boyd which appears in the July number of THE FORUM.

Having been raised in Georgia I am naturally sensitive to conditions in that State and not proud of a great many things that occur there.

Mr. Boyd, however, has apparently allowed his animosity to color his article to the point where it is not only unfair but borders very closely on untruthfulness. For example, unprejudiced people who are conversant with the facts know that lynching is not "the favorite Southern pastime."

I do not know just who Mr. Boyd is or with what knowledge he writes on conditions in Georgia. After this article, however, he ought to make another visit down there among those genial people.

G. T. CUNNINGHAM.

Wilmington, N. C.

Youth's Indiscretions

"Is Youth Deteriorating?" two young college girls were asked: and their answers appeared as THE FORUM *debate for July. Letters censoring or upholding the two points of view have poured into the editor's office. Here are two. Others will be published next month:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

About ten years ago, Youth explained its vagaries with one of those variable wise-cracks, which went about like this, "It's all a matter of taste, the old woman said when she kissed the cow." It also explains the vagaries of the contemporary Youth better than does Regina Malone's article "The Fabulous Monster".

There is no better gauge of feminine values than that standard set by the Proverb, "As a jewel of gold set in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion." The author says that "if you go in for statistics you will find that prostitution is on the wane". I agree to that. But I cannot tell, from what follows, whether she means that it could be hypothetically possible that professional prostitution is being supplanted by unprofessional inchastity, or whether she admits that it is so, and justifies it by the fact that the New Free Woman wil be discomfited by bridal blushes. my observation that prostitution is supplanted by infidelity and incha but after all I believe it is the less the two evils.

Sincerely, I believe we are gettin idealistic. The real cause of our abn bachelorhood and divorce conditi that we are looking for an ideal mat ideal living conditions. There is onl chance in a million of finding those ditions ready-made for us. Either w not marry at all or in our questin unfaithful and dissatisfied. We need mon sense, patience, and fortitud make what we want life to be, out c clay God has given us.

Youth is not deteriorating, but because some of these surface form expression are signs of it to the old in the churches, women's clubs, schools, that they are *not* "laughi off".

LEE H. SMI

Hoisington, Kans.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your debate "Has Youth De rated?" as I see it is abominable. I lady who led in that debate were a f of mine I would seek to have her enc in a lunatic asylum or a sanitarium.

I fail to see how any person wit moral sense could enjoy reading erotic rot. Of course, I am an old m in my eightieth year — and I ma afflicted with senility but if so I v rather die of that than of a silly, s sensuality like that evident in this a

With best wishes, I am yours for t purity, and progress.

18

South Bellingham, Wash.

Have You a Baromete in Your Home?

A compliment both to the magazin to its readers:

Editor of THE FORUM:

You are making THE FORUM worth ing. If it keeps up its pace its circul will be a barometer of the intelliger the country.

CARL SANDBU

Chicago, Ill.

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of The Forum Book Review Board, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

Count Cagliostro

Cagliostro, by W. R. H. Trowbridge Brentano's, $3.50), is an interesting com-ilation of facts, stories, and theories.

Dust swirled, whips cracked, twenty-our hoops made the cobbles resound; the rowds huzza'd for they had been gather-ng on both banks of the Rhine since early norning; the wheels rumbled, the stout, live-faced, blue-coated, gold-braided fig-re glittered in the great swaying carriage. By his side sat Seraphina, his wife, spar-ling with youth, beauty, and diamonds. Bowing to right and left, Count Caglios-ro, the Grand Cophta of Egyptian Ma-onry, entered Strasburg.

No sooner arrived, he took up his lodg-ng in the most squalid quarter of the town nd at once busied himself untiringly in *oing good*. Charities, sick-bed visits, reatments, cures, consolations, a cease-ess stream of benefactions poured out. For his services he took no reward. Rich nvalids he referred to the regular doctors; he very poor he lodged in his own house nd fed from his own table. Such amazing onduct deserved notoriety. Soon as many s five hundred patients a day were clam-oring at his doors. That millionaire Prince of the Church, Cardinal de Rohan, later to meet such disaster in the Diamond Necklace Affair, began to flutter, a gor-geous moth, round Cagliostro's occult candle. But, according to the Cardinal, Cagliostro never asked or received any-thing from him. On the contrary, it was the Cardinal who reaped most benefit. A diamond worth twenty thousand francs, a present from his Eminence, appeared in a crucible before the Cardinal's very eyes. Against the wall of a small, darkened room a vague indefinite form flickered for a mo-ment before Cagliostro's wand; the Cardi-nal uttered a cry, — he had recognized the shade of a dead woman he had once loved. Friends of the Cardinal who lay at the point of death sat up at Cagliostro's word to ask for wings of chickens.

After three years of benefactions dis-turbed only by the malevolence of doc-tors, Cagliostro departed. He vanishes from history to reappear, again in glory, at Bordeaux. Again the outclassed doctors made life a burden for him. He moved to Lyons, founding there the Mother Lodge of Egyptian Masonry, with the Prince de Luxembourg as Deputy Grand Master.

Next we find him at Paris, enthroned in public favor, the master thaumaturgist of the age. Mesmer had departed not long before, taking with him some 340,000 francs as a proof of his success. But here again *Le Divin Cagliostro* refused all payment for his services. Living in considerable splendor, dispensing large sums in charities, paying all debts with the greatest exactitude, this greatest of charlatans seems very little to resemble his *confrères* in the trade. Whence came the mysterious fortune which supported his munificence? The problem agitated his contemporaries almost as much as the problem of his own origin. Was he really the son of Pinto, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and of a princess of Trebizond, as his friends declared? Was his infancy really passed in Arabia under the care of the Muphti Salahaym, listening to the teaching of Althotas? But we shall never know for certain who Cagliostro was. When, through his friendship with the Cardinal, he had been implicated, unjustly, in the Diamond Necklace trial, put in the Bastille, discharged amid the acclamations of ten thousand, and twenty-four hours afterwards banished by Marie Antoinette from France, public opinion swung without reason as much against him as it had been for him, and the view gained ground that he was not even Cagliostro but a certain Balsamo to whose credit little can be said. His fortune certainly came from his Masonic connections.

After this, luck deserted him; the French Government, alarmed probably by his *Letter to the French People* written in London, attempted to kidnap him; calumnies of all sorts pursued him, his moral prestige which had been the secret of his success, was lost. For three years he wandered about middle Europe, attempting vainly to revive Egyptian Masonry. Finally, in the carelessness of despair he drifted, still with his devoted Seraphina, to Rome. Casanova years before, moved, he says, by a sudden intuition, had sent Cagliostro a message: Beware of Rome! There was reason to beware. The Inquisition was not long in pouncing upon him. Freemasonry was, according to two papal bulls, punishable by death. A miserable, rack-haunted trial ensued. Condemned to perpetual imprisonment, he finished his life walled up in the living rock of a converted dried-up cistern in the Cas… San Leo. His later history is as myst… as his earlier. According to one stor… officers of the French army which … tured San Leo in 1797 used his sk… drink to the honor of the Revolu… According to Madame Blavatsky H… caped and long afterwards lived i… father's house in Russia, there prod… fresh strawberries for sick people i… depth of winter!

What sort of an appearance had … man round whom such stories have … ered? He was of medium height and t… set, with a broad, full face. His voice … loud and metallic like a trumpet veil… crape. His eloquence was admitted … by the Inquisition to be marvellous. … probably his eyes had most to do … his power over men's faith. Large, f… "fire which pierced to the bottom o… soul", with a glance "like a gim… "supernaturally penetrating", thei… pression was "indescribable, — a mi… of flame and ice. It attracted and rep… at the same time, and inspired, whi… terrified, an insurmountable curios… No one knows as yet what the conne… between personality and the color … shape of the eye may be. Whether a s… ing eye, other things being equal, … duces a notable personality, or wheth… is the other way about. It is sad tha… should be so ignorant upon a point w… so much concerns us.

I. A. Richard…

Poe's Pattern

Perhaps the only line in Mr. Kru… life of Poe, (Edgar Allan Poe, *A S… in Genius*, by Joseph Wood Kru… Knopf, $3.00), which one would … altered is the sub-title. Quite the … clarifying and convincing study of … that has yet appeared, it deals with … only as the instrument of a force we … agreed to call genius, but of that f… what it is, where it comes from, w… makes or unmakes it, there is nothing … beyond the fact that Poe had it in a de… that made it a dominating element. W… a genius of his own for essentials, … style at once limpid and pleasing, with … fewest, and those the most apt, citati… Mr. Krutch makes Poe to appear in … pages with a livingness that conv…

ther biographies of geniuses, notably my Lowell's *Life of Keats*, of being merely over-meticulous post-mortem examinations.

Hitherto, biographies of Edgar Allan Poe have failed to satisfy, largely because of the inadequacy of psychological knowledge in the time that produced them. Mr. Krutch's science, — if we may apply that term to the psychological theory of today, — is not only competent, but he has the rare discrimination to avoid both doubtful hypotheses and the jargons of the current schools. With beautiful precision he divides the whole tissue of madness, dypsomania, sexual impotence, unhappy environment, pride, malice, and nobility from the genius that was the determining element in the pattern that was Poe. While Mr. Krutch does not offer his readers the data on which he accepts the sometimes disputed physiological impotence of the poet as man, the mere assumption fits so absolutely into the pattern, explains so much otherwise inexplicable, that it need not be questioned. Taking this with other better known data, his reading of the Life is convincingly clear. Add together the inheritance of warring strains, the "darker taint which made of his sister, Rosalie, a harmless imbecile," dypsomania that was the refuge of a tormented soul from "the dread of some strange impending doom", the unhappy situation in which he was brought up as a dependent, subject to all the ideas and requirements of a society in which he was destined never to play a part, the wounding of his boyish affection for his mother by the social contempt in which her profession of acting was held, as well as the memory of her dying of starvation and overwork, and the long humiliation and privation of his own pitiful poverty. With all these, even minus the element of genius and the torment of the sensitive nature it implies, Edgar Allan Poe would have been marked irredeemably for tragedy. Quickly he would have run his course by way of the dypsomaniac hard to the asylum for the insane.

But Poe had genius, had it in a degree which triumphed for longer than might have been expected over a nature definitely pathological. Rising somehow from deeper levels of the psyche than we are yet able to plumb, carrying up with it all the accumulated experience of the individual, and much that has been deposited there by the ancestral strain, genius, as though it were a separate entity, weaves a pattern of what it finds. It is in his analysis of the stuff of which Poe's work was woven that Mr. Krutch is at his best, which is the best of our period. Inevitably Poe's work was marked by the sinister elements predominating in his character, for, says Mr. Krutch, "his genius was no more than the power to express that character in perfect symbols." Perhaps genius is something more than that in general; at any rate Mr. Krutch shows it to us as holding together all the macabre stuff of Poe's mind, his intemperate fancy, his charnel house imagination, his passionate self-justification, envy, malice, and pride, never quite coördinate with his life-illusion, holding them by that surpassing power of genius, weaving them into a pattern so consistent, so characteristic that it is impossible any of his work should ever be taken for that of another man. There is much more to Mr. Krutch's book than this brief review allows, particularly that which relates to the critical discussion of Poe's work, in view of the personal elements that composed it, of what one might call the instrumentation of his work; altogether a notable, and in respect to its particular subject probably final study of a madman who was also a genius. But of the nature of genius itself, Poe and Mr. Krutch leave us still pretty much in the dark.

MARY AUSTIN.

Patriot and Saint

The quality which imparts to these two volumes (JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF FRANCE, by Albert Bigelow Paine, Macmillan's, $10.50) a value not to be found in others is, I believe, the method of composition and presentation. The author knew so well how to classify, ordinate, and clarify his innumerable documents that we can, for the first time perhaps, follow the life of Joan as it unfolds itself continually, almost day by day. Other historians of the Maid of Domremy apparently endeavor to astonish, embellish, and edify; they extol the patriot and the saint; they withdraw the real being into the dreamy land of legends; or they seek already to

put her on a pedestal. But, by so doing, they rather diminish her stature, though trying to magnify her (which is altogether unnecessary). Of this sublime simplicity they make, as it were, a personage of the stage or of the novel, one of those too numerous statues, which pretend to adorn our public squares,—statues congealed in lifeless attitude and conventional armor.

But in the sober and unpretentious narrative of Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, which depends for its effects upon facts, not words, the human and superhuman character of the heroine, her prophetic insight, her purity, courage, genius, her exquisite wit, her deep wisdom, her incredible faith and endurance, that love of hers for France, which is for such a time something unheard-of, surprising, even miraculous, — all these unique gifts and virtues take on a relief which is far from standing out so distinctly in previous biographies.

Beyond doubt the great drama in Joan's triumph and martyrdom consists in the utter impossibility for a temperament such as hers, so great, sincere, beautiful, and exceptionally chivalrous, to maintain for long its right to existence in an epoch so somber and selfish, where the worst instincts of the beast were let loose. Useless for her to be sagacious, wary to the utmost even in her boldness, to unite a lion's heart to the purity of the dove and the circumspection of the basilisk, she is too genuine and true, she is spiritually and morally too far superior to her contemporaries, she is too *different*, not to be inevitably in their eyes an enemy.

What a perturbing and tragic experience when we read those poignant chapters! We recall irresistibly the trials of Socrates and Jesus; we say to ourselves that humanity is so made that it can glorify, admire, even admit, among its highest representatives, only those whom it has first martyrized. Moreover, the terrible and splendid adventure of Joan is all the more striking since in her case the martyr was a woman of the people, a poor ignorant peasant, a pure young girl, almost a child. Also, having in our hands all the evidence and testimony textually transmitted, we are no longer merely readers of a remote fairy-tale, but actual witnesses of a prodigious authentic event, one of those *causes célèbres* which still resound in our ears. Our hearts are gr
by the monstrous cruelties of the r
and yet we are forced to recognize
this is the reality itself.

Against her all were leagued
clergy disloyal to Christ, Pharisee
faithful to Church, political en
determined to crush her at any
wicked "soldatesque", savants and
tors, traitors to Truth and Justice,
an infamous mob, — the same on
claiming Barrabas and cursing Jes
with a thirst for the games of the c
for blood, fire, shrieks of torment
those reptiles bearing men's faces
together against a hero and a saint
is a slip of a girl. They hiss, armed wi
the apparatus of brutal force and s
ities of theology and jurisprudence,
the mendacious yet overwhelming
tige of temporal and spiritual po
And on her side who is standing? N
not even the weak Dauphin of whor
has made a king, not even his compa
in arms, jealous of her military sup
ity. She has only for her, with her
conscience, her inspiration which sh
nominates in her mystic language,
Voices"; she has an only help, —
what is greater than this one? — her
the Inner God, who is always crucifi
all great men and great women, and
arises triumphant in the centurie
come. The splendor of Joan's sac
actual and symbolic, Mr. Albert Big
Paine has revealed to us, not in sonc
periods, but in low tone, with a discr
full of pathos, with the perfect humili
the biographer who knows that his to
too great to be aggrandized, far too
to be sung with the trumpet of the boa

JULES-BO

A Mauve Muddle

I have a charming untidy friend.
defends her bureau drawers thus: "
little bit of everything is sticking out,
see it all at a glance, nothing is hid
you just catch hold of an end and p
THE MAUVE DECADE by Thomas B
(Knopf, $3.50), makes me think of
a drawer. Except that when you c
hold and pull, all too often you get n
complete object, but a scrap, a sam
and you feel cheated, and you hate
author's untidiness.

Mr. Beer is probably a man of great ersonal charm, which in some way in- omprehensible to me, has communicated :self to his readers; for of these he has irge numbers, — even more, I am sure, han those comprised among the relatives nd friends of the individuals who popu- ite his pages so thickly.

For me, alas, the book has no charm. It eems one long striving after a seldom chieved cleverness. I liked best the brief ccount of Louisa Alcott, yet this seemed s irrelevant to what Mr. Beer calls the auve decade, — 1890 to 1900, — as does he title itself. "Mauve," he quotes Whistler, "is just pink trying to be pur- le," — a definition which strikes me as ullness trying to be wit. For by the same oken you might call pink or purple or any olor not a primary one, a struggle to be omething else.

It is dangerous to name a decade after color, for colors have different connota- ions for different persons. At the end of his book, I could see nothing mauve bout this particular decade even in the ense the author apparently meant. Worse still, it did not stand out in my ind as a period of time which differed trikingly from its two neighboring dec- des; nor yet as an interval of any great nterest in itself. Of course any stretch of ears, if you could convey their real avor, would be worth writing about. But think one must have spent about ten ears of adult life in Mr. Beer's chosen ecade, to get anything more out of his ook than a few bits of not quite piquant nough gossip, a recognition of familiar ames, and a failure to recognize many hich are unfamiliar.

Perhaps the style of the book prejudiced e at the start. The first sentence, "They id Jesse James in his grave and Dante abriel Rossetti died immediately," is its eynote. The gasping effort which that ntence suggests: a platitude in reverse ear. As if the author's thought was, How big the world is, and it takes all inds of people to make a world, and hat strange things happen simultane- usly!" Well, if I have to have platitudes, prefer them straight. The implications f the book's first sentence seem to me ue of any decade.

Not that the book is all platitude! ometimes Mr. Beer writes as follows: "The World's Fair was a silver fish of wax on an elastic cord and it vanished, tragically, down the maw of an enormous English mastiff in St Paul where veils of thin colors shoot at night and shed fugi- tive tones on the prodigiousness of snow that heaped the yard."

At the end of the book, I am left with a muddled picture of the decade, in which no individual stands out sharply; but with an impression that Mr. Beer felt contemptuous of his selected little frac- tion of time, that he disliked many of its figures, and patronized the few he did not dislike; that he chose many of them, not for any inherent significance, but because he knew somebody who knew them. Maybe I am unjust. Maybe this book is a serious attempt to work out a new impressionistic style of writing history. If so, it seems to me an exasperating effort. I don't know whether I am more annoyed by his style, or by his selection of anecdote and individual, or by mysterious refer- ences to persons not mentioned by name. Someone called Egeria figures largely in a chapter on "The American Magazine." Maybe I ought to be able to guess her identity, but I can't, and nothing the book says about her makes her seem worth the mystery which shrouds her; and it is a mystery which muddles when it should intrigue.

I did, after much effort, discover the identity of the "unimportance" referred to in the following sentence: "Bewilder- ments multiplied, with a cold internal shrinking, as the unimportance was led along tremulous floors of a train to be seen by Mr. Hanna, a person imagined as the brother of the fearful Hanno in *Salambo* who bathed his leprosy in blood." The "unimportance", it appears, was not Roosevelt, as I thought for a while, but the author in his youth. I was led astray at first because both these characters were repre- sented as having to think about trousers.

As I read this book, I had to stop every little while to wonder whether my mind had deserted me, or if the author was that young man "who leaped upon his horse and dashed off wildly in every direction." And at the end I concluded that the madness must be my own; for no book could possibly be as bad as I believe this one to be.

VIOLA PARADISE.

Gandle

Through a pleasant, A. A. Milne land of factual fancy, Gandle wanders in the wake of his nose (GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE, Heywood Broun, Boni & Liveright, $1.50). He travels there and further, close attended by dragons vile, tempered, and smoky, and by genii both large and small. With an amusing relic of Grimm days he secures instant gratification of all desires, and finds, properly enough, that desires wanted and desires granted are not entirely the same.

With his Agatha and the dog Yom and his birchwood son Flame, Gandle lived in a palace which had been neatly ferried across the mountains by the larger genii as the result of a bit of lamp polishing by Gandle. He lived there in his palace in complete perfection, and wanted discontent and argument and love and six or eight other impossible things. Impossible that is from the Magic point of view. So in a fit of temper Gandle tossed the lamp into a river and set out with a sword, a red ribbon, and some tribulations for a more satisfactory land.

Down a long road Gandle came upon a glass hill topped by the proverbial captive princess in her castle. The hill, though glass, was bumpy and the guardian dragons became too sooty. "'This smog,' said Gandle, 'is not nice, decidedly!'" So down the long road he went again and came upon a certain god of clay. There also was a red-haired lady and considerable adventure and adulation. But Gandle was soon drawn onward by invaders who annoyed him and had to be suppressed. He also ran across another god, more intimate and personal than the last, and death and other diverting events.

To end, he returned to the red-haired lady and a little boy friend she had acquired during his absence. But Gandle was only very pleased, having had a thing or two to do with the begetting of that boy. So he found love and a refreshing end that was hardly happy.

Throughout this pocket-sized volume, Heywood Broun maintains an urbane and impersonal humor that rarely pervades the reaches of his column in the "World". But that brings him only the more credit.

LORD STITES.

Peaceable China

ROVING THROUGH SOUTHERN C
by Harry A. Franck (Century, $5.0
almost an adventure. Not only did
Franck walk through country, but
went among China's unabsorbed
whose customs and dialects are
different from those of interior race
has a keen insight in some respects
maintains an impartial attitude. He
back to historical background when
necessary. After extensive travel an
servation, he found that the Chinese
since outgrew the childish days of re
ing to violence on every occasion and
learned that ignoring many things
passively resisting others is most effe
in the end. The Chinese of to-day
naturally more peace-minded than
average of mankind; they do not go a
with a chip on their shoulder. Even
it does occur, a Chinese conflict is like
be more amusing than bloody, — it
kills on a large scale.

The Chinese seldom, if ever, get a
because they do not consider it w
while. From Mr. Franck I quote:
student on his way to school some
distant stopped at a way-side booth
paid ten cents for a bowl of rice. W
the shopman called after him as he
leaving that he had not paid, he prom
paid again rather than begin a dispute
waste useless words that would put hi
a level with the coolies about him. I f
the reaction among most Weste
would be that we would not be 'd
however small the amount, or tha
would not let stand the implied insult
we were trying to get away without
ing?" Wherever Mr. Franck tra
through country, he found the Ch
hospitable, courteous, and calm. He
not meet a single bandit

There is a general fear recently
China will turn to Bolshevism and
the union of Soviet Republics. To
Franck as well as to me, however,
hard to visualize an overwhelmi
peasant population, at least three-fo
of which gets its living from labor dir
connected with the soil, particular
nation of strong family and clan cohe
suddenly adopting communism. If C
regards Russia as her only friend a
present, it is only because Russia

voluntarily abandoned all her unequal reaties with China.

Mr. Franck further asserts that though he average Chinese is a coward, as the Western man in the street uses the word, r at least is one of the most timid of uman beings, with a perfectly childish error of getting hurt, he can die, in cases f necessity, with more equanimity than is hown by almost any other race. The ame thing is usually true of armies as of he individuals in them. The most honored ilitary adage in Chinese history is to the ffect that the man who wins a battle ithout fighting is the supreme com-ander; this attitude cannot but run down hrough the ranks, particularly under onditions as they are n China to-day.

Above all, the first hapter "Shanghai by he Back Door", deal-g with the Powers' ction in Shanghai, is emarkable in the sense hat it presents the acts that very few oreigners would tell rom an impartial oint of view.

CHI-FUNG LIU.

Russia's Red Flag

It is hard to form an stimate of a book like his. The canvas is so gantic, the subject ill so terribly topical. he interminable serial is still unfolding, apters are still coming to abrupt con-usions at tense moments, and the unex-ected is still happening all the time. One ing is certain, General Krassnoff's story two volumes of nearly five hundred ages each FROM DOUBLE EAGLE TO RED LAG (Duffield & Company, $7.50), will rely take its place as one of the most portant books on the war, and one of e great books of the century.

In writing it Krassnoff, who saw the hole thing, in the days before the war, ll through the war and through the revo-tion, had access to unlimited material. oreover, with Russia swept and re-ept by tornadoes of change, as a result of which, in thousands of cases, nothing at all was left of the old order, General Krassnoff has felt himself under no obligations to observe those unwritten laws of biographical writing which will restrain an author from using actual names and easily identified material too freely. And so the novel though centring around the scion of a noble Russian family, is really a story of Russia, over a period of twenty years or so; with every character, — from the Czar to Trotsky, and from Rasputin to Kerensky, faithfully delineated.

In the course of his varied experiences, innumerable biographies, most of them terrible and shot through with tragedy must have come Krassnoff's way. He had material enough to write a dozen books of this description, and so in the days of his exile in a distant Cossack village when he had fled from the face of the Soviet, and, later on, at Batoun he simply selected and martialed the facts he had at hand in such quantity. He has done it with incomparable skill, and has produced a quite incomparable book. Those who read it may think that at times it teems too much with horror. They will be reminded, again and again, of such books as Zola's *Débâcle;* they will accuse the writer of almost fiendish invention in describing some of the seldom alluded to horrors of a campaign. But those whose business it was, through the great war, to struggle through the blue books and yellow books and the red books of the various combatants and read the descriptions of atrocities committed by their opponents, will see that, here again, Krassnoff had not to appeal to his imagination.

Double Eagle to Red Flag
From a drawing by Johan Bull

One point that emerges with extraordinary clarity from the story is the fact that, in spite of all the change that has swept over Russia, the fundamental polity of the Empire remains unchanged. The tyranny of the Czars has been ex-

changed for the tyranny of the Soviet; the tyranny of the noble for the tyranny of the Commissar; the tyranny of the private employer for the tyranny of the State; while, in its outlook on the world, the historic Slavic advance in all directions "to the greater glory of the Little Father" willed two hundred years ago by Peter the Great, has simply been replaced by a Soviet advance in all directions for the "liberation of the proletariat". The effect, both national and international, is the same.

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY.

One Touch of Nature

More years ago than I like to remember, my father used to read aloud to me a marvelous book by Lucien Biart, translated from the French, called *The Adventures of a Young Naturalist*. Dear me, what experiences that boy had traveling through the wilds of Mexico with two genial Frenchmen and a wonderful Indian guide! Only recently I saw the book once more, and the sight of the old woodcuts brought back to me again the enchantment of those winter evenings. The alligators, the peccaries, the jaguar at the camp-fire, the vast black sugar-cane snake, — how I wish that I could find a book nowadays that would give me the thrills that book once did.

Probably it got into my blood, for ever since those golden nights I have gone adventuring in forests and marshes and up on mountain-tops when I ought to have been home practising law.

Every once in a while I come across other adventurers driven out into the wilds by the same urge. In my boyhood there was William Hamilton Gibson, who taught me about insects and flowers and a dozen or so edible mushrooms, and John Burroughs whose *Wake Robin* aroused a generation of nature-lovers in the Seventies. In later life there was Enos Mills, who knew more about beaver than any living man. Once we had a long and interesting correspondence. He wrote first: "Dear Mr. Scoville, I like your books. Yours truly, Enos Mills." I answered: "Dear Mr. Mills, I like yours. Yours truly, Samuel Scoville, Jr." There it rested. I always hoped that I should meet a man with such good taste, — but I put it too long and now I will have to wait u I meet Lucien Biart, and White of bourne, and Richard Jefferies, and I Walton, and all those other out-of-d adventurers in Elysium.

Quite recently I have met — in prin another young naturalist (at least younger than I), one Herbert Rav Sass, who has collected some of his periences in a book which he calls Adv TURES IN GREEN PLACES (Minton, B & Co., $2.50), full of what he has seen heard in the lowlands of South Caroli

Of all his essays I think that I like the one which he has called "The W sical Goddess" in which he has colle a series of unusual happenings. E naturalist has had similar unusual periences. In that essay Mr. Sass writ being attacked by a cottonmouth mo sin, an unheard-of proceeding. I have the same thing happen with a blacksn Usually that reptile when he mee human disappears like the flick of a w lash. Once, however, one rushed o mouthed down a steep bank toward and when it reached me reared up struck at me repeatedly.

Personally, I like Mr. Sass's e better than his stories, for it always s to me that he likes to write them b yet one may go far before reading a interesting alligator story than " King of the River", a better study duck hawk, that fastest bird that than "Bachelors of Devilhead", or an exciting raccoon story as "Loto Lucky" in THE WAY OF THE W (Minton, Balch & Co., $2.50). At rate, whether he is writing nature e or nature stories, this young naturali South Carolina is always worth rea and I hope that these first two boo his are but the beginning of a series.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE,

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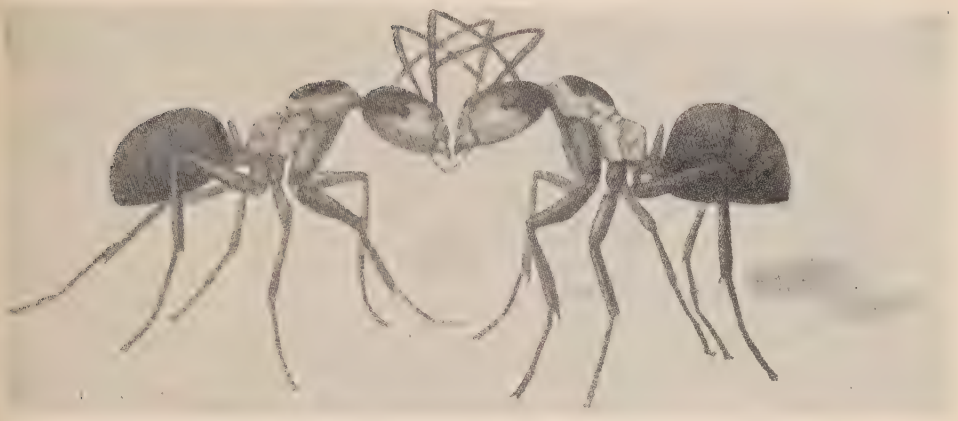
Science Notes

C. K. Ogden



DO ANTS TALK?

"*The Crocodile is certainly a fierce Insect, — but I am not in the least disturbed about calling it one.*"—Réaumur.

"*I know of no one who is to be placed in the same rank with Darwin except Réaumur.* — Huxley.

SOME two hundred years ago the Emperor of China sat reading a book by one of the greatest scientists of all time. Its title, in French, had pleased his fancy, and he caused it to be translated into Manchu so that he might study it in his own language. The book dealt with the silk of spiders, and it was by the inventor of the thermometer, the discoverer of the art of making steel, the founder of ethology and the father of Behaviorism, — René Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur.

Equal to Darwin and Aristotle

It was the famous Huxley who wrote that "from the time of Aristotle to the present day" he knew of no man but Réaumur who could be regarded as Darwin's equal in the breadth and range of his observations and the philosophical ideas which guided them. Yet the most elementary facts about his life are to-day forgotten. How many readers of these notes, how many Professors of Science even, could not tell all they know about Réaumur in a single breath — or less? A few years ago one of the chief exponents of science to the public expressed his surprise that so active a thinker should have spent the last fifteen years of his life in comparative inertia, writing and publishing nothing. Yet in actual fact this amazing dotard published four large works of great scientific importance between the ages of sixty and seventy-four and when, just one hundred and seventy years ago he died, he also left 138 portfolios filled with scientific manuscripts.

As a rule the French are not neglectful of their national heroes, but this time it is to America that the credit will go for reviving the work of the greatest entomologist before Forel. Professor W. M. Wheeler, whom ant-experts rank with Forel himself, is responsible for this revival; and hereby hangs a tale. Last spring British scientists were aware that Professor Wheeler was on his way to Europe, but as the weeks passed by he failed (like Anita Loos this summer) to put in an appearance in London; and in due course he was reported in Paris.

A month or two later the present writer went to Paris in connection with his own translation of Forel's monumental work

The Social Life of the Ants and made inquiries about the defaulting Professor. "Mais oui," said M. Dorveaux, the archivist of the Institute, and it transpired that four large paste-board boxes containing Réaumur's posthumous work on insects had been engaging the American researcher's undivided attention. So on arriving in New York he made inquiries, and this will be Professor Wheeler's first intimation that his secret has been discovered; for the obliging Mr. Knopf showed me such portions of the Réaumur-Wheeler *History of Ants* as it would be good for readers of the FORUM to know about and told me that he intended to publish it in October.

How Scientists Escape Notice

A lack of interest in the history of science is intelligible enough in the active scientist of to-day. Long vistas are opening up before him, and life is short. The experimentalist is content to get on with the particular job he has undertaken. Specialization has become so exacting that whereas Réaumur could casually add insects in general to his innumerable scientific preoccupations, more than a lifetime is now required for any adequate study of even a single order of insects over a few hundred square miles. Thus Mr. H. St.J. Donisthorpe, one of the greatest of human myrmecophiles, deliberately confines himself to the little island on which the ants probably outnumber the Britishers, and modestly hopes that the net results of his work will be of some service to the next generation.

But this does not account for the neglect of the scientific past by the world at large; and here Professor Wheeler is illuminating. He reminds us that the reading public has its definite standards of interest and excitement. We know that an explorer is not regarded as worthy of consideration unless he has been guilty of miscalculations which bring him into dangers sufficient to allow an exhibition of the heroic qualities of courage and endurance. And where there is no adventure there must be romance. But unfortunately the scientist usually fails in this respect also; for, as Professor Wheeler remarks, his appetities "are as a rule so normal or so subnormal that neither posterity nor his contemporaries can find anything to excite their interest in his amatory behavior." Only once or twice in a century does research impel a scientist to the comparative study of the winning ways of shebas which leads to a resignation from his Faculty; and equally rarely does the artist so sedately circumscribe his conception of Beauty as to exclude that of Pulchritude and qualify for a Chair in the groves of Academe. Hence the biographers batten on the minor eccentricities of the emotionalist. Everyone knows that Byron, as an undergraduate, kept a bear in his rooms at Trinity College, Cambridge. Yet the fact that Réaumur kept a captive kite, a far more extraordinary vagary, is quite unknown to-day. Byron made no use whatever of the bear; but Réaumur filled the stomach of his kite with metal tubes and so made discoveries about digestion upon which modern medicine is largely based. Who can doubt that had Oscar Wilde been equally interested in kites there would have been a clandestine literature on this subject running to thousands of exquisitely printed volumes?

The First Thermometers

Scarcely a year passed in the fifty years of Réaumur's active scientific life when he did not publish some work of real importance. In 1711 we find him busy with rope-making, and proving by conclusive experiments that torsion diminishes the strength of cords. In 1715 he is studying false pearls and two years later trying to make oysters produce real ones. In 1712 his researches established the iron and steel industries of France, and later he was responsible for the first researches on porcelain. The artificial incubation and preservation of eggs next occupied his attention, and we have already mentioned the spiders which aroused the curiosity of the Emperor Kang-he. Réaumur also discovered the mollusk which produces a dye answering to the purple of the ancients, and proved that corals are not plants but animals.

In physics, he is best known for his thermometer, which he brought out in 1731. The freezing and boiling-points of water were taken as fixed, and the interval divided into 80 degrees. The graduation has long since been abandoned in favor

of a centesimal division, but since the fixed points adopted by Réaumur are still retained "all modern thermometers", as his great compatriot Cuvier remarked, "are in a sense Réaumur thermometers." The original idea also occurred to Newton, but Réaumur both constructed his instrument and (like his contemporary Fahrenheit) gave great impulse to meteorology by the uses he made of it, which included the observation that a freezing temperature does not prevent the evaporation of snow.

The Father of Behaviorism

When the kite whose digestive trials were mentioned above eventually succumbed, Réaumur continued his researches on the stomach by making himself a nuisance to dogs and sheep. Though he never achieved complete success in his attempts at artificial digestion by means of the fluid which he collected from the interior of these animals with the aid of sponges, he laid the foundation for the work of Spallanzani. In other words he was the first to study enzymes from the digestive juices outside the body, and in 1752 he showed that the processes of life have a definite optimum temperature.

Réaumur brought to his study of mankind and of animals the objective methods of the physical and engineering sciences. And when he came to insects he was interested primarily in their *industry* — their habits and behavior. For the French word *industrie* is the equivalent of behavior; and thus, in a sense, Réaumur was the founder of true Behaviorism.

The term Behaviorist has recently (as a result of the forceful propaganda of the brilliant American psychologist, Dr. John B. Watson) been applied to those who deny that there is anything to occupy us but behavior, and who hold that all psychological descriptions, — ideas, images, feelings, — are mere illusions. Réaumur, as a working behaviorist, did not interest himself in this denial. "Even if the insects performed actions like our own," he says, "they would yet gain nothing in the estimation of those who are determined to refuse them souls." In this he was wiser than his successors; for it is now generally agreed that what the Behaviorist denies is precisely what he himself is studying, or will one day be able to study, described in *another language*.

Modern science, then, is returning to the Behaviorism of Réaumur, who was the first to make a critical study of instinct, for which he used the word *adresse*. And it is quite possible that the science of to-morrow may follow him also in a behaviorist approach to classification. The crocodile was to Réaumur an "insect" because it behaved precisely like a huge, predacious, amphibious insect. And his insistence on behavior may, as Wheeler suggests, be prophetic of future developments in taxonomy, as the science of classification is called. The French physiologist Giard has pointed out quite a number of animal forms which are indistinguishable except by habit or habitat, in other words, behavior. Our present systems provide only for a completed evolution, and it seems very likely that we shall soon have to consider seriously those behaviorist characters which since Réaumur's day have been so little studied, as a basis for grouping and naming the animal world.

What is "Useless Knowledge"?

When we are confronted by a life like that of Réaumur who worked as a pioneer in so many fields we are apt to wonder what precisely constitutes the difference between pure and applied science on which so much stress is being laid in the press to-day. Mr. Hoover, for example, has just issued a finely conceived appeal for scientific work which is not financially self-supporting. "Money," he says "cannot buy genius, but many a genius in science has defaulted because he has had to eat"; and he gives as an example of the value of Pure Science the fact that "the great industry of paper manufacture arose from Réaumur's studies of wasps".

But almost all Réaumur's work seems to have had a direct practical bearing, and he himself deliberately avoided what he regarded as unprofitable inquiry. "I confess", he says, "that I am not in the least inclined toward a precise enumeration of every kind of insect, even if it could be undertaken. It seems to me sufficient to consider those kinds which prove to us that they deserve to be distinguished, either on account of their peculiar industries or because of their unu-

sual structure or because of other striking singularities. It seems to me that the many hundreds of species of gnats and very small moths which exhibit nothing more remarkable than a few slight differences in the form of the wings or the legs, or varieties of coloration, may be left confounded with one another."

To-day we are less certain of what may profitably be "left confounded". We have more files into which flies can be usefully put. We have more theories awaiting confirmation, and we are content to travel further before we make a new discovery. But we have lost the courage to ignore details.

We now understand that *no* knowledge is "useless" if it is accurately recorded, and that the old distinction between pure science and applied science is largely illusory. There is knowledge that is applied and there is knowledge that has not yet been applied.

At certain moments in the history of every science and even in science as a whole, it seems as though the available stock of applicable knowledge had been exhausted, and a halt must be called to accumulate fresh reserves.

These new reserves may be of four kinds:

1. New *Facts* whose relation to others in not yet understood.

2. New *Theories* which may help us to understand facts new and old.

3. New *Methods* which may enable us to probe further into the mysteries of nature.

4. New *Symbolism*, whereby we may record and communicate more effectively the results of our researches.

All these are at the present time confounded under the misleading term Pure Science, and it is probable that the fourth — which is almost entirely neglected by those who are concerned to assist pure Science — is by far the most important at the present time.

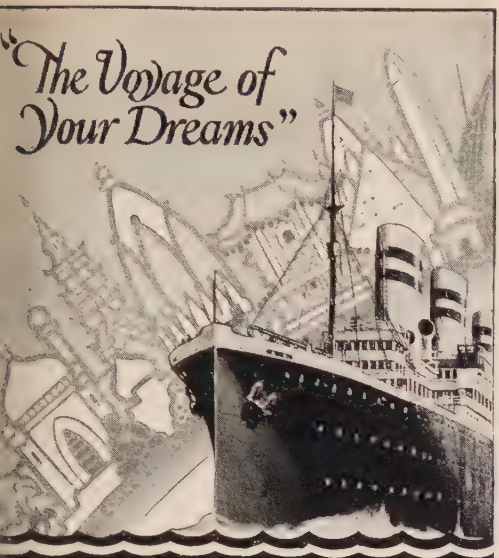
Mr. Hoover very truly says: "Our whole banking community does not do the public service in a year that Faraday's discoveries do us daily," — or, we might add, "that the discovery of the symbolism known as algebra does every minute." Mr. Hoover and his colleagues refer to mathematics, physics, and biology, but they make no mention of psychology, the branch of knowledge which especially in relation to language is most in need endowment at the present time.

Go to the Ant

Let us take as an example the proble of the language of animals. Anyone w devotes his life to a study of the metho by which cockroaches or jaguars co municate with one another can hardly suspected of financial ambition. T endowment of such researches wou therefore be called Pure Science, thou it clearly involves the application Psychology, Semasiology, and other s ences. And it happens to be of the highe importance. But the endowment of scien as pure science, i.e. merely because it h no direct commercial value, is not mo likely to benefit anyone in the future th it was in the monastic ages. What we mu learn to do is to endow *brains* — peop with the right kind of minds. And by t study of the lives of scientists we can lea something about the characteristics such minds, so that we may recogni them when we encounter them again;

"When two ants meet on a litt frequented path, they seem to have som thing to communicate. When both st and the one places her head near that the other, we might be tempted to belie that they are apprising one another something worth knowing about whi they have found on their excursions."

That was Réaumur's reaction to t still unsolved problem of insect languag and to-day we are even more tempt than he was to believe that ants have elaborate system of signs. But we are nearer to realizing that this is the s of problem, and Réaumur's the sort mind, that most requires endowmen Here is Forel's final verdict, after seven years of study: "The more I think abo it, the more clearly I see that there a incontestable advantages about antenn language over our redundant verbiag which leads us into error almost mo frequently than it enables us to und stand the truth." At the head of the notes I have reproduced M. Heinrich depiction of two ants talking to one a other with their antennæ, and I sh shortly return to this fascinating subje Meanwhile, I would ask anyone who h views on the subject of animal langua to address them to the Science Edit



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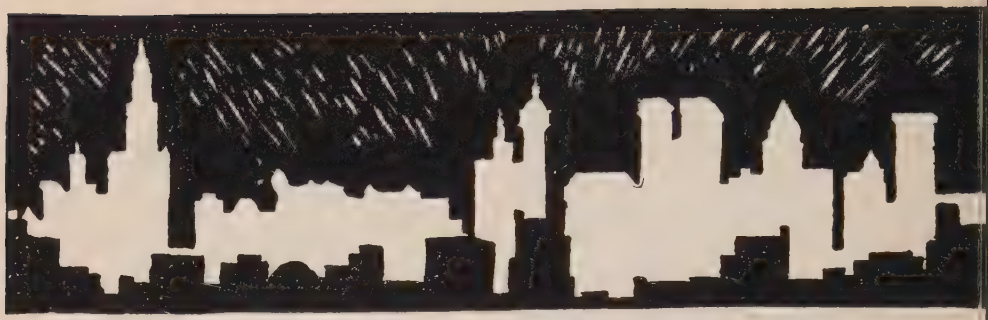

Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON
Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript

German Securities

In a report to the German Reparations Commission last June, S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparation Payments noted distinct improvement in the financial situation in Germany, expressing the belief that the crisis had been passed in January or February, that there had been steady improvement since then, and that "the processes of readjustment appear to have followed sound principles." There have been several manifestations of the accuracy of this report in the financial markets here and abroad. Since last winter stocks on the several German stock exchanges have advanced materially, the movement thoroughly justifying the characterization of bull market. In this country the prices of German bonds have been distinctly stronger throughout the spring and summer months. Naturally the movement has been strongest in those issues which have borne warrants permitting holders of the bonds to invest in stocks of the issuing corporations, thereby offering a certain speculative attractiveness in the light of the buoyant trend of the stock market, but irrespective of some of the rather sensational advances in this direction there has been a positive and steady strengthening of the bonds of German corporations, municipalities and of the German Government lately. This is a matter of widespread interest to investors in this country. More German securities have been sold in this country in the past two years than those of any other nation.

Since the $110,000,000 of German Government 7 per cent twenty-five year bond were offered at 92 in October, 1924, German securities have been offered in ever increasing volume in the American securities markets. This loan, the initial post-war loan to Germany, and issued in accordance with the Dawes plan, was essentially for stabilization purposes, and paved the way for financing in this country by large German corporations, municipalities and other organizations. Only one other German transaction occurred in 1924, the $10,000,000 loan to the historic Krupp steel works, but by the first quarter of 1925 the movement was in full swing. Of the total of foreign securities offered in the United States in the first half of 1925, aggregating $437,266,000 about 12½ per cent, or $53,500,000 represented German offerings. In the last six months of 1925 twenty-eight separate pieces of financing developed, with an aggregate of $174,320,000 of new German securities sold here, out of total financing in this country of $593,941,000, a ratio of 29 per cent. In the first half of 1926 about 37 per cent of the total foreign financing comprised German issues. Of total foreign financing of $432,658,200, in this period $159,720,500 represented German issues. In the latter period three times as much American capital went to Germany as to the rest of Europe put together; 50 per cent more than went to either Canada or Latin America.

Whether this steady stream of American capital is to continue in the immedi

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ate future is a question. As this is being written a distinct lull has set in and there is evidence that the movement of capital for the time being has begun to flow the other way. If this is indeed the case it may be regarded as a decidedly favorable omen for those possessors of outstanding German securities, even if bankers do not relish the idea of a slackening in business in new German issues.

Supply of Investment Capital

Some observers point to the present surplus of investment funds in Germany and the relatively cheap money rates there; at this moment sixty to ninety day paper is being discounted at 4½ per cent in Berlin. They hold that the ample supply of funds seeking investment arises partly from the relatively low rate of industrial activity, for Germany has by no means reëstablished her industrial position to anything like the pre-war level, although showing improvement. They further insist that much of the current easiness in the money market is a reflection of the accumulation of French balances in Germany. With the franc steadily depreciating in value it is natural that French merchants should allow the proceeds of sales in Germany to remain there where they will not depreciate as they would if converted into francs. These observers feel that anything pointing to stabilization of the franc or towards pronounced industrial activity in Germany would soon be followed by withdrawals of French balances, in the one case, or by a renewed demand for credit for commercial purposes, on the other, with an inevitable resumption of the demand for American credit. While this is a contingency that may need to be taken into the reckoning the facts are that at the moment German investment capital appears to be in sufficient supply to take care of the immediate requirements of German corporations or municipal borrowers and the overflow is being felt in the American market for German dollar loans.

When the first of the German corporation financing was presented in this country it was with more or less misgivings on the part of bankers as to the kind of a reception they would receive at the hands of investors. There was not only the fear of a prejudice against the securities of a former enemy nation, but there was s considerable uncertainty as to whet the Dawes plan would work; whether t new mark could be stabilized at its g parity. Among some bond dealers it w questioned whether a German public u ity bond, for instance, should not offered as a public utility first and a G man issue second. Their experience been, however, that the war prejudi have not interfered with the reception German issues at all. The attitude tow the new German Republic seems c tinctly differentiated from that of the monarchy and on the whole the iss offered during the first twenty mon since the original Morgan loan have b so well secured as to principal and offe on such attractive yield basis that o purely financial merit has been consider

Dawes Provisions

Some measure of the course of Germ bonds in the past two years, particula during 1926, may be gathered from a c sideration of the market in a few indiv ual issues. From an offering price of the German Government 7s have sold high as 105 this year, thereby equall the call price. Secured by a first charge all payments provided for under Dawes Plan and also by a first charge gross revenues of the government deri from customs duties, and taxes on bacco, beer, and sugar, this issue naturally one of the most attracti With large redemptions each year the sinking fund, in fact at an ann rate sufficient to retire the issue in twenty-five years it has to run, ther a strong prop under the market for th bonds as well. Two other issues that h proved profitable for American inves are the German General Electric 6 which advanced from an offering pric 94 to above 108, and the Rheinelbe Un 7s, which advanced from 94 to be than 105, but in both of these instan the bonds carried warrants entitling holders to purchase stock in the issu companies, and with the subsequ sharp advance in the German stock m ket the effect was to make these opti very valuable. One of the first of the poration issues sold in this country the Saxon Public Works 7s, maturin 1945, which were offered at 92, on a

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per cent income basis. This was a straight first mortgage on this large public utility. Last June another issue of Saxon Public Works bonds was offered in this country at 91½, maturing in 1951. While the price was the same, the interest rate borne was 6½ per cent, instead of 7, as on the original issue, and the bonds were junior to the $15,000,000 lien on the original issue. The passing of the attractive interest returns on the early issues of German corporations is fairly well demonstrated by this comparison. Already several issues of other types originally offered in this country at a discount of six or eight points under par have risen above the par value, indicating both that German corporations will be in a position to finance their capital requirements on lower basis in the future or that where high rates are offered they are likely to involve some sacrifice from the standpoint of security.

Industrial Offerings

Large as German borrowings were in New York during the first half of 1926, aggregating close to $160,000,000, one authority pointed out not long ago that in less than five months Germany financed her own needs to the extent of a quarter of a billion dollars. During the summer it was stated on reliable authority that Germany was filling three-quarters of her capital needs at home and only one-fourth abroad. That the home market was more favorable to her corporations was indicated by the loan floated by the city of Cologne, Germany. Not long ago this city placed a $10,000,000 6½ per cent loan in this country which was selling in the open market here at about 87 when additional funds were required. It turned to the home market and negotiated a $20,000,000 loan at 6½ per cent, which was sold there at 97.

Early in the summer it was rumored in Wall Street that the largest single industrial offering yet placed in this country would soon be issued in connection with the big combination of German steel firms, which was then nearing completion. It was understood that $60,000,000 of bonds would be offered here. Delay after delay ensued, the report being that the German officials of the corporation were desirous of floating the entire loan in Germany. Finally $30,000,000 of the bonds were handled by an American syndicate, the remainder being sold in Germany, an the understanding in financial circles wa that the bankers considered themselv lucky to obtain that much business. close bargain was driven and the bon were priced at less than a 7 per cent basi the first time that a German corporatio issue had been sold on such a low basi Yet when the United Steel Works Corp ration 6½ per cent bonds were offered 96 they promptly advanced to a sma premium.

In this respect, therefore, German s curities are following in the footsteps other nations which have come to Ne York for funds since the war. A few yea ago Switzerland borrowed in New Yor on an 8 per cent basis. This year the Swi have financed a large hydroelectric ente prise in their own market on a 4.70 p cent yield basis. About that time t Dutch East Indies sold some $150,000,0 of bonds in the New York market at discount, bearing a coupon rate of 6½ p cent. It is now understood that the bu of that issue has been bought back Dutch investors to whom a 6½ per ce yield meant opportunity, compared wi the time honored 4 and 5 per cent which they were formerly accustome With the restoration of stable economi conditions in other European countri borrowers there have turned to the own markets for capital rather than co to New York, whose rates are traditio ally high on foreign loans.

Levy Against Profits

Under the Dawes plan a levy again the profits of all German corporations enforced, which constitutes a prior li against the revenues of these corporatio In general these payments do not co stitute an important prior lien und existing conditions. When the Unit Steel Works loans was issued it was e timated that payments under the Daw plan would amount to $255,000 the fi year, rising to $612,000 in 1928 and n exceeding that sum for each year ther after. Against the estimated income of t corporation of $8,400,000 per annum t charge was not impressive. Similarly t $7,500,000 of Ilseder Steel Corporati bonds sold in this country were subje to $4,843,800 of industrial debentur issued under the Dawes plan; not a hea

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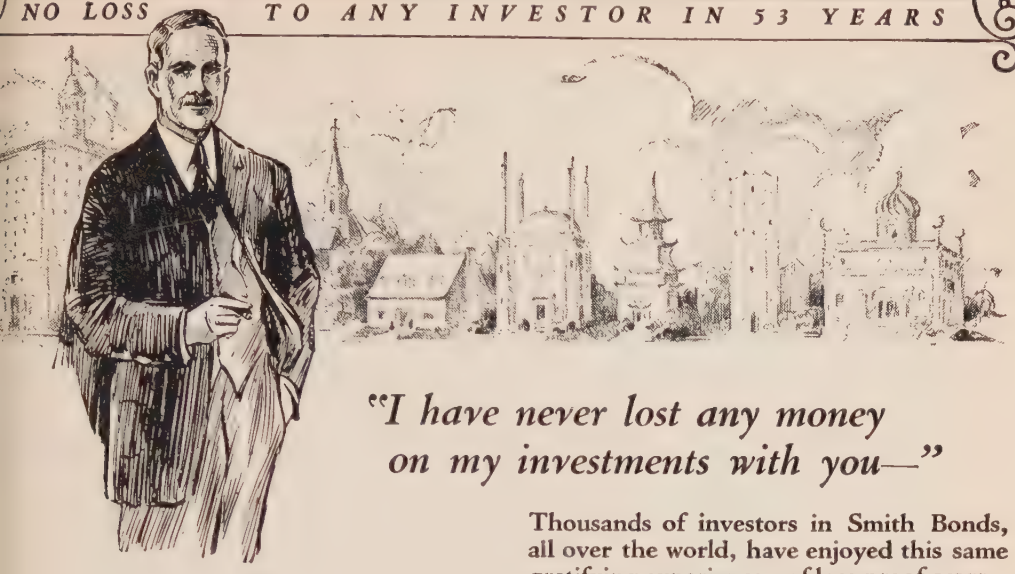

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A Balanced Budget

One of the problems which investment bankers here are studying closely in connection with German credits is the relation to transfers in connection with payments of interest and sinking funds abroad. The regulation of exchange under the Dawes plan is one of the most intricate problems of the reparations commission. Those corporations doing a foreign business appear to be in most favor with American bankers on the ground that they are creating foreign balances, particularly balances in New York, which may be drawn on for the payment of interest and sinking funds. If an electrical manufacturer in Germany sells goods in America, for instance, a portion of the proceeds of such sales would be left with its bankers here to apply to interest and sinking fund payments on its American credit. A German municipality has no exports and accordingly creates no exchange abroad, with the result that there is more of a disposition on the part of bankers here to go slow on municipal credits and to favor corporation credits. While substantially the same holds true of a public utility, it is the custom of bankers financing large German utilities to require a guarantee of such payments by the state. As it is possible for the State to tax various export transactions, balances may be set up abroad for use in the service of such debts.

Some good judges of this phase of the reparations question hold that payments on the service of the debts to foreign holders of German securities have priority over the reparation payments, but so far as is known the Department of State at Washington has not rendered an opinion on this point, nor is it likely to until an international question arises which would require the Department to determine its position.

Germany has balanced her budget. Recent months have disclosed a large and increasing surplus of merchandise exports. Savings bank deposits have been showing a healthy increase. Her exchange has been stabilized. In general a favorable background appears to be developing for the holders of German dollar bonds.

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SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

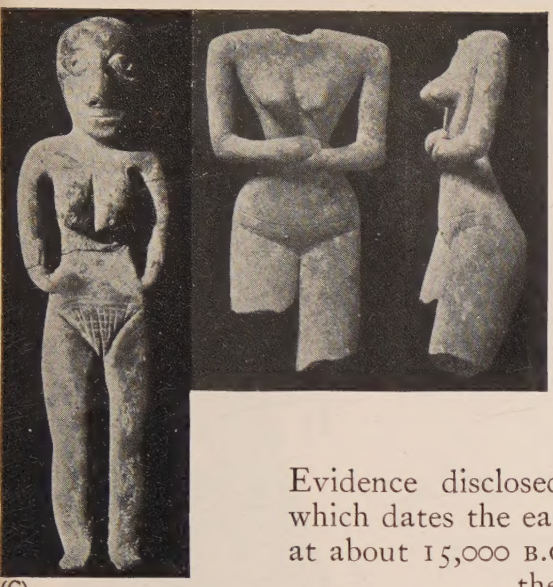
Who, in addition to being a successful Philadelphia lawyer, is one of America's foremost naturalists. Yearly he makes pilgrimages to a trout brook in the Berkshires, a bog in New Jersey blossoming with orchids, a rattlesnake den in Connecticut, or a mountain alive with rare birds, and from his adventures he writes characteristically colorful articles and stories

See page 510

From an early 19th Century woodcut
Courtesy of Harcourt, Brace and Company

The Angel Moroni delivering the Golden Plates and the Urim and the Thummim to Joseph Smith, Jr.

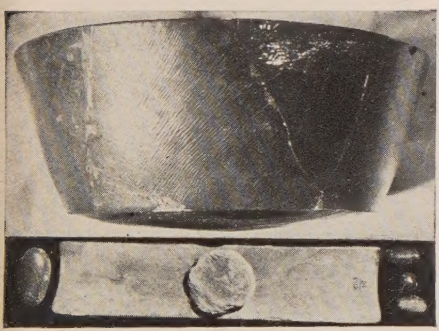
See page 562



(C)

Among the exhibits brought forth by Sir Flinders Petrie as proof of the early civilization in Egypt and that of the Caucasians are three human figures which give us clues to the types of these people. The ivory figure (left) with its thick massive nose and unshapely body is more like the primitive Mesopotamian than any form in Egypt. The second figure of pottery, painted red, is western in spirit, like the Cretans. The short figure of clay proves that the steatopygous Bushman was already in the land. The new civilization then indicates a mixed people; probably of Syro-Mesopotamian types.

Evidence disclosed by Sir Flinders Petrie which dates the earliest Civilization of Egypt at about 15,000 B.C. and links it with that of the Caucasus



(A) and (B)

(D)

Above. The Badarian civilization is most distinctively marked in its earlier stages by handmade pottery, combed smoothly over the outside. This combing became smoothed out in the middle Badarian period, forming a polished face of black lustre, and a body as thin as fine china. Also an example of the slate palettes, long straight slabs, on which was ground malachite, used in prehistoric times as a germicide round the eyes. The common use of stone beads covered with green glaze, takes back the art of glazing far before any other instances.

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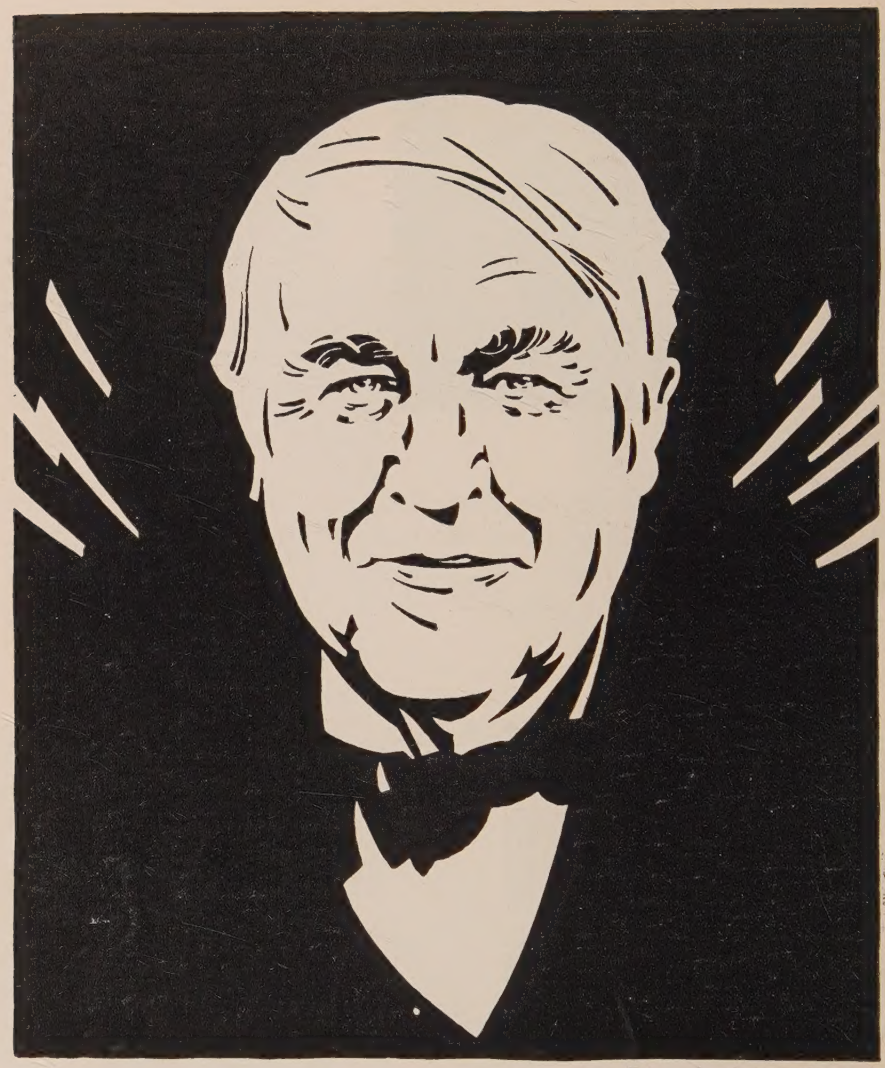

From a drawing by Johan Bull

Thomas Alva Edison

The Wizard of Inventors who, since taking out his first patent nearly sixty years ago, has, with over fourteen hundred scientific discoveries, greatly advanced our Machine Age. His practical work was one of the bases of the telephone; he invented the phonograph, the incandescent light, the stock-ticket, the storage battery. It has been said that Americans are too close to Mr. Edison to have a true perspective of his genius, that Europeans come more nearly to an adequate recognition of his greatness

See page 4